





HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

By LORD MAHON.



[Stanhope, Phillip Henry]

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CONTRIBUTED TO

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.  
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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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1849.

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1849

TO
J. G. LOCKHART, Esq.,
THESE ESSAYS,
HAVING FIRST APPEARED IN THE REVIEW
WHICH HE SO ABLY DIRECTS,
ARE NOW IN THEIR COLLECTED FORM
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR
AS
A SLIGHT TOKEN
OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM,

1848.

M.

107
578

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HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

JOAN OF ARC. ✓

[Qu. Rev., No. 138. March, 1842.] 170

1. *Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises.* Par M. Buchon. 36 vols. Paris, 1826.
2. *Collection Complète des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.* Par M. Petitot. Première Série, 52 vols. Seconde Série, par MM. Petitot et Monmerqué, 78 vols. Paris, 1819—1829.
3. *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.* Par M. Guizot. 30 vols. Paris, 1823—1835.
4. *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France.* Première Série, 15 vols. Seconde Série, 12 vols. Paris, 1834—1841.
5. *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc.* Par Jules Quicherat. Premier tome. Paris, 1841.

IF we compare the progress of historical publications in France and England during the last twenty or thirty years we shall find but little ground for self-gratulation. Our Record Commission comprised most able men: it was animated by the best intentions; but in its results it has brought forth only misshapen and abortive works—all begun apparently without rule or method—scarce any yet completed, and scarce any deserving to be so—all of different forms and sizes—and alike only in the enormous amount of the expense incurred, and the almost utter worthlessness of the information afforded. Never before, according to the farmer's phrase, was there so much cry and so much cost with so little wool. Amongst the French, on the contrary, there have been—without the need of government grants or government commissions—some well-combined undertakings to collect, arrange, and publish the most valuable documents in their language, from their early chronicles down to their modern memoirs. These have been printed in regular succession, and in one uniform and

convenient size, affording to the public a clear and excellent type, combined with a moderate price. We do not pretend to have read at any time all or nearly all the two hundred volumes which our title-page displays. Some of their contents also were known to us from former and separate publications; but so far as our reading in this edition has extended, we have found the biographical introductions clear, critical, and able, and the text, while not overlaid, sufficiently explained, with notes. We think very great praise is due to the various editors, MM. Buchon, Petitot, Monmerqué, and last, not least, that eminent statesman who now presides over the councils of his country. And we heartily commend these volumes to the purchase and perusal of all who value French history—to the emulation of all who value our own.

To review in a few pages several hundred volumes and several hundred years would be a vain and frivolous attempt. We shall prefer to single out some one period and some one subject, which we shall endeavour to illustrate, not only from the publications now before us, but from whatever other sources may supply. Let us take one of the most remarkable characters in ancient or modern times, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. The eighth volume of M. Petitot's 'Collection' contains many ancient documents referring to her history,—an original letter, for example, from the Sire de Laval to his mother, describing her appearance at Court—and some memoirs written, beyond all doubt, by a contemporary, since the writer refers to information which he received from the chiefs at the siege of Orleans; nay, written probably, as M. Petitot conjectures from their abrupt termination, in the very year of that siege.

But these are by no means the only nor the most important documents to be consulted. It is well known that at the trial in 1431, Joan was herself examined at great length, together with many other witnesses. A new trial of "revision," with the view to clear her memory from the stain of the first, was undertaken by order of King Charles in 1456; and at this second trial several of her kinsmen, of her attendants, of her companions in arms, appeared to give their testimony. Now, manuscript copies of all these remarkable depositions exist in the public libraries, both of Paris and Geneva. They have been illustrated

by MM. de Laverdy and Lebrun de Charmettes, and more recently by the superior skill of De Barante and Sismondi.* Of these last we shall especially avail ourselves; and by combining and comparing such original records, many of them descending to the most familiar details, and nearly all unknown till more recent times, we hope to make the English reader, at least, better acquainted than he may hitherto have been with the real character and history of the heroine.

Joan was the child of Jacques d'Arc, and of Isabeau Romée his wife, poor villagers of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She had one sister, who appears to have died in childhood, and three brothers. When asked at her trial what had been her age on first coming to King Charles's Court, she answered, nineteen. The good rule of making a large addition to a lady's own declaration of her years does not appear needful in this case: her own declaration was also confirmed by other witnesses; and we may without hesitation fix her birth in 1410 or 1411.† Her education was such as a peasant-girl received at that time; she was not taught to read or to write, but she could spin and sew and repeat her Pater-Noster and her Ave-Maria. From her early childhood she was sent forth to tend her father's flocks or herds on the hills. Far from giving signs of any extraordinary hardihood or heroism, she was so bashful as to be put out of countenance whenever spoken to by a stranger. She was known to her neighbours only as a simple-minded and kind-hearted girl, always ready to nurse the sick, or to relieve any poor wayfarer whom chance might lead to her village. An ardent piety, however, soon made her an object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule. She was sometimes seen to kneel and pray alone in the fields. She took no pleasure in the pastimes of her young companions; but as soon as her daily work was over she would rush to the church, and throw herself prostrate with clasped hands before the altar, directing her devotions especially to the Virgin and to Saints Catherine and Margaret, in whose name that church was dedicated. The sacristan declares in his depositions at the trial

* De Barante, '*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*,' vol. v. pp. 270—360, and vol. vi. pp. 1—140; Sismondi, '*Histoire des Français*,' vol. xiii. pp. 115—194.

† Yet Pasquier (perhaps from a misprint in his book) has altered nineteen to twenty-nine, and this error has misled both Hume and Rapin.

that she was wont to rebuke him whenever he neglected to ring the bells for the village service, and to promise him a reward if he would for the future do his duty better. Every Saturday, and sometimes oftener, she went in pilgrimage to a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, at a little distance from the village. Another spot to which Joan often repaired was a venerable beech, which spread its ancient boughs on the confines of the neighbouring forest of Bois Chenu. At its foot ran a clear streamlet, to whose waters healing powers were ascribed. The tree bore the popular name of "L'Arbre des Dames," or "L'Arbre des Fées," and, according to Joan herself at her trial, several grey-headed crones in the village, and amongst the rest her godmother, pretended to have heard with their own ears fairies discoursing beneath the mysterious shade. But for that very reason the tree was hallowed by Catholic worship, as such spots have ever been, in the dark ages with the view to drive out the evil spirits, in less credulous times to dispel the superstition from the public mind. Once every year the priest of Domremy, at the head of the elders of the village, walked round the tree in solemn procession, chanting psalms and prayers, while the young people were wont to hang garlands on the boughs, and to dance beneath them until night with lighter minstrelsy,

"or legend old,
Or song heroically bold."

The times in which the lot of Joan was cast were such as to turn an ardent spirit towards things of earth as well as towards things of heaven. Her young heart beat high with enthusiasm for her native France, now beset and beleaguered by the island-strangers. Her young fancy loved to dwell on those distant battles, the din of which might scarcely reach her quiet village, but each apparently hastening the ruin of her father-land. We can picture to ourselves how earnestly the destined heroine—the future leader of armies—might question those chance travellers whom, as we are told, she delighted to relieve, and for whose use she would often resign her own chamber, as to each fresh report from the changeful scene of war. She was ten years of age when the ignominious treaty of Troyes, signed by a monarch of diseased intellect, yielded the succession to the English. She was twelve years of age when that unhappy monarch (Charles VI.)

expired, when the infant King of England was proclaimed King of France at Paris, at Rouen, and at Bordeaux, when the rightful heir, the Dauphin (but few as yet would term him Charles VII.), could only hold his little Court in the provinces beyond the Loire. In 1423 came the news of the defeat of Crevant; in 1424 the flower of French and Scottish chivalry fell at Verneuil; in 1425 La Hire and his brave companions were driven from Champagne. A brief respite was indeed afforded to Charles by the recall of the Regent Duke of Bedford, to quell the factions at home, and by some difference which arose between him and his powerful kinsman and ally the Duke of Burgundy. But all these feuds were now composed, and Bedford had returned, eager to carry the war beyond the Loire, and to crush the last hopes of the "Armagnacs," as Charles's adherents were termed, from the prevailing party at his Court. Had Bedford succeeded—had the diadems of France and England been permanently united on the same head—it is hard to say which of the two nations would have had the greater reason for regret.

Remote as was the situation of Domremy, it could not wholly escape the strife or the sufferings of those evil times. All the people of that village, with only one exception, were zealous Armagnacs; some of their neighbours, on the contrary, were no less zealous Burgundians. So strong was Joan of Arc's attachment to the King, that, according to her own avowal, she used to wish for the death of his one disloyal subject at Domremy. When Charles's lieutenants had been driven from Champagne, the fathers of her village had of course like the rest bowed their heads beneath the Burgundian yoke, but the children retained their little animosities, and the boys were wont to assemble and sally forth in a body to fight the tiny Burgundians of the adjoining village of Maxey. Joan says at her trial that she had often seen her brothers returning bruised and bloody from these mimic wars.

On one occasion a more serious inroad of a party of Burgundian cavalry compelled the villagers of Domremy to take to flight with their families and flocks, and await elsewhere the passing of the storm. Joan and her parents sought shelter at an hostelry in Neufchâteau, a town safe from aggression, as belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, where she remained, as she tells us, during

fifteen days,* and where she probably may have wrought for her living; and such is the only foundation for the story given by Monstrelet, a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by Hume and other later historians, that Joan had been for several years a servant at an inn.

The fiery spirit of Joan, wrought upon by the twofold impulse of religious and political enthusiasm, was not slow in teeming with vivid dreams and ardent aspirations; ere long these grew in intensity, and she began to fancy that she saw the visions and heard the voices of her guardian saints, calling on her to re-establish the throne of France, and expel the foreign invaders. It is probable that a constitution which, though robust and hardy, was in some points imperfect, may have contributed in no small degree to the phantoms and illusions of her brain.† She said on her trial that she was thirteen years of age when these apparitions began. The first, according to her own account, took place in her father's garden, and at the hour of noon, when she suddenly saw a brilliant light shining in her eyes, and heard an unknown voice bidding her continue a good girl, and promising that God would bless her. The second apparition, some time afterwards, when she was alone, tending her flock in the fields, had become much more defined to her view, and precise in its injunctions; some majestic forms floated before her; some mysterious words reached her ears, of France to be delivered by her aid.‡ Gradually these forms resolved themselves into those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, while the third, from whom the voice seemed to come, and who looked, as she says, "a true

* Second Examination of Joan of Arc at Rouen.—See 'Collection des Mémoires,' vol. viii. p. 242. M. Petitot adds, "Nevertheless it seems certain that during her stay at Neufchâteau she did the duty of servant at the inn where she lodged. Considering the poverty of her parents, this was probably the mode in which she and her brothers repaid the hospitality which they received."

† *Sexûs sui infirmitates semper usque ad mortem afuisse constat.*—Sismondi, 'Histoire des Français,' vol. xiii. p. 117.

‡ It is plain, however, that Joan, in the account she gave at her trial of this second apparition, unconsciously transferred to it some circumstances that, according to her own view of the case, must have been of several years' later date. A promise "de faire lever le siège d'Orléans" could not be given until after the siege had begun, which it was not until October, 1428. Now, her second vision, as she states it, must have been about 1424.—Collection, vol. viii. p. 238.

worthy" (*un vray preud'homme*), announced himself to her as Michael the Archangel. "I saw him," she said to her judges, "with these eyes, as plainly as I see you now." In another part of her trial, when again questioned on the same subject, she answered—"Yes, I do believe firmly, as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that those voices came from Him, and by His command." Her own sincerity and strength of belief are, indeed, beyond doubt or cavil: it was this feeling alone that could animate her to such lofty deeds, or support her in so dismal a death.

It is alleged by Joan herself that she was struck with affright at the first [of these visions (*eut moult paour de ce*), but that the following ones filled her with ecstasy and rapture. "When the Saints were disappearing, I used to weep and beseech I might be borne away with them, and after they had disappeared I used to kiss the earth on which they had rested." Sometimes she spoke of her celestial monitors as *mes Voix*, and sometimes gave them the reverential title of *Messire*; and, in gratitude for such signs of heavenly favour, she vowed to herself that she would consecrate her maiden state to God.

Meanwhile, however, she was growing up in comeliness and beauty, and found favour in the sight of an honest yeoman, who sought her in marriage, and whose suit was warmly pressed by her parents. Joan steadily refused. The rustic lover, having soon exhausted his scanty stock of rhetoric, had recourse to a singular expedient: he pretended that she had made him a promise of marriage, and cited her before the *official* at Toul to compel her to perform her engagement. The Maid went herself to Toul, and undertook her own defence, when having declared on oath that she had never made any such promise, the *official* gave sentence in her favour.

Her parents, displeased at her stubborn refusal, and unable to comprehend—nor did she dare to reveal to them—her motives, held her, as she says, "in great subjection." They were also much alarmed at the strange hints which she let fall to others on the mission which she believed had been intrusted to her from on high. Several of these hints are recorded by the persons to whom they were addressed, the witnesses in the trial of 1456. She said to that inhabitant of Domremy whose death she had

desired to see because he did not favour the Dauphin, "Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian, I could tell you something." To another neighbour she exclaimed, "There is now between Colombey and Vaucouleurs a maid who will cause the King of France to be crowned!" She frequently said that it was needful for her to proceed into France.* Honest Jacques and Isabeau felt no other fear than that their daughter's ardent imagination might be practised upon by some men-at-arms, and she be induced to go forth from home, and follow them to the wars. "Did I think such a thing would be," said her father to one of his sons, "I would sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I would with my own hands!"

The impulse given by her visions, and the restraints imposed by her sex and station, might long have struggled for mastery in the mind of Joan, had not the former been quickened and brought into action by a crisis in political affairs. The Duke of Bedford having returned to France, and mustered large reinforcements from Burgundy, sent forth a mighty army against Charles. Its command he intrusted to the valiant Earl of Salisbury, under whom fought Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, Sir William Gladsdale, captains of high renown. Salisbury, having first reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which yielded with slight or no resistance, proceeded to the main object of his enterprise, the siege of Orleans—a city commanding the passage of the Loire and the entrance into the southern provinces, and the most important, both from its size and its situation, of any that the French yet retained. Here, then, it was felt on all sides, must the last struggle for the French monarchy be made. Orleans once subdued, the troops of Bedford might freely spread over the open country beyond the Loire, and the Court of Charles must seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne or of Dauphiné. To this scene, then, the eyes not only of France and of England, but of all Europe, were turned; on this ground, as on the *champs* of ancient knights and paladins, had been narrowed the

* "At that time the name of *France* was reserved for those provinces only which formed the Crown domain. The other provinces, when mentioned collectively, were called *Royaume de France*."—Supplément aux Mémoires de Jeanne d'Arc, Collection, vol. viii. p. 240.

conflict for sovereignty on the one side, for independence on the other.

It was in the month of October, 1428, that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury. But his design had been previously foreseen, and every exertion made both by the French King and by the inhabitants themselves to provide for a long and resolute defence. A brave officer, the Sire de Gaucourt, had been appointed governor, and two of the principal captains of that age, Pothon de Xaintrilles and Dunois, a bastard of the Royal branch of Orleans, threw themselves into the place with a large body of followers. The citizens on their part showed a spirit that might have done honour to soldiers: not only did they largely tax themselves for their own defence, but many brought to the common stock a larger sum than had been imposed on them; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the southern bank, opposite the city, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford any shelter to the enemy, and from the same motive all the vineyards and gardens within two miles from the walls were laid waste by the owners themselves. The men able to bear arms were enrolled in bands, and the rest formed themselves into processions solemnly to bear the holy relics from church to church, and to implore with unceasing prayer the mercy and protection of Heaven.*

The first assault of Salisbury was directed against the bulwark defending the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank, or, as we should call it at present, the *tête-de-pont*. After a stubborn resistance and great bloodshed, he dislodged the townspeople from the place. They then took post at two towers which had been built one on each side the passage, some way forward upon the bridge, and they took care for the security of the city to break down one of the arches behind them, and only kept up their communication by planks and beams which could be readily removed. The next day, however, Sir William Gladsdale, one of the best officers in the English army, finding the waters of the Loire unusually shallow at that season, waded with his men nearly up to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He proceeded to build a bulwark connecting the two towers, and joined them with the *tête-de-pont* on the shore, thus forming a fort, which

* Barante, 'Ducs de Bourgogne,' vol. v. p. 254.

he called from them La Bastille des Tournelles, and which enabled him to plant a battery full against the city. But his activity proved fatal to his chief. A very few days afterwards the Earl of Salisbury came to visit the works. He had ascended one of the towers with Sir William, to survey more clearly the wide circuit of the enemy's walls, when a cannon-ball fired from them (for this, as Hume observes, is among the first sieges where cannon were found to be of importance) broke a splinter from the casement, and struck on his face with a mortal wound. At his decease the Earl of Suffolk succeeded to his command, though not to his full influence and authority. Having tried in several attacks the great number of the besieged, as well as their stubborn resolution, he determined to turn the siege into a blockade, to surround the city with forts or "bastilles," and to reduce it by famine. The works for this purpose were continued steadily throughout the winter. Frequent assaults on the one side, frequent sallies on the other, proved the fiery ardour of the besiegers and the unfailing constancy of the besieged. In the unfinished state of the English works, supplies and reinforcements could still at intervals be brought into Orleans, and as the French light troops ravaged the open country beyond, it sometimes happened that there was no less dearth and scarcity in the English camp than in the beleaguered city. But upon the whole, both the stores and the garrison of Orleans wasted away much faster than they could be renewed; they saw tower after tower, and redoubt after redoubt, rising up to complete the line—each a link in the long chain which was to bind them; they perceived that, while they declined, the English were gradually growing in strength and numbers; and it became evident, even to themselves, that unless some great effort could be made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

It was the news of this siege that kindled to the highest pitch the fervent imagination of Joan of Arc. Her enthusiasm, as we have seen, was twofold, political and religious. The former would impel her to free King Charles from his present and pressing danger, the latter to sanctify his claim by his coronation. For, until his head had been encircled with the ancient crown and anointed with the holy oil at Rheims, Charles was not truly King to priestly or to popular eyes, but only Dauphin—not the

real possessor, only the rightful heir. From this time, then, the visions of Joan, hitherto unsettled and wavering, steadily fixed on two objects which she believed herself commissioned from Heaven to achieve—to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims. And if we compare the greatness and the difficulty of such objects with the sex, the station, and the years of the person aiming at them, we cannot but behold with admiration the undaunted intrepidity that did not quail from such a task.

The scheme of Joan was to go to the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, reveal her visions to the governor, Robert de Baudricourt, a zealous adherent of Charles, and entreat his aid and protection for enabling her to reach the King's presence. From her parents she was well aware that she could expect no encouragement. Her first step, therefore, was, on the plea of a few days' visit, to repair to the house of her uncle Durand Laxart, who lived at the village of Petit Burey, between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. To him she then imparted all her inspirations and intentions. The astonishment of the honest villager may be easily imagined. But the energy and earnestness of Joan wrought so powerfully on his mind as to convince him of the truth of her mission, and he undertook to go in her place to Vaucouleurs, and do her bidding with the Sire de Baudricourt. His promises of divine deliverance by the hands of a peasant-girl were, however, received by the stern old warrior with the utmost contempt and derision: "Box your niece's ears well," said he, "and send her home to her father."*

Far from being disconcerted at her uncle's ill success, the Maid immediately set out herself for Vaucouleurs in company with Laxart. It was with some difficulty that she could obtain admission to the Governor, or a patient hearing from him even when admitted to his presence. Baudricourt, unmoved by her eloquence, continued to set at nought her promises and her requests. But Joan now displayed that energy and strength of will which so seldom fail to triumph where success is possible. She resolved to remain at Vaucouleurs, again and again appealing to the Governor, and conjuring him not to neglect the voice

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 246.

of God, who spoke through her, and passing the rest of her time in fervent prayers at the church. Once she went back for a little time with her uncle to his village, but she soon induced him to return; another time she had determined to begin with him and on foot her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues to the French Court. On further reflection, however, she felt unwilling to proceed without at least a letter from Baudricourt. At length he consented to write, and refer the question of her journey to the decision of King Charles. Upon his own mind she had made little or no impression, but several other persons in the town, struck with her piety and perseverance, became converts to her words. One of these was a gentleman named Jean de Novelompont, and surnamed De Metz, who afterwards deposed on oath to these transactions:—"‘Child,’ said he, as he met her in the street, ‘what are you doing here? Must we not submit to seeing the King expelled his kingdom, and to ourselves becoming English?’ ‘I am come here,’ said the Maid, ‘to ask of the Sire de Baudricourt to send me before the Dauphin: he has no care for me, or for words of mine; and yet it is needful that before Mid-Lent I should stand in the Dauphin’s presence, should I even in reaching him wear through my feet, and have to crawl upon my knees. For no one upon this earth, neither King, nor Duke, nor daughter of King of Scots,* no one but myself is appointed to recover this realm of France. Yet I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for war seems no work for me. But go I must, because the Lord my Master so wills it.’ ‘And who is the Lord your Master?’ said Jean de Metz. ‘The King of Heaven,’ she replied. De Metz declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him; he gave her his hand, and promised her that he would, on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, lead her himself before the King. He asked her when she desired to begin her journey: ‘To-day rather than to-morrow,’ replied the heroine.”†

* There was pending at that time a negotiation for a marriage between the Dauphin Louis, son of Charles VII., and the daughter of the King of Scots, who promised to send fresh succours.—See a note to the ‘Collection des Mémoires,’ vol. viii. p. 249.

† Dépositions de Jean de Metz au Procès de Révision.

Another gentleman, Bertrand de Poulengy, who has also left a deposition on oath to these facts, and who had been present at the first interview between Joan and Baudricourt, became convinced of her divine commission, and resolved to escort her in her journey. It does not clearly appear whether Baudricourt had received any answer from the Court of France; but a reluctant assent to the journey was extorted from him by the entreaties of De Metz and Poulengy, and by the rising force of popular opinion. The Duke of Lorraine himself had by this time heard of the fame of Joan; and sent for her as to one endowed with supernatural powers to cure him of a mortal disease. But Joan replied, with her usual simplicity of manner, that her mission was not to that Prince, nor for such an object, and the Duke dismissed her with a gift of four livres.

This gift was probably the more welcome, since Baudricourt, even while giving his consent to her journey, refused to incur any cost on behalf of it; he presented to her nothing but a sword, and at parting said to her only these words: "Go then—happen what may!" Her uncle, assisted by another countryman, had borrowed money to buy a horse for her use, and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, for which, as appears by the Household Books, he was afterwards reimbursed by the King. Joan herself, by command of her "Voices," as she said, assumed male apparel, and never wore any other during the remainder of her expedition.

At the news that their daughter was already at Vaucouleurs and going forward to the wars, Jacques d'Arc and his wife hastened in the utmost consternation from their village, but could not succeed in withholding her. "I saw them in the town," says Jean de Metz; "they seemed hard-working, honest, God-fearing people." Joan herself declared in her examinations that they had been almost distracted with grief at her departure, but that she had since sent back letters to them, and that they had forgiven her. It would appear that none of her brothers was amongst her companions on this journey, although one of them, Pierre d'Arc, soon afterwards joined her in Touraine.*

* "It has been said that Pierre d'Arc, third brother of Joan, set out with her for France, and that opinion was founded on the fact that Pierre, in a petition presented to the Duke of Orleans in 1444, represents himself to have

Joan set forth from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February, 1429. Her escort consisted of six persons, the Sires de Metz and de Poulengy, with one attendant of each, Colet de Vienne, who is styled a King's messenger, and Richard, a King's archer. It was no slight enterprise to pass through so wide a tract of hostile country, exposed to fall in every moment with wandering parties of English or Burgundian soldiery, or obliged, in order to avoid them, to ford large rivers, to thread extensive forests, and to select unfrequented by-paths at that wintry season. The Maid herself took little heed of toil or danger; her chief complaint was that her companions would not allow her to stop every morning to hear Mass. They, on the contrary, felt from time to time their confidence decline, and strange misgivings arise in their minds; more than once the idea occurred to them that after all they might only be conducting a mad woman or a sorceress, and they were tempted to hurl her down some stone-quarry as they passed, or to leave her alone upon the road. Joan, however, happily surmounting these dangers, both from her enemies and from her escort, succeeded in crossing the Loire at Gien, after which she found herself on friendly ground. There she openly announced to all she met that she was sent from God to crown the King and to free the good city of Orleans. The tidings began to spread, even to Orleans itself; and, as drowning men are said to catch at straws, so the poor besieged, now hard-pressed and well nigh hopeless, eagerly welcomed this last faint gleam for their deliverance.

On earthly succour they could indeed no longer rely. While Joan was yet delayed at Vaucouleurs, they had been urging the

‘left his own country to serve in the wars of the King and of Monsieur le Duc in company with *Jehanne la Pucelle*, his sister.’ But the equivocal construction of this sentence still leaves the point in doubt whether the young man set out at the same time with his sister, or rejoined her at a later period. The chronicles and the depositions make no mention of him either at her departure, during her journey, or upon her arrival at Chinon. Thus, then, there is every reason to believe that he was not with her on her journey.”—(‘*Suppl. aux Mémoires*,’ Collection, vol. viii. p. 253.) This conclusion is confirmed, and indeed placed beyond doubt, by an original letter from the Sire de Laval, in May, 1429, which we shall hereafter have occasion to quote; it mentions Pierre d’Arc as having arrived to join his sister only eight days before.

King in repeated embassies to afford them some assistance. It was with difficulty that Charles could muster an army of 3000 men—so dispirited were his soldiers, and so unwilling to serve!—whose command he intrusted to his kinsman the Count of Clermont. On these troops approaching Orleans they were joined by Dunois and another thousand men from the garrison, and they resolved to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf had under his command scarcely more than 2000 soldiers; nevertheless, in the action which ensued the French were completely routed, and left 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was fought on the 12th of February, the day before Joan commenced her journey from Vaucouleurs, and was called the “Battle of Her-rings,” because the provisions brought by Fastolf were chiefly salt-fish for the use of the English army during Lent.

To retrieve a disaster so shameful—to raise again spirits sunk so low—seemed to require the aid either of a hero or a prophet. Charles VII. was certainly not the former. He was then scarcely twenty-seven years of age, and had never yet evinced either statesmanlike decision or military ardour. Devoted to pleasure, he shunned the tumult of even his own cities for a residence, and preferred some lonely castle, such as Mehun-sur-Yevre, where he had received the tidings of his accession, or Chinon, where at this time he held his court, and willingly devolved the cares of state upon his council or upon some favourite minister. Such a favourite, even when not selected by his own friendship, was always retained by his indolence and aversion to change. It had already more than once happened, that, on the murder of one minion, Charles had quietly accepted a new one from the hands of the murderer, and shortly become as devoted to him as to the last. He appears to have had the easy and yielding temper of our own Charles II.—a temper which mainly proceeds from dislike of trouble, but which superficial observers ascribe to kindness of heart. Yet his affable and graceful manners might often, as in the case of Charles II., supply in popular estimation the want of more sterling qualities. Once, when giving a splendid festival, he asked the opinion upon it of La Hire, one of his bravest captains. “I never yet,” replied the veteran, “saw a kingdom so merrily lost!” Yet it seldom happened that the

state of his exchequer could admit of such a taunt. On another occasion it is related, that when the same La Hire came with Pothon de Xaintrailles to partake of his good cheer, the High Steward could provide nothing for the Royal Banquet beyond two chickens and one small piece of mutton ! The story is thus told by a quaint old poet, Martial of Paris, in his *Vigiles de Charles le Septiesme* :—

“ Un jour que La Hire et Pothon
 Le veindre voir pour festoyement
 N’avoit qu’une queue de mouton
 Et deux poulets tant seulement.
 Las ! cela est bien au rebours
 De ces viandes delicieuses,
 Et des mets qu’on a tous les jours,
 En depenses trop somptueuses.”

Charles himself was but slightly moved by such vicissitudes, enjoying pleasures when he could, and enduring poverty when he must ; but never as yet stirred by his own distresses, or still less by his people’s sufferings, into any deeds of energy and prowess. It is true that at a later period he cast aside his lethargy, and shone forth both a valiant general and an able ruler ; but of this sudden and remarkable change, which Sismondi fixes about the year 1439,* no token appears during the life of Joan of Arc.

At the news of the battle of Herrings, joined to so many previous reverses and discouragements, several of Charles’s courtiers were of opinion that he should leave Orleans to its fate—retire with the remains of his forces into the provinces of Dauphiné or Languedoc—and maintain himself to the utmost amidst their mountainous recesses. Happily for France, at this crisis less timid counsels prevailed. The main merit of these has been ascribed by some historians, and by every poet, to the far-famed Agnes Sorel.

“ It was fortunate for *this good prince*,” says Hume—he means Charles VII.—“ that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. . . . Mary of Anjou, his Queen, a

* Histoire des Français, vol. xiii. p. 344. He calls it “ a strange phenomenon in the human mind.”

princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure. . . . His mistress, too, the fair Agnes Sorel, seconded all her remonstrances, and threatened that if he thus pusillanimously threw away the sceptre of France, she would seek in the Court of England a fortune more correspondent to her wishes."

More recently, the great dramatist of Germany has considerably improved the story, by suppressing the fact that Charles was already married, and making him proffer his hand and his crown to the lovely Agnes.

" Zieren würde sie
Den ersten thron der Welt—doch sie verschmäht ihn ;
Nur meine liebe will sie seyn und heissen."*

We feel reluctant to assist in dispelling an illusion over which the poetry of Schiller has thus thrown the magic tints of genius. Yet it is, we fear, as certain as historical records can make it, that it was not till the year 1431, after the death of Joan of Arc, that Agnes Sorel appeared at Court, or was even seen by Charles. It is not improbable that the change in his character after 1439 may have proceeded from her influence ; such at least was the belief of Francis I., when he wrote beneath her picture these lines :—

" Gentile Agnes, plus d'honneur tu merites
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir
Close nonain ou bien devot ermite."

But even this opinion it would not be easy to confirm from contemporary writers.

Any romantic legend or popular tradition may be readily welcomed by a poet to adorn his tale, without any nice inquiry as to its falsehood or its truth. But we may notice, in passing, another departure of Schiller from the facts, without any motive of poetical beauty to explain and to excuse it. He has transferred the position of Chinon to the northern bank of the Loire, and made the passage of that river the signal of retreat towards the southern provinces,† evidently conceiving the place to be

* Schiller, 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' Act i. scene 4.

† Act i. scene 5. 'Hoflager zu Chinon :—

" Wir wollen jenseits der Loire uns ziehn,
Und der gewalt'gen Hand des Himmels weichen."

And again, scene 7 :—

" Sey nicht traurig meine Agnes—
Auch jenseits der Loire liegt noch ein Frankreich ;
Wir gehen in ein glücklicheres Land."

Château Chinon, a town some fifty leagues distant, in the ancient Duchy of Burgundy, in the modern Department of Nièvre. But no English reader—no English traveller—will thus lightly mistake the favourite resort of our own Henry II.—of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. Long will they love to trace along the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Saumur, on the last of the bordering hills, the yet proud though long since forsaken and mouldering battlements of Chinon. Ascending the still unbroken feudal towers, a glowing and glorious prospect spreads before them—a green expanse of groves and vineyards, all blending into one—the clear mountain stream of Vienne sparkling and glancing through the little town at their feet—while, more in the distance, they survey, winding in ample folds, and gemmed with many an islet, the wide waters of the Loire. They will seek to recognise, amidst the screen of hills which there encircles it, the neighbouring spire of Fontevrault, where lie interred the Second Henry and his lion-hearted son. They will gaze with fresh delight on the ever-living landscape, when they remember the departed great who loved to gaze on it before. Nor, amidst these scenes of historic glory or of present loveliness, will any national prejudice, or passion, or ill-will (may God in his goodness dispel it from both nations!), forbid them many a lingering look to that ruined hall,—the very one, as tradition tells us, where the Maid of Orleans was first received by Charles !

It was not, however, to the castle of Chinon that Joan in the first instance repaired. She stopped short within a few leagues of it, at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and sent forward to the King to announce her arrival and her object. The permission to proceed to an hostelry at Chinon was readily accorded her ; not so admission to the King. Two days were spent in deliberation by Charles's counsellors. Some of them imagined that Joan might be a sorceress and emissary of Satan ; by some she was supposed to be a brain-sick enthusiast ; while others thought that, in this their utmost need, no means of deliverance, however slight or unpromising, should be rashly cast aside. At length, as a compromise between all these views, a commission was appointed to receive her answers to certain interrogatories. Their report proved favourable ; and meanwhile several other lords of the Court, whom curiosity led to visit her, came back much struck with her natural eloquence, with her high strain of

inspiration, and with her unaffected fervour of piety. No sign of imposture appeared in any of her words or deeds; she passed whole days in prayers at the church, and everything in her demeanour bore the stamp of an earnest and undoubting conviction which gradually impressed itself on those around her. Charles still wavered: after some further delay, however, he appointed an hour to receive her. The hour came, and the poor peasant girl of Domremy was ushered into the stately hall of Chinon, lighted up with fifty torches, and thronged with hundreds of knights and nobles. The King had resolved to try her; and for that purpose he stood amongst the crowd in plain attire, while some of his courtiers magnificently clad held the upper place. He had not reflected that, considering the enthusiasm of Joan for his cause, she had probably more than once seen a portrait or heard a description of his features. Unabashed at the glare of the lights, or the gaze of the spectators, the Maid came forward with a firm step, singled out the King at the first glance, and bent her knee before him with the words—"God give you good life, gentle King." "I am not the King; he is there," said Charles, pointing to one of his nobles. "In the name of God," she exclaimed, "it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid, sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom; and by his command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France." "Gentle Dauphin," she added shortly afterwards, "why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you, upon your kingdom, and upon your people; for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before him, praying for you and for them." Charles then drew her aside, and after some time passed in earnest conversation, declared to his courtiers that the Maid had spoken of secrets known only to himself and to God. Several of the ancient chronicles refer mysteriously to this secret between the Maid and the King, but Charles afterwards revealed it in confidence to the Sire de Boissy, one of his favourites.* Joan, it appears, had said to him these words: "I tell you on behalf of Messire, that you are the true and real heir of France."

* De Boissy repeated the story to N. Sala, "*pannetier du Dauphin*," whose MS. account of it is preserved at the *Bibliothèque Royale*, and quoted in the '*Supplément des Mémoires*.'—Collection, vol. viii. p. 262.

Now the King, when alone in his oratory a little time before, had offered up a prayer for Divine assistance on condition only of his being the rightful heir to the crown. Such a coincidence of ideas on so obvious a topic seems very far from supernatural or even surprising.

Nor indeed does it appear that this marvel, if marvel it were, had wrought any strong impression on the mind of Charles himself. Within a very few days he had relapsed into his former doubts and misgivings as to Joan's pretended mission. In fact, it will be found, though not hitherto noticed, yet as applying to the whole career of the Maid of Orleans, that the ascendancy which she acquired was permanent only with the mass of the people or of the army, while those who saw her nearer, and could study her more closely, soon felt their faith in her decline. On further observation they might, no doubt, admire more and more her high strain of patriotism and of piety; but they found her, as was natural, utterly unacquainted with war or politics, and guileless as one of her own flock in all worldly affairs. Even an old chronicler of the time has these words: "It was a marvellous thing how she could thus demean herself and do so much in these wars; for in all other things she was the most simple shepherdess that was ever seen."* But the crowd which gazed at her from a distance began to espy something more than human, and to circulate and credit reports of her miraculous powers. Her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues, in great part through a hostile country, without being met by a single enemy, or arrested by a single obstacle, was urged as a plain proof of Divine support. Again, it was pretended that Baudricourt had not given his consent to the journey until she had announced to him that her countrymen were sustaining a defeat even while she spoke, and until he had received news of the battle of Herrings, fought on that very day—a story, we may observe in passing, which a mere comparison of the dates is sufficient to disprove.—Another little incident that befell the Maid at Chinon greatly added to her reputation. As she was passing by, a soldier had addressed to her some ribald jest, for which she had gently reproved him, saying that such words ill became any man who might be so near his end. It happened that on the same afternoon this soldier

* *Memoirs concerning the Maid* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 153).

was drowned in attempting to ford the river, and the reproof of Joan was immediately invested by popular apprehension with the force of prophecy.*

To determine the doubts of his council and his own, Charles resolved, before he took any decision, to conduct the Maid before the University and Parliament at Poitiers. There, accordingly, Joan underwent a long and learned cross-examination from several doctors of theology. Nothing could make her swerve from her purpose, or vary in her statements. "I know neither A. nor B.," she said, "but I am commanded by my Voices, on behalf of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims." "And pray what language do your Voices speak?" asked one of the doctors, Father Seguin from Limoges, and in a strong Limousin accent. "Better than yours," she answered quickly. It is to be observed, that she never claimed—while the people were so ready to ascribe to her—any gift of prophecy or miracle beyond her mission. When the doctors asked her for a sign, she replied, that it was not at Poitiers but at Orleans that she was appointed to give a sign, and that her only sign should be to lead brave men to battle.†

The general result of these examinations was, however, highly favourable to the Maid; and some friars who had been dispatched for that purpose to Vaucouleurs, brought back no less satisfactory reports of her early life. Nor did the theological tribunal disdain a prophecy current among the people, and ascribed to Merlin; it purported that the realm of France should be rescued by a maiden. Even in the remote village of Domremy some vague report of this prediction had been heard: it was appealed to by Joan herself at Vaucouleurs; and was, no doubt, one of the causes to kindle her ardent imagination. But on referring to the very words of the Latin prophecy, they were considered as of striking application to her especial case. The promised heroine was to come *E NEMORE CANUTO*—and the name of the forest around Domremy was Bois Chenu; she was to ride triumphant over *ARCI TENENTES*—and this word seemed to denote the English, always renowned in the middle ages for their superior skill as bowmen.

* Deposition of Father Pasquerel at the Trial of Revision.

† Sismondi, Hist., vol. xiii., p. 123.

There was another examination on which great stress was laid by the people, and probably by the doctors also; it being the common belief in that age that the devil could form no compact with a person wholly undefiled. But the Queen of Sicily, mother of Charles's consort, and other chief ladies of the Court, having expressed their satisfaction on this point, the doctors no longer hesitated to give their answers to the King. They did not, indeed, as Hume supposes, "pronounce the mission of Joan undoubted and supernatural;" on the contrary, they avoided any express opinion on that subject: but they declared that they had observed nothing in her but what became a true Christian and Catholic; and that the King, considering the distress of his good city of Orleans, might accept her services without sin.

Orders were forthwith given for her state and equipment. She received a suit of knight's armour, but refused any other sword but one marked with five crosses, and lying, as she said, amidst other arms in the church-vault of St. Catherine at Fierbois.* A messenger was sent accordingly, and the sword—an old neglected weapon—was found in the very spot she had described. Immediately the rumour spread abroad—so ready were now the people to believe in her supernatural powers—that she had never been at Fierbois, and that a Divine inspiration had revealed to her the instrument of coming victory. A banner for herself to bear had been made under her direction, or rather as she declared under the direction of her "Voices:" it was white, bestrewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription JHESUS MARIA. A brave and tried knight, Jean, Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; she had two heralds and two pages. Nearly all these persons afterwards appeared as witnesses in the second trial.

Amidst all these proofs and preparations, two months had glided away, and it was past mid-April when the Maid appeared before the troops assembling at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, and in complete armour, but her head uncovered;

* The village of Fierbois still remains, and may be seen from the high-road between Paris and Bayonne; but the present church of St. Catherine dates no higher than the reign of Francis I.—Guide Pittoresque de France, vol. i., Dépt. Indre et Loire, p. 15.

and neither her tall and graceful figure, nor the skill with which she rode her palfrey and poised her lance, remained unnoticed. Her fame had gone forth before her, inspiring the soldiers with the confidence of Divine support, and consoling them under their repeated reverses. Numbers who had cast aside their arms in despair, buckled them on anew for the cause of France, and in the name of the Maid. Nearly six thousand men were thus assembled. Charles himself had again withdrawn from the cares and toils of royalty to his favourite haunt of Chinon, but in his place his most valiant captains, the Mareschal de Boussac, the Admiral de Culant, La Hire, the Sires De Retz and De Loré, were ready for the field. It had not been clearly defined at Court whether Joan was only to cheer and animate, or to command and direct the troops; but the rising enthusiasm of the common men at once awarded to her an ascendancy which the chiefs could not withstand. She began with reforming the morals of the camp, expelled from it all women of ill fame, and called upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. Night and morning Father Pasquerel, bearing aloft her holy banner, and followed by herself and by all the priests of Blois, walked in procession through the town, chanting hymns, and calling sinners to repentance. Many, very many, obeyed the unexpected summons. Even La Hire, a rough soldier, bred up in camps from his childhood, and seldom speaking without an imprecation, yielded to her influence, and went grumbling and swearing to Mass!*

From Blois the Maid, herself untaught in writing and reading, dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, announcing her mission, and commanding them under pain of vengeance from heaven to yield to King Charles all the good cities which they held in his realm of France. She afterwards complained at her trial that this letter had not been written according to her dictation, and that while she had said "Restore to the King," her scribes had made her say "Restore to the Maid." All her letters (one of which, to the Duke of Burgundy, was discovered not many years since amongst the archives of Lille) were headed with the words JHESUS MARIA, and with the sign of the cross. So far from paying any regard to this summons, the English

* De Barante, vol. v. p. 296.

chiefs threatened to burn alive the herald who brought it, as coming from a sorceress and ally of Satan. A message from Dunois, however, that he would use reprisals on an English herald, restrained them. But, notwithstanding their lofty tone and affected scorn, a secret feeling of doubt and dismay began to pervade the minds of their soldiery, and even their own. The fame of the marvellous Maid, of the coming deliverer of Orleans, had already reached them, magnified as usual by distance, by uncertainty, and by popular tales of miracles. If she were indeed, as she pretended, commissioned from on high, how dreadful would be the fate of all who ventured to withstand her! But if even their own assertion were well-founded, if indeed she wrought by spells and sorcery, even then it seemed no very cheering prospect to begin a contest against the powers of darkness!

The French chiefs at Blois had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions, and their main object was to throw them into Orleans, now reduced to the utmost need; but this seemed no easy enterprise in the face of the English army, flushed with recent victories, and far superior in numbers to their own. Joan, by right of her prophetic mission, insisted that the convoy should proceed along the northern bank of the Loire, through the district of Beauce, while her colleagues proposed the southern bank and the province of Sologne, knowing that the bastilles of the English were much weaker and worse guarded on that side. Unable to overcome her opposition, and wholly distrusting her talents for command when closely viewed, they availed themselves of her ignorance of the country, and while passing the river at Blois, persuaded her that they were still proceeding along the northern shore. After two days' march, ascending the last ridge that shut out the view of the beleaguered city, Joan was astonished to find the Loire flowing between her and the walls, and broke forth into angry reproaches. But these soon yielded to the necessity of action. She held a conference with Dunois, who had come with boats some way down the Loire to receive the convoy. The night was setting in, and a storm was raging on high, with the wind directly against them; all the chiefs counselled delay, but the Maid insisted that the supplies should be forthwith put on board, promising that the

wind should change ; it really did change, and became favourable after the embarkation, and thus the convoy was enabled to reach Orleans in safety, while the English generals kept themselves close to their redoubts, withheld partly by the pelting of the storm and the uncertainty of a night attack, partly by a sally which the citizens made as a diversion on the side of Beauce, and partly by the wish that their soldiers should, before they fought, have an opportunity of seeing Joan more nearly, and recovering from the panic which distant rumour had inspired.

Having thus succeeded with regard to the first convoy, the French captains had resolved to wend back to Blois and escort the second, without themselves entering the city. This resolution had been kept secret from Joan, and she showed herself much displeased, but at length agreed to it, provided Father Pasquerel and the other priests from Blois stayed with the army to maintain its morals. She likewise obtained a promise that the next convoy should proceed according to her injunctions through Beauce, instead of Sologne. For herself she undertook, at the earnest entreaty of Dunois and the citizens, to throw herself into the beleaguered city and partake its fortunes. She accordingly made her entry late that same night, the 29th of April, accompanied by the brave La Hire and two hundred lances, and having embarked close under the English bastille of St. Jean le Blanc without any molestation from the awe-struck garrison. High beat the hearts of the poor besieged with joy and wonder at the midnight appearance of their promised deliverer, or rather as they well-nigh deemed their guardian angel, heralded by the rolling thunders, with the lightning to guide her on her way, unharmed by a victorious enemy, and bringing long-forgotten plenty in her train ! All pressed around her with loud acclamations, eager to touch for a moment her armour, her holy standard, or the white charger which she rode, and believed that they drew a blessing from that touch !

Late as was the hour, the Maid of Orleans (so we may already term her) repaired first to the cathedral, where the solemn service of "Te Deum." was chanted by torch-light. She then betook herself to her intended dwelling, which she had chosen on careful inquiry, according to her constant practice, as belonging to a lady amongst the most esteemed and unblemished of the

place. The very house is still shown: it is now No. 35, in the Rue du Tabourg, and though the inner apartments have been altered, the street-front is believed by antiquaries to be the same as in the days of Joan.* A splendid entertainment had been prepared for her, but she refused to partake of it, and only dipping a piece of bread into some wine and water, laid herself down to rest.

The impression made upon the people of Orleans by the first appearance of the Maid was confirmed and strengthened by her conduct on the following days. Her beauty of person, her gentleness of manner, and her purity of life—her prayers, so long and so devout—her custom of beginning every sentence with the words “In the name of God,” after the fashion of the heralds—her resolute will and undaunted courage in all that related to her mission, compared with her simplicity and humility upon any other subject—her zeal to reform as well as to rescue the citizens,—all this together would be striking even in our own times, and seemed miraculous in theirs. Of speedily raising the siege she spoke without doubt or hesitation: her only anxiety appeared to be to raise it, if she might, without bloodshed. She directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, another letter of warning into the English lines, and herself advancing along the bridge unto the broken arch, opposite the enemy’s fort of Tournelles, exhorted them in a loud voice to depart, or they should feel disaster and shame. Sir William Gladsdale, whom all the French writers call Glacidas, still commanded in this quarter. He and his soldiers only answered the Maid with scoffs and ribaldry, bidding her go home and keep her cows. She was moved to tears at their insulting words. But it soon appeared that their derision was affected, and their apprehension real. When on the fourth day the new convoy came in sight by way of Beauce—when the Maid and La Hire sallied forth with their troops to meet and to escort it—not one note of defiance was heard, not one man was seen to proceed from the English bastilles—the long line of waggons, flocks, and herds passed between them unmolested—and the spirit of the victors seemed already transferred to the vanquished.

* Trollope’s ‘Western France,’ vol. i. p. 80—83. He quotes a ‘History of Orleans,’ by E. F. V. Romagnesi.

Thus far the success of the Maid had been gained by the terrors of her name alone ; but the moment of conflict was now close at hand. That same afternoon a part of the garrison and townspeople, flushed with their returning good fortune, made a sally in another quarter against the English bastille of St. Loup. Joan, after bringing in the convoy, had retired home to rest ; and the chiefs, distrustful of her mission, and disliking her interposition, sent her no tidings of the fight. But she was summoned by a friendly, or, as she believed, a celestial voice. We will give the story in the words of M. de Barante, as compiled from the depositions of D'Aulon, her esquire, and of Father Pasquerel, her chaplain :—

“ The day had been a weary one ; Joan threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, but she was disturbed in mind. All of a sudden she called out to the Sire d'Aulon, her esquire, ‘ My council tells me to march against the English, but I do not know whether it should be against their bastilles or against this Fascot (Fastolf). You must arm me.’ The Sire d'Aulon began accordingly to put on her armour. During this time she heard a great noise in the street, the cry being that the enemy were at that very moment inflicting great hurt upon the French. ‘ My God,’ she exclaimed, ‘ the blood of our people is flowing ! Why was not I wakened sooner ? Oh, that was ill done !—My arms ! my arms ! my horse !’—Leaving behind her esquire, who had not yet clad himself in armour, she hastened down stairs : and she found her page loitering before the door. ‘ You wicked boy,’ she cried, ‘ why did not you come to tell me that the blood of France is being shed ? Quick, quick ! My horse !’ Her horse was brought ; she desired that her banner which she had left in the house might be reached out to her from the window, and without further delay she set forth, hastening towards the Porte Bourgogne, from whence the din of battle seemed to come. When she had nearly reached it she beheld carried by her, one of the townsmen grievously wounded. ‘ Alas,’ said she, ‘ never have I seen the blood of Frenchmen flow, without my hair standing on end !’ ”

Thus darting full speed through the streets, until she reached the scene of action, Joan plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight. Far from being daunted by the danger when closely viewed, she seemed inspirited, nay, almost inspired by its presence, as one conscious of support from on high. Waving her white banner aloft, and calling aloud to those around her, she urged her countrymen to courage like her own : she had found

them beaten back and retreating; she at once led them on to a second onset. For three hours the battle raged fiercely and doubtfully at the foot of St. Loup; but Talbot, who was hastening to the rescue, was kept at bay by the Mareschal de Boussac and a body of troops; while those headed by Joan at length succeeded in storming the bastille. Scarce any prisoners were made: almost every Englishman found within the walls was put to the sword, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Maid; only some few, having found priests' garments within St. Loup's church, put them on in this extremity, and these men her piety succeeded in preserving.

Next morning, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension; and as a festival was it kept at Orleans: no new attack made upon the English; and the whole day devoted to public prayers and thanksgiving. In these Joan as usual was foremost: she earnestly exhorted the soldiers to repentance, and desired that none should presume to join her banner without having been first to confession. Her bidding seemed to them as a call from heaven; and for the first time, perhaps, their untutored lips were heard to pour forth prayers, true and earnest in feeling, though not always duly reverent in expression. One such of the brave La Hire's is recorded; it was uttered just before going into battle:—"God, I pray thee that thou wouldest do this day for La Hire as much as thou wouldest that La Hire should do for thee, if he was God, and thou wast La Hire!" "And," adds the honest chronicler from whom we are translating, "he deemed that he was praying right well and devoutly!"

That afternoon the chiefs held a council of war, to which they did not ask the presence of Joan; another proof how little they confided in her mission. They determined to proceed next to attack the English bastilles on the southern shore, as these were much the least strong, and as it was most important to free the communication between the city and the friendly province of Berri. Joan, when informed of those views, urged again that the attack should be on her favourite side of Beauce, but at length acquiesced in the decision of the council.

Next morning, accordingly, the 6th of May, Joan took her station before daybreak, with La Hire and other chiefs, in a small islet, near the side of Sologne; from thence again they passed

to the shore in boats, drawing their horses after them by the bridles. Reinforcements followed as fast as the boats could carry them; but, without awaiting them, Joan began the onset against the Bastille des Augustins. The English made a resolute resistance: to strengthen themselves they withdrew their troops from another of their bastilles, St. Jean le Blanc; and the two garrisons thus combining, put the French to flight. Joan was borne along by the runaways, but ere long turned round upon the enemy; and at the aspect of this sorceress, as they believed her, close upon them, waving aloft her banner (marked, no doubt, with magical spells), they on their part receded, and sought shelter behind their bulwarks. The French reinforcements were meanwhile coming up; and in another assault the Bastille des Augustins was taken, the garrison put to the sword, and the building set in flames. A body of French troops took up their position for the whole night upon the northern shore; but the Maid was induced to return into the city, slightly wounded in the foot by a caltrop, and having fasted (for it was Friday) during the whole toilsome day.

By the successes of that day only a single fort on the opposite shore, the Bastille des Tournelles, remained in English hands. But it was the strongest of all—on one side confronting the broken bridge with its massy and towering wall—on the land side intrenched by a formidable bulwark—and a deep ditch before it, filled with water from the Loire. More than all, it was held by the brave Gladsdale and his best battalions. A spirit of prudence and of misgiving as to the continued success of the Maid became predominant among the French captains. They resolved to rest contented with the freedom of communication now secured with their own provinces, and to postpone any farther attacks until they should receive farther reinforcements. But to this resolution it was found impossible to obtain the assent of Joan. “You have been to your council,” she said, “and I have been to mine. Be assured that the council of Messire will hold good, and that the council of men will perish.” What the chiefs dreaded more than her celestial council, she had with her the hearts both of soldiery and people. Entreaties and arguments to prove the superior advantage of doing nothing were urged on her in vain. They did not leave untried even

the slight temptation of a shad-fish for her dinner! The story is told as follows, in a chronicle of the time:—

“ Whilst the Maid was in thought whether she should go forward, it happened that a shad-fish was brought in to her host Jacques Boucher, who then said to her, ‘Joan, let us eat this shad-fish to dinner before you set out.’ ‘In the name of God,’ said she, ‘it shall not be eaten till supper, by which time we will return by way of the bridge and bring back with us as prisoner a *Goddam*, who shall eat his share of it!’ ”*

This nickname of *Goddam*—which in more angry times than the present we have often heard muttered behind our countrymen in the streets of Paris—was, we had always fancied, of very modern origin. Till now we could not trace it higher than Beaumarchais, in his ‘*Mariage de Figaro*.’ We now find, however, that all future anti-Anglicans may plead for it, if they please, the venerable antiquity of four centuries, and the high precedent of Joan of Arc.

Not trusting wholly to persuasion,—or to the shad-fish,—the Sire de Gaucourt, governor of the city, with some soldiers, stationed himself before the Porte Bourgogne, through which Joan would have to pass, and resolutely refused to unbar it. “You are an ill man,” cried the Maid; “but whether you will or not, the men-at-arms shall come and shall conquer, as they have conquered before.” The people, and even the soldiers themselves, stirred by her vehemence, rushed upon the Sire de Gaucourt, threatening to tear him in pieces, and he was constrained to yield. Joan accordingly went forth, followed by an eager multitude of townsmen and soldiers, and passed the Loire in boats to attack the Tournelles by their bulwark, on the opposite side. Thus finding the attack inevitable, the French leaders, Dunois, La Hire, Gaucourt himself, and a host of others, determined to bear their part in it, and embarked like Joan for the opposite shore; and all of them by their conduct in the engagement most fully proved that their former reluctance to engage had not flowed from want of valour.

From the northern shore the English chiefs, Suffolk, Talbot, and Fastolf, had beheld these preparations, but found their own troops panic-stricken at “the sorceress.” They could not prevail

* Memoirs concerning the Maid (Collection, vol. viii. p. 173).

upon them either to leave their bulwarks and pass the river for the assistance of their comrades, or to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale was therefore left to his own resources. Besides the strength of his fortifications, his five hundred men of garrison—knights and esquires—were the very flower of the English army; and thus, however fierce and brave the attack, he was able to stand firm against it. He poured upon the French a close and well-sustained discharge, both from bows and fire-arms; and whenever they attempted to scale the rampart, he overthrew their ladders with hatchets, pikes, and mallets. The assault had begun at ten in the morning, and the Maid was as usual in the foremost ranks, waving her standard, and calling aloud to the soldiers. About noon, seeing their ardour slacken, she snatched up a ladder to plant against the walls, and began ascending. At that moment an arrow passed through her corslet, and deeply pierced her between the neck and shoulder; she fell back into the fosse, and the English were already pressing down to make her prisoner: but she was rescued by her countrymen, and borne away from the scene of action. When laid upon the ground and disarmed, the anguish of her wound drew from her some tears; but she had, as she declares, a vision of her two Saints, and from that moment felt consoled. With her own hands she pulled out the arrow; she desired the wound to be quickly dressed; and after some moments passed in silent prayer, hastened back to head the troops. They had suspended the conflict in her absence, and had been disheartened by her wound; but it had not at all diminished their ideas of her supernatural powers; on the contrary, they immediately discovered that she had more than once foretold it, and that the untoward event only proved her skill in prophecy. They now, invigorated by their rest, and still more by her return, rushed back with fresh ardour to a second onset, while the English were struck with surprise at the sudden appearance in arms of one whom they had so lately beheld hurled down, and, as they thought, half dead in the ditch. Several of them were even so far bewildered by their own terrors as to see in the air the forms of the Archangel Michael, and of Aignan, the patron saint of Orleans, mounted on white chargers, and fighting on the side of the French. The cooler heads among

the English were no less dismayed at the news that another body of the townspeople had advanced to the broken arch, at the opposite end of the fort ; that they were keeping up a murderous fire, and throwing over huge beams of wood for their passage. Sir William Gladsdale, still undaunted, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his force against both attacks within the "Tournelles" or towers themselves. He was then full in sight of Joan. "Surrender !" she cried out to him ; "surrender to the King of Heaven ! Ah, Glacidas, your words have foully wronged me ; but I have great pity on your soul, and on the souls of your men !" Heedless of this summons, the English chief was pursuing his way along the drawbridge ; just then a cannon-ball from the French batteries alighting upon it broke it asunder, and Gladsdale with his best knights perished in the stream. The assailants now pressed into the bastille without further resistance : of the garrison, three hundred were already slain, and nearly two hundred remained to be prisoners of war.

At the close of this well-fought day, the Maid, according to her prediction in the morning, came back to Orleans by the bridge. It need scarcely be told how triumphantly she was received : all night rejoicing peals rung from the church-bells ; the service of "Te Deum" was chanted in the cathedral ; and the soldiers returning from the fight were detained at every step by the eager curiosity or the exulting acclamations of their brother-townsmen. Far different was the feeling in the English lines. That night the Earl of Suffolk summoned Fastolf, Talbot, and the other principal officers to council. By the reinforcements of the French, and by their own recent losses, they had now become inferior in numbers ; they could read dejection impressed on each pale countenance around them ; they knew that no hope was left them of taking the city, and that by remaining before it they should only have to undergo repeated, and probably, as late experience showed, disastrous attacks in their own bastilles. With heavy hearts they resolved to raise the siege. Thus, the next morning—Sunday the 8th of May—their great forts of London and St. Lawrence, and all their other lodgments and redoubts—the fruit of so many toilsome months—were beheld in flames ; while the English troops,

drawn up in battle array, advanced towards the city-walls, and braved the enemy to combat on an open field. Finding their challenge declined, they began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire in good order, but, for want of transport, leaving behind their sick, their wounded, and their baggage. The garrison and townspeople were eager to fight or to follow them; but Joan would not allow the day of rest to be thus profaned. "In the name of God," she cried, "let them depart! and let us go and give thanks to God." So saying she led the way to High Mass.

Thus had the heroine achieved the first part of her promise—the raising of the siege of Orleans. She had raised it in only seven days from her arrival; and of these seven days, no less than three—Sunday the 1st—the Fête de la Cathédrale on the 3rd—and Ascension-Day the 5th (besides Sunday the 8th)—had been by her directions devoted to public prayer. Even to the present times, the last anniversary—the day of their deliverance—is still held sacred at Orleans. Still on each successive 8th of May do the magistrates walk in solemn procession round the ancient limits of the city; the service of "Te Deum" again resounds from the cathedral; and a discourse is delivered from the pulpit in honour of the Maid.*

The second part of Joan's promise—to crown the King at Rheims—still remained. Neither wearied by her toils, nor yet elated by her triumphs, she was again within a few days before Charles at his Court at Tours—the same untaught and simple shepherdess—urging him to confide in her guidance, and enable her to complete her mission. Her very words have been recorded in a chronicle, written probably the same year:—

"When Joan the Maid was before the King, she kneeled down and clasped him by the feet, saying, 'Gentle Dauphin, come and receive your noble crown at Rheims; I am greatly pressed that you should go there; do not doubt that you will there be worthily crowned as you ought.' It happened then that the King in his own thoughts, and also three or four of the chief men and captains around him, deemed it would be right, if not displeasing to the said Joan, to inquire what her Voices had said to her. She saw their thoughts and said, 'In the

* *Supplément aux Mémoires* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 317). It is added, "This ceremonial has never been omitted except during the most stormy years of the Revolution."

name of God I know right well what you think and desire to ask me of the Voice which I heard speak touching your being crowned, and I will tell you truly. I had set myself to prayer as I am wont to do, and I was complaining because I was not believed in what I had said; and then I heard the Voice declare, "Daughter, go forward; I will be thy helper, go!*" and when that Voice comes to me, I feel so joyful as is wondrous to tell.' And while speaking these words she raised her eyes towards heaven with every sign of gladness and exultation."†

There is another original document describing the Maid's appearance at this time; a letter from a young officer, Guy, Sire de Laval, to his mother and grandmother at home. It begins in an old-fashioned form: "My very redoubtable ladies and mothers;"‡ and, after some details of his journey, proceeds to the following effect:—

"On the Sunday, then, I set out with the King to go to Selles in Berry, four leagues from St. Agnan; and the King caused the Maid, who before this was at Selles, to come forth and meet him. . . . The aforesaid Maid appeared fully armed on all points save only her head, and held her lance in her hand, and she gave a hearty welcome to my brother and me. After we had dismounted at Selles I went to her dwelling to see her, upon which she ordered wine to be brought in, and told me that right soon she would have me to drink wine at Paris. Both in seeing and in hearing her, she seems altogether a being from heaven. This same Monday, about the time of vespers, she set out again from Selles to go to Romorantin, three leagues forward on the enemy's side, having with her the Mareschal de Boussac and much folk, both men in arms and of the commonalty. There I saw her on horseback, clad all in *blank* armour save her head, with a small axe in her hand, and mounted on a great black charger, who, at the door of her dwelling, was prancing and rearing, and would not allow her to mount, upon which she said, 'Take him to the cross which stands before the church near the road.' And after this she mounted without further hindrance, for the horse grew as quiet as though he had been bound. And then she turned towards the church-door, which was nigh, and said in a clear woman's voice, 'Ye priests and churchmen, do ye make procession and prayers to God.' She then pursued her journey, saying, 'Go forward, go forward!' Her banner was folded and borne by a well-favoured page; her small axe was in her hand, and a brother

* "Fille, va, va; je seray à ton aide; va!"

† Memoirs concerning the Maid. (Collection, vol. viii. p. 180.)

‡ "Mes très redoutées dames et mères."

of her's who has joined her eight days since was in her company, also clad in *blank* armour."*

Notwithstanding the splendid success of the young heroine before Orleans, the King did not as yet yield to her entreaties, nor undertake the expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary, in the first place, to reduce the other posts which the English still held upon the Loire. In this object the Maid took a conspicuous and intrepid share. Setting off from Selles, the chiefs first laid siege to Jargeau, into which the Earl of Suffolk had retired with several hundred men. For some days the artillery played on both sides; a breach was effected in the walls; and on the 12th of June the French trumpets sounded the signal to assault. Joan was as usual amongst the foremost, with her holy banner displayed. She had herself planted a ladder, and was ascending the walls, when a huge stone, rolled down from the summit, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her headlong into the fosse. Immediately rising again, not unhurt but still undaunted, she continued to animate her countrymen:—"Forward! forward! my friends! the Lord has delivered them into our hands!" The storm was renewed with fresh ardour and complete success; the town was taken, and nearly the whole garrison put to the sword; many, notwithstanding Joan's humane endeavours, being slain in cold blood, whenever there was any dispute for ransom.† The fate of the Earl of Suffolk is a striking incident and illustration of the age of chivalry. When closely pursued by one of the French officers, he turned round and asked him if he were of gentle birth? "I am," replied the officer, whose name was Guillaume Regnault, an esquire of Auvergne. "And are you a knight?" "I am not." "Then I will make you one," said Suffolk; and having first struck Regnault with his sword, and thus dubbed him as his superior, he next surrendered the same sword to him as his captive.

The fate of Jargeau deterred the garrisons of Beaugency and Mehun from resistance; and Talbot, who had now succeeded to the chief command, gathering into one body the remaining English troops, began in all haste his retreat towards the Seine.

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 225.

† De Barante, vol. v. p. 344.

In his way he was met by Fastolf with a reinforcement of four thousand men. The French chiefs at the same time received a like accession of force under the Lord Constable of France, Arthur de Richemont. He had become estranged from the King by the cabals of La Trimouille, the reigning minion at Court, and Charles had written to forbid his coming; nevertheless he still drew near; and Joan, in a spirit of headlong loyalty, proposed to go forth and give him battle. No one seemed to relish this proposal; on the contrary, it excited general complaints. Several officers muttered that they were friends of the Constable, and in case of need should prefer him to all the maids in the kingdom.* At length Joan herself was made to comprehend the importance of shunning civil discord, and combining against the common enemy; she agreed to welcome the Constable on his taking an oath of loyalty, and to use her intercession with the King on his behalf. The combined forces then pushed forward, eager to overtake the English army in its retreat. On the 18th of June they came up with it near the village of Patay. So altered were the English within the last few weeks—so awestruck at the idea of supernatural power being wielded against them, that they scarcely stood firm a moment. The battle was decided almost as soon as begun. Even the brave Fastolf betook himself to flight at the first fire, in punishment for which the Order of the Garter was afterwards taken from him. Talbot disdained to show his back to an enemy; he dismounted to fight on foot amongst the foremost, but being left almost alone, he was speedily made prisoner, together with Lord Scales; while upwards of two thousand men were killed in the pursuit.

The victory at Patay gave fresh weight to Joan's entreaties that the King would set forth to be crowned at Rheims. Such an expedition was still overcast by doubts and perils. Rheims itself, and every other city on the way, was in the hands of enemies; and a superior force, either of English from the left, or of Burgundians from the right, might assail the advancing army. To add to these difficulties, Charles himself, at that period of his life, was far from disposed to personal exertion; nevertheless, he could not withstand the solicitations of the "inspired" Maid, and

* De Barante, vol. v., p. 347.

the wish of the victorious troops. Collecting ten or twelve thousand men at Gien, he marched from the valley of the Loire, accompanied by Joan herself, by his bravest captains, and by his wisest counsellors. They first appeared before the city of Auxerre, which shut its gates, but consented, on a payment of money, to furnish a supply of provisions. Their next point was Troyes; but here they found the city held by five or six hundred Burgundian soldiers, and refusing all terms of treaty. Nothing remained but a siege, and for this the King wanted both time and means. He had with him neither mining tools nor artillery, nor stores of provisions, and the soldiers subsisted only by plucking the ears of corn and the half-ripened beans from the fields. Several days had passed, and no progress been made. At length a council was held, when the Chancellor and nearly all the other chief men pressed for a retreat to the Loire. While they were still deliberating, a knock was heard at the door, and the Maid of Orleans came in; she first asked the King whether she should be believed in what she was about to say. He coldly answered that she should, provided she said things that were reasonable and profitable. "The city is yours!" she then exclaimed, "if you will but remain before it two days longer!" So confident seemed her present prediction—such good results had followed the past,—that the council agreed to make a further trial, and postpone their intended retreat. Without delay, and eager to make good her words, Joan sprung on horseback, and directed all the men-at-arms she met—gentle or simple alike—to exert themselves in heaping together faggots and other wood-work, and preparing what in the military language of that day is called *taudis et approches*. The townsmen of Troyes, assembling on their ramparts, gazed on her while thus employed, and bethought them of her mighty deeds at Orleans, already magnified into the miraculous by popular report. The more credulous of these gazers even declared that they could see a swarm of white butterflies hovering above her standard. The more loyal began to recollect that they were Frenchmen, not Burgundians—that Charles was their true liege lord—that they should be rebels to resist him. Under the influence of these various feelings, which the garrison could not venture to resist, they sent out to offer some terms of capitulation; the King, as may be supposed, made

no objection to any; and next day he was joyfully received within the gates.

The newly-roused loyalty of Troyes spread rapidly, like every popular impulse, to Châlons and to Rheims, where the inhabitants rising, as if in concert, expelled the Burgundian garrisons, and proclaimed the rightful King. On the 16th of July, Charles, without having encountered a single enemy, made a triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, amidst loud cries of "NOËL!" which was then the usual acclamation of joy in France at the King's arrival. Next day that stately cathedral—which even yet proudly towers above the ruins of time or of revolutions—saw his brow encircled with the crown of his forefathers, and anointed from the Sainte Ampoule, the cruse of holy oil, which, according to the Romish legend, had been sent by a dove from Heaven to the Royal convert, Clovis. The people looked on with wonder and with awe. Thus had really come to pass the fantastic visions that floated before the eyes of the poor shepherd-girl of Domremy! Thus did she perform her two-fold promise to the King within three months from the day when she first appeared in arms at Blois! During the coronation of her sovereign—so long the aim of her thoughts and prayers, and reserved to be at length achieved by her own prowess—the Maid stood before the high altar by the side of the King, with her banner unfurled in her hand. "Why was your banner thus honoured beyond all other banners?" she was asked at her trial. "It had shared the danger," she answered; "it had a right to share the glory."

The holy rites having been performed, the Maid knelt down before the newly-crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears. "Gentle King," she said, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true King, and he to whom the kingdom should belong." She now regarded her mission as accomplished, and her inspiration as fled. "I wish," she said, "that the gentle King would allow me to return towards my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do."

"End with many tears implored!"

'Tis the sound of home restored!

And as mounts the angel show,
 Gliding with them she would go,
 But, again to stoop below,
 And, returned to green Lorraine,
 Be a shepherd child again !”*

This feeling in the mind of Joan was no doubt strengthened by the unexpected sight of Laxart and Jacques d’Arc—her uncle and her father—who had come to Rheims to take part in her triumph, and had mingled in the throng of spectators.

It is worthy of note that among the ancient records at Rheims is, or was, the account for the entertainment of Jacques d’Arc, which was defrayed by the King. It appears that he lodged at an inn called the Striped Ass or Zebra (*l’Ane Rayé*), kept by the widow Alix Moriau, and that the bill amounted to twenty-four *livres Parisis*.† That house still remains, and still is used as an inn, but the name has been changed to *La Maison Rouge*.‡ Such little details give a striking air of reality to the romantic story.

The Maid’s request for leave to forsake the wars and return to her village-home was by no means favourably received. The King and his captains, even whilst themselves distrusting her heavenly mission or supernatural powers, had seen how the belief in them had wrought upon the soldiery and the people. They foresaw that in losing her they should lose their best ally. They spared no exertions, no entreaties, to make her forego her thoughts of home, and continue with the army—and they finally prevailed. From this time forward it has been observed that Joan still displayed the same courage in battle, and the same constancy in pain ; that she seemed animated with the same confidence in the good cause of France, but that she no longer seemed to feel the same persuasion that she was acting at the command and under the guidance of heaven.§

Nor can the King be accused at this period of any want of gratitude to his female champion. He was anxious to acknowledge her services ; but she refused all rewards for herself or for her family, and only asked the favour that her birthplace might hereafter be free from any kind of impost. This privilege, so

* Joan of Arc, Sterling’s Poems, p. 236.

† ‘ Supplement aux Mémoires,’ Collect., vol. viii., p. 276.

‡ Costello’s ‘ Pilgrimage to Auvergne, 1841,’ vol. i. p. 137.

§ Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 145.

honourable both to the giver and receiver, was granted by the King in an Ordinance dated July 31, 1429, and confirmed by another in 1459. It continued in force for more than three centuries. The registers of taxes for the *Election* of Chaumont used, until the Revolution, to bear opposite the name of every village the sum to be received from it; but when they came to the article DOMREMY, they always added NÉANT, À CAUSE DE LA PUCELLE.

The good example set by Troyes and Rheims in opening their gates to the King, was ere long followed by Laon, Soissons, Compiègne, Beauvais, and other places of importance. Step by step the King was drawing nearer to the walls of Paris, while the English, although they had lately received some reinforcements from home, were not able to keep the field against him. During this march, however, an ill omen was noticed—the sword of the Maid broke asunder—how and wherefore we will leave to M. de Barante to tell:—

“Victory had made the French arrogant and thoughtless, so that they resigned themselves to every kind of licentiousness; nothing could restrain them. In this the Maid was not hearkened to. Her wrath was so far kindled that one day as she met some men at arms, who were making merry with a woman of loose life, she began to beat them with the flat of her sword so hard that the weapon broke. This was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and which had just achieved such noble deeds. The loss of it was a grief to every body, and even to the King. He said to Joan, ‘You ought to have taken a good stout stick and struck the men with that, instead of risking this sword, which has come to you by help from heaven, as you say.’”

The King and his army continued advancing towards Paris; and at length, from the heights of St. Denis, the domes and spires of his ancient capital rose in sight before him. It seemed an auspicious time for his coming, the Duke of Bedford having been summoned away to quell some disturbances in Normandy. An assault was given accordingly in the month of September, 1429, and on the same ground where the Rue Traversière now stands. The Maid had been eager for it, and made a prediction or promise to the soldiers that in the ensuing night they should sleep within the city walls. But the King’s military ardour had already cooled; and he could not be prevailed upon to approach

the scene of action nearer than St. Denis. Of his officers, many were downcast at his absence, and some jealous of the high renown which Joan had gained. Thus her efforts were but feebly seconded on this occasion. She easily led the troops across the first ditch of the city; but she found the second broad, deep, and full of water; and while she was sounding it to and fro with her lance, to discover where it might be shallowest, she was grievously wounded by an arrow from the walls, and her standard-bearer was killed by her side. Still, however, she would not give the signal of retreat; and from the ground, where she lay stretched and helpless on the reverse of the first fosse, she continued to urge on the soldiers, and to call for faggots and fascines, resisting all entreaties to withdraw until the evening, when the Duke of Alençon having come up and shown her how ill the attack had prospered, she allowed herself to be borne away.

Dispirited at this failure, and viewing it as an admonition from Heaven, the Maid consecrated her armour to God before the tomb of St. Denis, and determined to retire from the wars. Renewed entreaties on the part of the chiefs, judiciously mingled with praises of her past exertions, again prevailed over her own judgment, and she consented to follow the King's fortunes. Charles himself, already sighing for the peaceful shades of Chinon, and for his customary life of pleasure, eagerly seized the late repulse as a pretext for retreat. He led back the troops by rapid marches across the Loire, and dispersed them in winter-quarters, at the very time when the absence of the Duke of Bedford seemed to invite him to fresh exertions, when Amiens, Abbeville, St. Quentin, and other important towns in the north, were only awaiting his approach to throw open their gates to him. His conduct on this occasion has in general been glossed over by French historians from respect to his high deeds in after life, but M. de Sismondi has treated it with just severity. "It is probable," says he, "that, but for the King's supineness, he might on the first assault have made himself master of his capital . . . and his sudden retreat to Chinon everywhere depressed and deadened the enthusiasm of his people. The unwarlike citizens who, throughout the towns of Champagne, of Picardy, and of the Isle of France, were now rising or conspiring to throw off the English yoke, well knew that if they failed there would be no mercy for

them, and that they would perish by the hangman's hands, yet they boldly exposed themselves in order to replace their King on his throne; and this King, far from imitating their generosity, could not even bring himself to bear the hardships of a camp or the toils of business for more than two months and a-half; he would not any longer consent to forego his festivals, his dances, or his other less innocent delights."*

The winter was passed by Joan chiefly at the King's Court in Bourges, or Mehun-sur-Yèvre, in the neighbourhood of Bourges. In December the King granted letters-patent of nobility to her family and herself, with the privilege of bearing the Lily of France for their arms.† At the same inclement season she again distinguished herself in assaults upon the citadels of St. Pierre Le Moutier, and La Charité.

But the most singular event of this period was the appearance at Court of another holy woman, declaring herself, like Joan, to be inspired. Her name was Catherine, and she came from La Rochelle with a mission, she said, not of war but of wealth. For her object was by preaching to the people to persuade them to offer their money to the King, and she alleged that she was able to distinguish those who kept their treasures concealed. She too, like the Maid of Orleans, had her visions; often seeing in them, as she stated, a white lady clothed all in gold—the dress being certainly no unfit emblem of the mission! To a King with craving courtiers and an empty exchequer, such a mission could not be otherwise than welcome. But we may remark that Joan from the first entertained a strong distrust—a professional jealousy it might perhaps be called—of her sister-prophetess. She asked to be shown the white lady. Catherine replied that her visions came only in the hours of darkness, and that Joan might be a witness to them by remaining with her at that time. All night, accordingly, the Maid of Orleans watched by her side, in fruitless expectation of the promised sight; but having fallen asleep towards morning, Catherine declared that the white lady had appeared in that very interval. Determined not to be baffled in this manner, Joan lay down to sleep the whole of the next

* Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 152—162.

† These letters-patent are printed in M. Petitot's 'Collection,' vol. viii. p. 333.

day, that she might be sure to be wakeful at night; and wakeful she was accordingly, always urging Catherine with the question—"Is she coming soon?" and always answered—"Soon, soon." But nothing appeared.

The argument drawn from these facts did not appear altogether conclusive, even in that superstitious age, since Joan was not able, any more than Catherine, to display her visions to others. Several persons stated this objection to Joan herself; but she readily replied that they were not sufficiently righteous and holy to see what she had seen. Nevertheless, to end this controversy, she declared that she had consulted her Saints, Catherine and Margaret, who had told her that there was nothing but folly and falsehood in the woman of La Rochelle. She therefore strongly counselled the King to send the pretended prophetess home "to keep her household and to nurse her children." It does not appear how far either the King or the lady followed this good advice. The further fortunes of Catherine are nowhere to be found recorded.*

At the return of spring, Charles, still preferring pleasure to glory, could not be induced to take the field in person. But, like the captain "who fled full soon," in Mr. Canning's ballad, "he bade the rest keep fighting!" His troops passed the Loire, and marched into the northern provinces, but in diminished numbers, with no prince of the blood or chief of high name to lead them, and aiming apparently at no object of importance.† In some desultory skirmishes the Maid displayed her wonted valour, and struck the enemy with the same terror as before. The Duke of Gloucester found it necessary to issue a proclamation to reassure his troops: it is dated May 3, 1430, and is still preserved, denoting in its very title the barbarous Latin of the middle ages:—*Contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puellæ terrificatos.*

* The story of Catherine is circumstantially told by De Barante, vol. vi. p. 69—71.

† "Charles VII., far from taking the command of his army in person, did not even send to it one of the princes of the blood, or one of the great lords of his court—nor would he allow the *Connétable* to go thither. In that army, therefore, the Maid found herself associated only with brutal adventurers, ill provided either with money or with stores of war, and unwilling to submit to any discipline."—Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 159.

On leaving Picardy in the preceding year, Charles had confided his newly-acquired fortress of Compiègne to the charge of Guillaume de Flavy, a captain of tried bravery, but, even beyond his compeers in that age, harsh and pitiless.* He was now besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army. Joan, hearing of his danger, courageously resolved to share his fortunes, and threw herself into the place on the 24th of May, accompanied by Xaintrilles, Chabannes, Valperga, and other knights of renown. The very evening of her arrival she headed the garrison in a sally on the side of the bridge across the Oise. She found the Burgundians scattered and unprepared; twice she drove them from their entrenchments, but seeing their numbers increase every moment, she gave the signal to retreat, herself maintaining the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard. Never had she shown greater intrepidity: but as she approached the town-gate she found it partly closed, so that but few could press in together; confusion spread amongst her friends, less eager to succour her than to save themselves, and she found herself surrounded by her enemies. Still she made those before her recoil, and might have effected her retreat, when an archer from Picardy, coming up from behind, seized her by her coat of crimson velvet, and drew her from her horse to the ground. She struggled to rise again, and reached the outer fosse: there, however, she was overpowered, and compelled to surrender to Lionel, a bastard of Vendone,† and a soldier in the company of John of Luxemburg. The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes, the precise spot of the catastrophe—we gazed on it but a few weeks since—is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger.

The news of Joan's captivity struck the English and their

* "Flavy was a brave man in war, but a tyrant, and doing the most horrible tyrannies that are possible, as seizing girls, in spite of every remonstrance, and putting violence upon them, putting men to death without mercy, and breaking them upon a wheel."—*Mémoires de Duclercq*.

† Not Vendome, as most writers have supposed. The place meant is now called Wandomme, in the Département du Pas de Calais.—Quicherat, '*Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*,' vol. i. p. 13.

partisans with a joy proportioned to their former terrors. The service of "Te Deum" was celebrated at Paris, by order of the Duke of Bedford, and in token of general thanksgiving. Meanwhile the dejection of the French soldiery was not unmingled with whispered suspicions that their officers—and especially Guillaume de Flavy—had knowingly and willingly exposed her to danger, from envy of her superior renown. For a long time there was no positive proof against Flavy : but at length he was murdered by his own wife, who, when put upon her trial, pleaded and proved that he had resolved to betray Joan of Arc to the enemy ; and this defence, though wholly irrelevant to the question at issue, was in that barbarous age admitted by the judges.*

The captive heroine was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, and transferred in succession to the prisons of Beaurevoir, Arras, and Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. She made two intrepid attempts at escape. Once she had broken a passage through the wall, but was arrested on her way, and still more closely confined. Another time she threw herself headlong from the summit of her prison tower, but was taken up senseless on the ground. She afterwards declared, in her examination, that her "Voices" had dissuaded her from this attempt, but had consoled her under its failure.

The English were however impatient to hold the prisoner in their own hands ; and in the month of November, 1430, she was purchased from John of Luxemburg for a sum of ten thousand livres. Her cruel treatment in her new captivity is well described by M. de Barante :—

"Joan was taken to Rouen, where were then the young King Henry and all the chiefs of the English. She was led into the great tower of the castle, an iron cage was made for her, and her feet were secured by a chain. The English archers who guarded her treated her with gross contumely, and more than once attempted violence upon her. Nor were they merely common soldiers who showed themselves cruel and violent towards her. The Sire de Luxembourg, whose prisoner she had been, happening to pass through Rouen, went to see her in her prison, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford.† 'Joan,' said

* Supplément aux Mémoires (Collection, vol. viii. p. 287).

† Not Strafford, as written by M. de Barante.

he, in jest, 'I am come to put you to ransom, but you will have to promise never again to bear arms against us.' '*Ah! mon Dieu*, you are laughing at me,' said she; 'you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English will cause me to die, thinking that after my death they will win back the kingdom of France: but even were they a hundred thousand *Goddams* more than they are, they shall never have this kingdom.' Incensed at these words, the Earl of Stafford drew his dagger to strike her, but was prevented by the Earl of Warwick."

The forebodings of the unhappy woman were but too true; her doom was indeed already sealed. Had she been put to death as a prisoner of war, the act, however repugnant to every dictate of justice and humanity, would not have been without precedent or palliation, according to the manners of that age. Thus, as we have seen, the English captives at Jargeau had been deliberately put to the sword after their surrender, to avert some disputes as to their ransom. Thus also there is still extant a letter from an English admiral, Winnington, stating his determination to kill or drown the crews of one hundred merchantmen which he had taken, unless the council should deem it better to preserve their lives.* Nay, Joan herself was charged, although unjustly, with having sanctioned this practice in the case of Franquet, a Burgundian freebooter, who fell into her hands, and was hanged shortly before her own captivity. But the conduct of Joan's enemies has not even the wretched excuse which such past inhumanities might supply. Their object was not only to wreak their vengeance upon the Maid for their former losses, but to discredit her in popular opinion, to brand her (we quote the very words of Bedford) as "a disciple and lymbe of the fiende that used false enchauntments and sorcerie,"† and to lower and taint the cause of Charles VII. by connecting it with such unhallowed means. They therefore renounced any rights of war which they possessed over her as their prisoner, to claim those of sovereignty and jurisdiction as their subject, which she never had been, and resolved to try her before an ecclesiastical tribunal on the charge of witchcraft. They found a fitting tool for their purpose in Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted

* Fenn's 'Collection of Letters,' vol. i. p. 213. Dr. Lingard has pointed out this passage in his 'History of England.'

† Rymer's 'Fœdera,' vol. x. p. 408.

to their interest, and who presented a petition for the trial on the frivolous pretext that she had been made prisoner within his diocese. The University of Paris was so far misled by party views as to join in the same request. The Bishop himself was appointed the first judge; the second was Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the Inquisition; and the office of public advocate or accuser devolved upon Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. The tribunal thus formed, and directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly one hundred doctors of theology, who had not, like the Bishop and vicar-general, votes in the decision, but who gave their counsel and assistance when required, under the title of assessors.

Unjustifiable as this trial appears in its general scope and design, it was further darkened in its progress by many acts of fraud and violence, and an evident predetermination to condemn. A private investigation, similar to those at Poitiers, and with the same result, having been appointed, the Duke of Bedford is said to have concealed himself in a neighbouring apartment, and looked on through a rent in the wall. A priest, named Nicolas l'Oiseleur, was instructed to enter the prison of Joan, to represent himself as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer in the cause of King Charles; thus, it was hoped, gaining upon her confidence, giving her false counsels, and betraying her under the seal of confession into some unguarded disclosures. A burgher of Rouen was sent to Domremy to gather some accounts of her early life; but, as these proved uniformly favourable, they were suppressed at the trial. In like manner, many answers tending to her vindication were garbled or omitted in the written reports. She was allowed neither counsel nor adviser. In short, every artifice was used to entrap, every threat to overawe, an untaught and helpless girl.

It will, we trust, be acknowledged that, in our statement of this trial, we have neither denied nor palliated its evil deeds. But when we find them urged by some French writers, even at the present day, as an eternal blot upon the English name—as a still subsisting cause of national resentment—we may perhaps be allowed to observe, in self-defence, that the worst wrongs of Joan were dealt upon her by the hands of her own countrymen. Her most bitter enemy, the Bishop of Beauvais, was a French-

man ; so was his colleague, the vicar-general of the Inquisition ; so were both the malignant Estivet and the perfidious L'Oiseleur—the judges, the accuser, and the spy ! Even after this large deduction, there will still remain a heavy responsibility against the English authorities—both civil and religious—against the Duke of Bedford and the Cardinal of Winchester.

On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan was brought for the first time before her judges. She underwent, nearly on successive days, fifteen examinations. The scene was the castle-chapel at Rouen ; and she appeared clad, as of yore, in military attire, but loaded with chains. Undepressed, either by her fallen fortunes or by her long and cruel captivity, she displayed in her answers the same courageous spirit with which she had defended Orleans and stormed Jargeau. Nor was it courage only ; her plain and clear good sense often seemed to retrieve her want of education, and to pierce through the subtle wiles and artifices elaborately prepared to ensnare her. Thus, for example, she was asked whether she knew herself to be in the grace of God ? Had she answered in the affirmative, then arrogance and presumption would forthwith have been charged upon her ; if in the negative, she would have been treated as guilty by her own confession. “ It is a great matter,” she said, “ to reply to such a question.” “ So great a matter,” interposed one of the assessors, touched with pity—his name deserves to be recorded, it was Jean Fabry—“ that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.” “ You had better be silent,” said the Bishop of Beauvais fiercely to Fabry ; and he repeated the question to Joan. “ If I am not in the grace of God,” she said, “ I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me ; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.”

Thus, again, she was asked whether the Saints of her visions, Margaret and Catherine, hated the English nation ? If the answer was that they did, such partiality would ill beseem the glorified spirits of heaven, and the imputation of it might be punished as blasphemy : but if Joan should reply that they did not, the retort was ready ;—“ Why then did they send you forth to fight against us ? ” She answered, “ They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.” “ Does God then hate the English ? ” pursued the inexorable Bishop of Beauvais. “ Whether God may love or may hate the English, I know not ; but I

know that they shall be driven forth from this realm by the King of France—all but those who shall die in the field.”

The two points on which Joan’s enemies and judges (the terms are here synonymous) mainly relied were—first, the “Tree of the Fairies,” near Domremy ; and, secondly, the banner borne by herself in battle. Both of these it was attempted to connect with evil spirits or magical spells. As to the first, Joan replied, clearly and simply, that she had often been round the tree in procession with the other maidens of the village, but had never beheld any of her visions at that spot. With regard to the banner, she declared that she had assumed it in battle on purpose to spare the lance and the sword ; that she wished not to kill any one with her own hand, and that she never had. But she was closely pressed with many other questions :—

“When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle?” “The Voices,” answered she, “told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.”

“Which gave the most help—you to the banner, or the banner to you?” “Whether victory came from the banner or from me, it belonged to our Lord alone.”

“Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or on yourself?” “It was founded on God, and on nought besides.”

“If another person had borne it, would the same success have followed?” “I cannot tell ; I refer myself to God.”

“Why were you chosen sooner than another?” “It was the pleasure of God that thus a simple maid should put the foes of the King to flight.”

“Were not you wont to say, to encourage the soldiers, that all the standards made in semblance of your own would be fortunate?” “I used to say to them, ‘Rush in boldly among the English ;’ and then I used to rush in myself.”

The clearness and precision of her replies on these points stand forth in strange contrast to the vague and contradictory accounts which she gives of her first interview with the King. On this topic she at first refuses to answer altogether, saying that she is forbidden by her Voices. But afterwards she drops mysterious hints of an angel bringing a crown to Charles from heaven ; sometimes saying that the King alone had beheld this vision, and sometimes that it had been before many witnesses. In other examinations she declares that she herself was this

angel ; in others, again, she appears to confound the imaginary crown of the vision with the real one at Rheims.* In short, this was clearly one main-spring of her enthusiasm, or a morbid point in her mind where judgment and memory had been overpowered by imagination.

No proof or presumption, however, to confirm the charges of sorcery could be deduced from her own examinations or from any other. So plain and candid had been the general tenor of her answers, that it being referred to the assessors whether or not she should be put to the rack, in hopes of extorting further revelations, only two were found to vote in favour of this atrocious proposal, and of these two one was the traitor-priest L'Oiseleur ! It is said that one of our countrymen present at the trial was so much struck with the evident good faith of her replies, that he could not forbear exclaiming, " A worthy woman—if she were only English !"†

Her judges, however, heedless of her innocence, or perhaps only the more inflamed by it, drew up twelve articles of accusation upon the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which articles were eagerly confirmed by the University of Paris. On the 24th of May, 1431—the very day on which Joan had been taken prisoner the year before—she was led to the churchyard before Saint Ouen, where two scaffolds had been raised : on the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several prelates ; the other was designed for the Maid, and for a preacher named Erard. The preacher then began his sermon, which was filled with the most vehement invectives against herself ; these she bore with perfect patience, but when he came to the words, " Your King, that heretic and that schismatic," she could not forbear exclaiming aloud, " Speak of me, but do not speak of the King ; he is a good Christian. By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say." The Bishop of Beauvais, much incensed, directed the guards to stop her voice, and the preacher proceeded. At his conclusion,

* De Barante, vol. vi. p. 121 ; and Quicherat, ' Procès de Jeanne d'Arc,' vol. i. *passim*. This is a recent and well-edited collection of the original documents referring to the trial.

† " C'est une bonne femme—si elle était Anglaise !" —Supplément aux Mémoires, Collection, vol. viii. p. 294.

a formula of abjuration was presented to Joan for her signature. It was necessary, in the first place, to explain to her what was the meaning of the word abjuration; she then exclaimed that she had nothing to abjure, for that whatever she had done was at the command of God. But she was eagerly pressed with arguments and with entreaties to sign. At the same time the prelates pointed to the public hangman, who stood close by in his car, ready to bear her away to instant death if she refused. Thus urged, Joan said at length, "I would rather sign than burn," and put her mark to the paper.* The object, however, was to sink her in public estimation; and with that view, by another most unworthy artifice, a much fuller and more explicit confession of her errors was afterwards made public, instead of the one which had been read to her, and which she had really signed.

The submission of Joan having been thus extorted, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass sentence in the name of the tribunal. He announced to her, that out of "grace and moderation" her life should be spared, but that the remainder of it must be passed in prison "with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food."† Joan heard the sentence unmoved, saying only, "Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English." But she was taken back to the same dungeon as before.

Nor was it designed that her life should indeed be spared. Her enemies only hoped, by a short delay and a pretended lenity, to palliate the guilt of her murder, or to heap a heavier load upon her memory. She had promised to resume a female dress; and it is related that a suit of men's apparel was placed in her cell, and her own removed during the night, so that she had no other choice next morning but to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Such is the common version of the story. But we greatly fear that a darker and a sadder tale remains behind. A priest, named Martin l'Advenu, who was allowed to receive her confession at this period, and to shrive her in her dying moments, was afterwards examined at the trial of revision, and

* Deposition, at the Trial of Revision, of Massieu, a priest and rural dean, who had stood by her side on the scaffold.—Quicherat, 'Procès,' vol. i. p. 8

† "Au pain de douleurs et à l'eau d'angoisse."—Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 304.

declared that an English lord (*un millourt d'Angleterre*) had entered her prison and attempted violence ; that on his departure she was found with her face disfigured and in tears ; and that she had resumed men's apparel as a more effectual safeguard to her honour.*

But whether the means employed in this infamous transaction were of fraud or of force, the object was clearly the same—to find a pretext for further rigour. For, according to the rules of the Inquisition, it was not heresy in the first instance, but only a relapse into heresy, that could be punished with death. No sooner then was the Bishop of Beauvais apprised of Joan's change of dress, than he hastened to the prison to convict her of the fact. He asked her whether she had heard “her Voices” again? “I have,” answered Joan; “St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing the abjuration, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.” This was enough; the Bishop and his compeers straightway pronounced her a heretic relapsed; no pardon could now be granted—scarce any delay allowed.

At daybreak, on the 30th of May, her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, was directed to enter her cell, and prepare her for her coming doom—to be burned alive that very day in the marketplace of Rouen. At first hearing this barbarous sentence, the Maid's firmness forsook her for some moments; she burst into piteous cries, and tore her hair in agony, loudly appealing to God, “the great Judge,” against the wrongs and cruelties done her. But ere long regaining her serene demeanour, she made her last confession to the priest, and received the Holy Sacrament from his hands. At nine o'clock, having been ordered to array herself for the last time in female attire, she was placed in the hangman's car, with her confessor and some other persons, and was escorted to the place of execution by a party of English soldiers. As she passed, there happened another touching incident to this touching story; the forsworn priest, the wretched L'Oiseleur, who had falsely sought her confidence, and betrayed her confession, now moved by deep remorse, threw himself in

* Compare Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 190, with the ‘Supplément aux Mémoires’ (Collection, vol. viii. p. 304).

her way to own his guilt and implore her forgiveness.* At the market-place (it is now adorned by a statue to her memory) she found the wood ready piled, and the Bishop of Beauvais with the Cardinal of Winchester and other prelates awaiting their victim. First a sermon was read, and then her sentence; at this her tears flowed afresh, but she knelt down to pray with her confessor, and asked for a cross. There was none at hand, and one was sent for to a neighbouring church; meanwhile an English soldier made another by breaking his staff asunder, and this cross she devoutly clasped to her breast. But the other soldiers were already murmuring at these long delays: "How now, priest," said they to L'Advenu; "do you mean to make us dine here?" At length their fierce impatience was indulged; the ill-fated woman was bound to the stake, and upon her head was placed a mitre with the following words inscribed:—

"HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE."

The Bishop of Beauvais drew nigh just after the pile was kindled; "It is you," said she to him, "who have brought me to this death." To the very last, as L'Advenu states in his deposition, she continued to protest and maintain that her Voices were true and unfeigned, and that in obeying them she had obeyed the will of God. As the flames increased, she bid L'Advenu stand further from her side, but still hold the cross aloft, that her latest look on earth might fall on the Redeemer's blessed sign. And the last word which she was heard to speak ere she expired was—JESUS. Several of the prelates and assessors had already withdrawn in horror from the sight, and others were melted to tears. But the Cardinal of Winchester, still unmoved, gave orders that the ashes and bones of "the heretic" should be collected and cast into the Seine. Such was the end of Joan of Arc—in her death the martyr, as in her life the champion, of her country.

It seems natural to ask what steps the King of France had taken during all this interval to avert her doom. If ever there had been a sovereign indebted to a subject, that sovereign was Charles VII., that subject Joan of Arc. She had raised the

* "Some time afterwards he fled to Basle, where he died suddenly."—Quicherat, 'Procès,' vol. i. p. 6.

spirits of his people from the lowest depression. She had retrieved his fortunes when well nigh despaired of by himself. Yet, no sooner was she captive than she seems forgotten. We hear nothing of any attempt at rescue, of any proposal for ransom; neither the most common protest against her trial, nor the faintest threat of reprisals; nay, not even after her death, one single expression of regret! Charles continued to slumber in his delicious retreats beyond the Loire, engrossed by dames of a very different character from Joan's, and careless of the heroine to whom his security in that indolence was due.

Her memory on the other hand was long endeared to the French people, and long did they continue to cherish a romantic hope that she might still survive. So strong was this feeling, that in the year 1436 advantage was taken of it by a female impostor, who pretended to be Joan of Arc escaped from her captivity. She fixed her abode at Metz, and soon afterwards married a knight of good family, the Sire des Armoises. Strange to say, it appears from a contemporary chronicle, that Joan's two surviving brothers acknowledged this woman as their sister.* Stranger still, other records prove that she made two visits to Orleans, one before and one after her marriage, and on each occasion was hailed as the heroine returned. The Receiver-General's accounts in that city contain items of expenses incurred:—1st, for the reception of the Maid and her brother in 1436; 2ndly, for wines and refreshments presented “à Dame Jehanne des Armoises,” in July, 1439; 3rdly, for a gift of 210 livres, which the Town Council made to the lady on the 1st of August following, in requital of her great services during the siege.† These documents appear of undoubted authenticity; yet we are wholly unable to explain them. The brothers of Joan of Arc might possibly have hopes of profit by the fraud; but how the people of Orleans, who had seen her so closely, who had fought side by side with her in the siege, could be deceived as to the person, we cannot understand, nor yet what motive they could have in deceiving.

The interest which Joan of Arc inspires at the present day

* Chronicle of the Dean of St. Thiebault of Metz, ending in 1445, as cited by Calmet, ‘Histoire de Lorraine,’ vol. ii. p. 702.

† Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii. p. 311.

extends even to the house where she dwelt, and to the family from which she sprung. Her father died of grief at the tidings of her execution; her mother long survived it, but fell into great distress. Twenty years afterwards we find her in receipt of a pension from the city of Orleans; three francs a month; "to help her to live."* Joan's brothers and their issue took the name of Du Lis from the Lily of France, which the King had assigned as their arms. It is said by a writer of the last century that their lineage ended in Coulombe du Lis, Prior of Coutras, who died in 1760. Yet we learn that there is still a family at Nancy, and another at Strasburg, which bear the name of Du Lis, and which put forth a pedigree to prove themselves the relatives—not, as a modern traveller unguardedly expresses it, the descendants!—of the holy Maid.

The cottage in which Joan had lived at Domremy was visited by Montaigne in his travels. He found the front daubed over with rude paintings of her exploits, and in its vicinity beheld "*l'Arbre des Fées*," which had so often shaded her childhood, still flourishing in a green old age, under the new name of "*l'Arbre de la Pucelle*." Gradually, the remains of this house have dwindled to one single room, which is said to have been Joan's, and which, in the year 1817, was employed as a stable. But we rejoice to learn that the Council-General of the Department has since, with becoming spirit, purchased the venerable tenement, and rescued it from such unworthy uses.†

From the preceding narrative it will be easy to trace the true character of Joan. A thorough and earnest persuasion that hers was the rightful cause—that in all she had said she spoke the truth—that in all she did she was doing her duty—a courage that did not shrink before embattled armies, or beleaguered walls, or judges thirsting for her blood—a serenity amidst wounds and sufferings, such as the great poet of Tuscany ascribes to the dauntless usurper of Naples:—

"Mostrommi una piaga a sommo 'l petto
Poi disse *SORRIDENDO* : Io son Manfredi!"‡

* *Pour lui aider à vivre.* Compte-rendu d'un Receveur d'Orléans.—Préface de Buchon, p. 66; and Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 193.

† Collection des Mémoires. vol. viii. p. 214.

‡ Dante, 'Purgatorio,' canto iii.

—a most resolute will on all points that were connected with her mission—perfect meekness and humility on all that were not—a clear, plain sense, that could confound the casuistry of sophists—an ardent loyalty, such as our own Charles I. inspired—a dutiful devotion, on all points, to her country and to God. Nowhere do modern annals display a character more pure—more generous—more humble amidst fancied visions and undoubted victories—more free from all taint of selfishness—more akin to the champions and martyrs of old times. All this is no more than justice and love of truth would require us to say. But when we find some French historians, transported by an enthusiasm almost equal to that of Joan herself, represent her as filling the part of a general or statesman—as skilful in leading armies, or directing councils—we must withhold our faith. Such skill, indeed, from a country girl, without either education or experience, would be, had she really possessed it, scarcely less supernatural than the visions which she claimed. But the facts are far otherwise. In affairs of state, Joan's voice was never heard; in affairs of war, all her proposals will be found to resolve themselves into two—either to rush headlong upon the enemy, often in the very point where he was strongest, or to offer frequent and public prayers to the Almighty. We are not aware of any single instance in which her military suggestions were not these, or nearly akin to these. Nay, more, as we have elsewhere noticed, her want of knowledge and of capacity to command were so glaring, that scarce one of the chiefs, or princes, or prelates, who heard her in council or familiar conversation, appears to have retained, beyond the few first days, the slightest faith in her mission. At best they regarded her as a useful tool in their hands, from the influence which they saw her wield upon the army and the people. And herein lies, we think, a further proof of her perfect honesty of purpose. A deliberate impostor is most likely to deceive those on whom he has opportunity and leisure to play his artifices, while the crowd beyond the reach of them most commonly remains unmoved. Now, the very reverse of this was always the case with Joan of Arc.

The fate of Joan, in literature, has been strange—almost as strange as her fate in life. The ponderous cantos of Chapelain

in her praise have long since perished—all but a few lines that live embalmed in the satires of Boileau. But, besides Schiller's powerful drama, two considerable narrative poems yet survive with Joan of Arc for their subject,—the epic of Southey, and the epic of Voltaire. The one, a young poet's earnest and touching tribute to heroic worth—the first flight of the muse that was ere long to soar over India and Spain;* the other full of ribaldry and blasphemous jests, holding out the Maid of Orleans as a fitting mark for slander and derision. But from whom did these far different poems proceed? The shaft of ridicule came from a French—the token of respect from an English—hand!

Of Joan's person no authentic resemblance now remains. A statue to her memory had been raised upon the bridge at Orleans, at the sole charge—so said the inscription—of the matrons and maids of that city: this probably preserved some degree of likeness, but unfortunately perished in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. There is no portrait extant; the two earliest engravings are of 1606 and 1612, and they greatly differ from each other. Yet, who would not readily ascribe to Joan in fancy the very form and features so exquisitely moulded by a young princess? Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered before that noble work of art—before that touching impersonation of the Christian heroine—the head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping the sword in sign of the cross, but firm resolution imprinted on that close-pressed mouth, and beaming from that lofty brow?—Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze and gaze again, might not sometimes wander from old times to the present, and turn to the sculptress—sprung from the same Royal lineage which Joan had risen in arms to restore—so highly gifted in talent, in fortunes,

* 'The Vision of Kehama,' and 'Roderick the Last of the Goths.' We have lately read 'Joan of Arc,' revised, in the collected edition of Mr. Southey's poems, of which it forms the first volume. In his preface, dated May 10, 1837, he has these words, and few, indeed, are they who will read them unmoved:—"I have entered upon the serious task of arranging and collecting the whole of my poetical works. What was it, indeed, but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth? Well may it be called a serious task, thus to resuscitate the past. But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with a sure and certain hope."

in hopes of happiness—yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely? Thus the statue has grown to be a monument, not only to the memory of the Maid, but to her own: thus future generations in France—all those at least who know how to prize either genius or goodness in woman—will love to blend together the two names—the female artist with the female warrior—**MARY OF WURTEMBERG and JOAN OF ARC.**

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. ✓

[QU. REV., No. 134. March, 1841.] 67.303

History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. VII.
Edinburgh. 1840. pp. 471.

THE industry to trace and discover historical documents is seldom found united with the talent to condense and employ them. It is not always the same hand that can draw forth the metal from the mine and smelt away the dross. We have seen, in France, during the last century, innumerable narratives, like Voltaire's, clear, lively, and ingenious, but constructed from the fancy rather than from facts. We have seen, in our own time and country, men who deem they have done good service in printing, without selection, barrowful after barrowful and cartload after cartload of unwieldy records. Yet it is only this rare combination in one mind of patient research, with perspicuous deduction, that can constitute the character or deserve the praise of an Historian.

In both these respects we think that high praise is due to Mr. Tytler. Not content with a careful study of the printed authorities, he has searched through many collections of manuscripts, and, above all, that great storehouse of our history, the State-Paper Office. His labours in this field have been rewarded with an ample harvest. But he has not employed these fruits of his labours merely as a dry antiquarian,—as a “word-catcher that lives on syllables,”—but has applied them with singular sagacity and judgment to the facts already known or the doubts hitherto remaining. Nor has he fallen, unless in few cases, into the common error of ascribing undue importance and value to his own discoveries. From the whole he has derived a narrative, clear, vigorous, and graphic in its style, accurate and trustworthy in its statements. His candour and love of truth are conspicuous in every page; he has not been drawn aside by any favourite theory or preconceived opinion, and he has dealt out justice to all with a firm and unsparing hand.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of Mr. Tytler's seventh volume. Two more will complete the work, which, we venture to predict, will then become, and long remain, the standard history of Scotland.

The seventh volume, now before us, comprises the most brilliant, but also by far the most difficult, portion of Mr. Tytler's undertaking,—the reign of the ill-fated Mary after her marriage with Darnley. No period of any history has been the scene of more fierce and stubborn controversies; over none have prejudice and passion cast a deeper veil. Considering the host of documents that have already appeared in print on this short but eventful period, and how eagerly most collections have been ransacked again and again by rival writers, we should scarcely have supposed that there remained any fresh materials to discover. Again, when we looked to the pertinacity with which almost every inch of the ground has been fought, it seemed probable that any new historian must be constantly arrested and turned aside from his path to engage in some thorny debate. Yet, to our surprise, Mr. Tytler's labours have succeeded in eliciting many new and important facts even from this exhausted field; and he has threaded his way amidst the surrounding controversies, never heedless of their arguments, never blind to their lights, yet always remembering that his own object is, and ought to be, a narrative, not a dissertation.

We must confess, however, that we are not quite pleased with the conclusion to which Mr. Tytler at length arrives: "It is difficult," says he, "to draw any certain conclusion as to the probability of Mary's guilt or innocence in the murder of her husband. . . . Upon the whole, it appears to me that, in the present state of the controversy, we are really not in possession of sufficient evidence to enable any impartial inquirer to come to an absolute decision." It appears to us, on the contrary, that Mr. Tytler's own labours have done much to resolve such doubts, and will appear far more conclusive to others than they have done to himself. We do not see any reason for leaving the mind under what Mr. Tytler proceeds to call "this painful and unsatisfying impression." The documents on this controversy are, perhaps, more ample than on any other disputed point in history; and the time has come when there is no longer any political

object in perverting them. No longer is it attempted to serve an exiled family by proving that no Stuart could possibly do wrong. No longer is it deemed the best proof of loyalty to the reigning House of Hanover to heap insults and invectives on one of its own lineal ancestors. In short, if we forbear to judge, the fault, as we conceive, lies no longer in the deficiency of information, nor yet in the prevalence of party.

In this conviction we will endeavour, however imperfectly, yet as the result of a careful study of the question, to supply the gap left by Mr. Tytler, or rather, as jurors, to decide upon the evidence he has so ably laid before us. Our view of the subject will probably be alike displeasing to both of the extreme parties, —to the vehement accusers, and to the vehement admirers, of Queen Mary,—to those who would brand her as a murderess, and to those who would enshrine her as a martyr. We think, however, that an intermediate judgment will be found to combine, in a remarkable degree, nearly all the valid arguments that both parties have put forward. But, amidst this tangled web of controversies, and with Mr. Tytler's new lights to apply to them, our only clear course will be, in the first place, to recapitulate the leading events, as we believe them to have happened, even at the hazard of repeating many facts already known to the reader.

The misfortunes of Mary began even with her earliest days. The news of her birth, at Linlithgow (December 8, 1542*), found the King, her father, secluded in the lonely palace of Falkland, and dying of a broken heart. He was weighed down to the grave by the untimely loss of his two sons, and, more recently, the disgraceful rout of his army. For whole days he would sit in gloomy silence, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, sometimes dropping his arms listlessly by his side, and sometimes convulsively striking them upon his heart, as if he sought to tear from out his breast the load of grief which oppressed it. Thus sunk into despair, he received the messenger from his Queen without welcome, and the news of a daughter's birth without pleasure: but his thoughts wandered back to the times of old,

* We may observe that Mr. Tytler is not always sufficiently careful in giving the dates, except where he decides any controversy respecting them. Neither the date of Queen Mary's birth, nor of King James's death, for instance, is to be found in his pages.

when the daughter of the Bruce had brought his ancestor the kingdom for her dowry, and he exclaimed, with mournful forebodings, "It came with a girl, and it will go with a girl!" A few of his more favoured counsellors and servants stood around his couch: after some space the dying monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss, and, casting upon them his last look of placid affection, turned round upon his pillow and expired. He was aged only thirty years, and his infant daughter and successor only six days.

Six years pass, and the infant Queen becomes transferred, for safe custody and for future marriage, to France. Twelve years more, and we find her again embarking for her native land, with all the hopes for which she had left it already blighted,—her youthful husband, Francis II., having sunk under a languishing disease, during which she had watched over him with devoted care and affection,—and she now returning to encounter, at scarcely yet eighteen, the stormy factions of her own northern realm. Warm-hearted and confiding, her most eager desire at this time was for the friendship and alliance of Elizabeth. In her own words to the ambassador of England,—“There are more reasons to persuade to amity between Elizabeth, my good sister, and myself, than between any two princes in Christendom. We are both in one isle, both of one language, both the nearest kinswoman that each other hath, and both Queens.” * Far different were Elizabeth’s designs. Not merely did she refuse the passport which Mary sought, but she sent some ships of war with secret instructions to intercept her on her voyage. Mary’s reply to Throckmorton, when she found the safe conduct withheld, was affecting, and, as Mr. Tytler observes, seemed almost to shadow forth her future fate:

“If,” said she, “my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen’s, your mistress’s, unkindness might stay my voyage, but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable as I shall not need to come on the coast of England: and if I do, then, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur, the Queen, your mistress, shall have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me; peradventure

* Sir N. Throckmorton and the Earl of Bedford to the Council, Feb. 26, 1561.

that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be fulfilled."*

Notwithstanding these—let us use a Scottish word in speaking of a Scottish Queen—"ower true" forebodings of evil, and lingering regrets, Mary, having taken leave of her uncles of Guise, embarked at Calais and proceeded on her voyage. It has often been related how, until the night, she never ceased to look upon the lessening shores of France—how she commanded a couch to be spread for her on deck—how at sunrise she eagerly sought another parting glance before the coast finally faded from her sight—how sadly she bade adieu to that cherished country where her early love lay buried, and where her remaining affections were enshrined. "Farewell, France," she said, "beloved France, I shall never see thee more!" Soon after this sprung up a favourable breeze to waft her on her voyage: a still more auspicious fog screened her galley from the notice of the English ships, and enabled her to arrive in safety; although Brantôme, who was one of the gentlemen attending her, most ungratefully denounces *le brouillard* as a fitting emblem—*de son royaume brouillé, brouillon et malplaisant*!†

On the 19th of August, 1561, Mary landed at Leith, amidst the rude attempts at state, but sincere rejoicings of her people. May not then her thoughts have wandered back, as ours do now, to recall how, at the same port, five-and-twenty years before, another Queen of Scotland had landed—Madeline of France, the bride of King James—how, on descending from the ship, Madeline had knelt down upon the shore, and taking up some of the sand, kissed it with deep emotion, while she implored a blessing upon her new country and her beloved husband!‡ Madeline was young and fair as herself—her steps as buoyant, and her hopes as bright. But Madeline was more happy than Mary. Only a few weeks from her landing she expired—with no doubtful fame—no blighted affections—no violent and ignominious death!

"Whom the gods love die young, was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this—
The death of friends—and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is
Besides mere breath."

* Keith, p. 176. Tytler, vol. vi. p. 273.

† Brantôme, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 142. Ed. 1740.

‡ See Mr. Tytler's 'History,' vol. v. p. 257.

Never was young sovereign hailed in more beautiful verse than Buchanan prepared for Mary—never was poetical prophecy worse fulfilled than that of his

“*Nympha Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos!*”

We shall not pause to examine in detail the first four years of her administration. It seems admitted that her general conduct in this period was distinguished both by sense and spirit. Amidst the fearful elements she was called to rule—cruelty and revenge, oppression and corruption, in every form—all the fierce and lawless passions of a dark age, which had been not softened or subdued, but only taught dissimulation and treachery by frequent intercourse with more polished nations—amidst these, how hard, how apparently hopeless, the task of a youthful Queen, already denounced as a Papist and a stranger! Her beauty and accomplishments, indeed, made a favourable impression on her subjects. “May God save that sweet face!” was the cry as she rode in procession to the Parliament; “she speaks as properly as the best orator amongst them!” But the more austere preachers of the “Evangele” frowned—and taught their flocks to frown—on the foreign “idolatress.” Although, on her landing, she had issued a proclamation promising to maintain the Protestant form of worship which she found established—although she had scrupulously fulfilled this promise—she could not easily obtain for herself the same freedom of conscience that she granted. “I mean,” she had said even while yet in France, “to constrain none of my subjects, but would wish they were all as I am; and I trust that they shall have no support to constrain me.”* Loud and fierce, however, were now the clamours against the celebration of mass in her own private chapel:—

“It was even argued by Knox,” observes Mr. Tytler, “that the Jews were more tolerable in their tenets than the Romish Church; he would rather see, he said, ten thousand French soldiers in Scotland than suffer a single Mass. And when the Master of Lindsay, a furious zealot, heard that it was about to be celebrated, he buckled on his harness, assembled his followers, and rushing into the court of the palace, shouted aloud that the priests should die the death. The Lord James,

* Keith, p. 167.

however, opposed this violence, placed himself at the door of the chapel, overawed the multitude, and preserved the lives of the chaplains who officiated: for which he was bitterly and ironically attacked by Knox."

Nearly four years from her landing (July 29, 1565) was solemnised the Queen's second marriage with Lord Darnley. At the altar Mary appeared in deep mourning; and it was remarked by the superstitious that it was the same dress which she had worn on the melancholy day of her late husband's obsequies. She was now in her twenty-third year, and it needed but little of courtly exaggeration to declare her the most lovely woman of Europe. Her matchless beauty of person and bewitching grace of manner are warmly extolled by her partisans, and reluctantly acknowledged by her enemies. Her taste for all the fine arts and accomplishments, and her skill in several, especially poetry and music, were never denied; though sometimes, by the Puritans, charged on her as crimes. On her character there is no such unanimity. So far as we may judge it from her proceedings up to this time, it appears warm, generous, and confiding; but with each of these qualities carried to a faulty extreme. Impatient of contradiction, as a sovereign from her cradle, her warmth often impelled her beyond all prudent bounds, and rendered her heedless of advice and incapable of judgment. Her generosity was seldom tempered by caution; and her confidence once granted was credulous and unguarded. "It was Mary's weakness," says Mr. Tytler, speaking of her in 1564, "to be hurried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling and object."* And we find her on most occasions act or speak from the impulse of the moment, instead of firm resolve and unswerving principle. On the whole, we may pronounce her, according to the words of Robertson, "an agreeable woman rather than a great Queen:" and in both respects, we may add, the very opposite to her "good sister" of England.

Lord Darnley, who henceforth took the title of King Henry, was the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, and his mother, next to Mary herself, the nearest in succession to the throne of England. He was now scarcely nineteen years of age, of a tall and graceful stature, and of outward graces and accomplishments,

* Vol. vi. p. 373.

but utterly wanting, as it proved, in good qualities, both of head and heart. Not many months elapsed ere he began to show ingratitude to the Queen; he became addicted to drunkenness and other low debauchery, in pursuit of which he forsook her company, and even in public treated her with harshness and disrespect.* He openly aspired to the "Crown matrimonial"—implying an equal share with the Queen in the government; and by a strange but not uncommon combination, the more incapable he showed himself of wielding power, the more eager he appeared to grasp it. But it is very remarkable that even before the marriage had been solemnised he had so far aggrieved many of the nobles by his insolence, that they already began to mutter amongst themselves vague threats of his assassination. This appears from a secret letter of the English ambassador, which we owe to Mr. Tytler's researches in the State-Paper Office:—

"His (Darnley's) pride is intolerable, his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also, in token of his manhood, to let some blows fly where he knoweth that they will be taken. Such passions, such furies, as I hear say that sometimes he will be in, is hard to believe. When they have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short end, or themselves a miserable life. To see so many in hazard as now stand in danger of life, land, and goods, it is great pity to think. Only to remedy this mischief, he must be taken away, or such as he hateth find good support."†

Darnley, however unfit to lead any of the factions, was sometimes found by them an useful tool, and always an easy dupe. The Queen had at this time for her foreign secretary a Milanese, named David Riccio, who had lately risen from an humble station into high Court favour, and therefore, we need not add,

* Among other fragments of verse in Mary's handwriting on the leaves of her Missal now at St. Petersburg, there is this stanza, which a recent traveller, Mr. Venables, transcribes (p. 300):—

"Un coeur que l'outrage martire,
Par un mepris ou un refus,
A le pouvoir de faire dire
Je ne suis pas ce que je fus—*Marie*."

† Letter of Randolph, dated June 3, 1565, and addressed, Mr. Tytler in one place says, to Cecil (vol. vi. p. 402), in another place, to Leicester (p. 403). But this is of little importance.

made numerous enemies. The Protestant party, above all, were justly and reasonably alarmed at the rapid rise of this 'zealous adherent—and perhaps, as they said, secret pensioner—of Rome, at the very moment when a league was forming on the Continent for the utter suppression of their faith,—a league which Mary, at this juncture, was most unwisely and most unwarrantably induced to sign. Moreover, Riccio's own head had been turned by his sudden elevation; and he began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a lofty state wholly unsuited to his rank. His enemies now persuaded Darnley that Riccio was the only obstacle between himself and the "Crown matrimonial:" out not satisfied with this motive, or not finding it sufficient to stir the King, they artfully instilled into his mind the absurd delusion that this Italian—*homme assez âgé, laid, morne et malplaisant*, as he is described by one of his acquaintance*—had supplanted him in the affections of the Queen. It seems needless to vindicate Mary from a charge which is now, we believe, on all hands acknowledged as a calumny. But Darnley, blinded with ambition and anger, eagerly entered into a project for the assassination of the foreign favourite, and, according to the ferocious custom of the times, signed two "Bands," or covenants for mutual assistance in that object, with several of the opposite cabal,—with the Earl of Morton, then Chancellor of the kingdom,—with the Lord Ruthven,—with the Queen's own secretary, Maitland of Lethington,—nay, even with her illegitimate brother, the Lord James, lately created by her favour Earl of Murray. This last nobleman had a few months back been exiled for rebellion, and, while still in England, unscrupulously entered the conspiracy as an opening for his return. Even John Knox, the great founder of the Reformed Church in Scotland, was often suspected—and now, we fear, is proved by Mr. Tytler—to have previously known and approved this scheme of murder.† The foul deed was accordingly perpetrated on the

* Blackwood, p. 74; and William Tytler's 'Dissertation,' vol. ii. p. 6. Ed. 1790.

† The main proof against Knox is a letter from the English agent Randolph, which Mr. Tytler has found in the State-Paper Office. Randolph, as Mr. Tytler has shown, was previously well acquainted with the conspiracy and trusted by the conspirators. On the 21st of March, writing from Berwick, he sent to Cecil a secret list of "such as were consenting to the death

9th of March, 1566; and we will give it in Mr. Tytler's own words, as a sample of his clear and interesting narrative:—

“On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men, bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet which entered from her bed-chamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the commendator of Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Riccio. The bed-chamber communicated by a secret turnpike stair with the King's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and casting his arm fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armour, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick bed; his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but, ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was

of David;” and the two last names in this list are “John Knox, John Craig, preachers.” It is true that these two names do not appear in a subsequent list sent on the 27th of March. But this subsequent list was addressed, not to Cecil, but to the whole council: by the time it was sent, Morton and Ruthven had already arrived at Berwick; and by that time also, as we learn from Morton and Ruthven's own letter to the English Court, “Some Papists have bruited that these our proceedings have been at the instigation of the ministers of Scotland,”—a rumour which it might have afforded their enemies a triumph to confirm. We must likewise bear in mind that, according to Knox's avowed principles, the Roman Catholics were worse idolaters than the nations of Canaan, and that the texts in the Old Testament for putting these idolaters to death are still binding under the Christian dispensation. Nor did Knox confine this supposed duty to magistrates or men in power alone. He has himself recorded a conversation which had with Queen Mary in 1563, when he urged the laws against idolatry: “These,” he said, “it was the duty of princes to execute; if they failed to do so, others must do it for them. Elias did not spare Jezebel's prophets and Baal's priests, although King Achab stood by. Phinehas was no magistrate,” &c.—Knox, p. 353, and Tytler's ‘History,’ vol. vi. p. 326. On such erroneous principles it is evident that the murder of Riccio would be perfectly justifiable; and Knox's own language, in afterwards referring to it, was that of triumph, rejoicing, and implied approval. This is admitted by his biographer, Dr. Macrie (*Life*, edited by Dr. Crichton; p. 253).

heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators rushed into the closet.

“Ruthven now drew his dagger, and calling out that their business was with Riccio, made an effort to seize him, whilst this miserable victim, springing behind the Queen, clung by her gown, and, in his broken language, called out, ‘Giustizia, giustizia! sauve ma vie, Madame, sauve ma vie!’ All was now uproar and confusion; and, though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties, the table and lights were thrown down, Riccio was stabbed by Douglas over the Queen’s shoulder, Car of Faudonside, one of the most ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and while she shrieked with terror, their bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged, amidst shouts and execrations, through the Queen’s bedroom to the entrance of the presence-chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that, in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the King’s dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

“Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of the times than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from sickness, and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the Queen’s cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and, being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy Queen, by declaring that her husband had advised the whole. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder; but suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room, and cried out that their victim was slain. ‘And is it so?’ said Mary; ‘then farewell tears; we must now think of revenge.’ . . .

“Thus ended all hope of rescue: but although baffled in this attempt, secluded even from her women, trembling, and justly fearing for her life, the Queen’s courage and presence of mind did not forsake her. She remonstrated with her husband; she even condescended to reason with Ruthven, who replied in rude and upbraiding terms, and at last, exhausted with this effort, she would have sunk down, had they not called for her ladies and left her to repose. Next morning all the horrors of her condition broke fully upon her; she was a prisoner in the hands of a band of assassins; they were led by her husband, who watched all her motions,—he had already assumed the Royal power,—she was virtually dethroned; who could tell what dark purposes might

not be meditated against her person? These thoughts agitated her to excess, and threw her into a fever, in which she imagined the ferocious Ruthven was coming to murder her, and shrieking out that she was abandoned by all, she was threatened with miscarriage. The piteous sight revived Darnley's affection; her gentlewomen were admitted, and the danger passed away. Yet so strong was the suspicion with which she was guarded, that no lady was allowed to pass 'muffled' from the Queen's chamber."—vol. vii. p. 34-39.

It is well known how soon and how ably Mary availed herself of the rising pity or returning affection of Darnley. She represented to him that he was surrendering himself a tool into the hands of her enemies and his own. If they had belied her honour,—if they had periled her life, and that of her unborn infant, would he believe that when he alone stood between them and their ambition they would hesitate to destroy him also? Won over by her arguments, Darnley became alarmed at the consequences of the murder to himself: he sought shelter in the usual resource of a weak mind—a falsehood; he denied all previous connexion with the conspiracy; and consented to betray his friends as readily as he had before his consort. To lull suspicion, the Queen retired to rest that night; and the conspirators who guarded the palace, deeming all safe, betook themselves to the house of Morton, their accomplice. There they met the Earl of Murray, who, with the other banished lords, had rode into Edinburgh, according to their appointment, the evening after the murder, and with him they agreed to imprison their sovereign in Stirling Castle, and compel her, by threats of death, to surrender the crown to Darnley, under whose name the sceptre would be wielded by themselves. But at midnight Mary rose, threw herself upon a fleet horse, and fled to Dunbar, accompanied only by the King and one attendant. The news of her escape flew through the land; on to her rescue thronged her nobles, headed by the Earl of Bothwell, whose domains lay in that corner of the kingdom, and by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly; a multitude of their retainers gathered in arms, and in a few days she could advance against the capital, at the head of eight thousand men. As she approached, the conspirators scattered hither and thither in the utmost alarm. Morton and Ruthven, and others, sought refuge in England, and Lethington

hastened towards the mountain recesses of Athol. The more artful Murray had the skill to conceal his participation, and to profess his abhorrence of the crime. So little did Mary suspect his share in the transaction, that even at the first, when she heard of his arrival, she had instantly sent for him, and thrown herself into his arms, in an agony of tears, exclaiming, "If my brother had been here, he never would have suffered me to have been thus cruelly handled!" Even now she appears not to have been undeceived. She extended to him her forgiveness of his former rebellion, and even exerted herself to compose an old feud between him and the heads of the opposite party, Bothwell and Huntly.

For Darnley, he not only disclosed the names and denounced the deed of his former friends, but busied himself in bringing them to justice. Such conduct incensed them to the utmost; and they retaliated by laying before the Queen the "Bands," or covenants, proving that the King had been one main instrument of the conspiracy against her. "Can we wonder," says Mr. Tytler, "that her heart was almost broken by the discovery; that—to use the words of Melvil—she should have loudly lamented the King's folly and unthankfulness; that she was compelled to withdraw from him all confidence; and in solitary bitterness to act entirely for herself?"

Such violent shocks and sorrows could not fail to impair the Queen's health; and there seemed great reason to fear that she might not survive her approaching child-birth. Her mind had become haunted with a feverish dread that Morton and his savage associates—their hands yet reeking with the blood of Riccio—had resolved to break in upon her during the pangs of her labour.* Uncertain of the result, she withdrew into Edinburgh Castle, called for her nobility, took measures with them for the future government of her kingdom, made her will, became reconciled with the King, and personally arranged every thing, either for life or death. Her evil forebodings were not yet to be fulfilled. On the 19th of June she gave birth in safety to a prince—James the Sixth of Scotland; James the First of England. In a letter from Mary, during her captivity, to her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, after sadly alluding to "your

* Randolph to Cecil, June 13, 1566. MS., State-Paper Office.

little son and my only child," she adds, " I have borne him, and God knows with what danger to him and me both."* A mother's heart can find full reward for such pains and perils in the very infant that caused them: but, within a few short months, the hard fate or the ill conduct of Mary tore from her—and for ever—her only child.

On her recovery, the Queen showed considerable confidence to Murray, on whom indeed she had mainly relied when first she landed in Scotland. At his intercession she consented to pardon Lethington, a most versatile and unscrupulous man, even according to the low standard of that age; but so sagacious, subtle, and insinuating as to be always welcome to any party that he joined. She was also induced to recall the Lairds of Calder, Ormiston, and those other leaders of the church party (excepting Knox) who had been concerned in Riccio's murder, and were now lurking in different concealments. But for the arch conspirators, Morton, Ruthven, and their associates in England, Murray as yet pleaded in vain, though aided by all the influence of Bothwell, Huntly, Argyle, and Lethington. It was evident, however, at the time to an acute observer that even as to Morton and to Ruthven the Queen was beginning to relent, and to think of permitting their return.† To the King, though with no absolute breach between them, Mary showed much coldness and reserve; and during an excursion which she made on her recovery to Alloa, Stirling, Meggetland, and back again to Edinburgh, she was apparently desirous to avoid his company. For a few days (August, 1566), the exertions of the French ambassador succeeded in producing a temporary reconciliation between them.‡ But affection, when once great and once forfeited, can never be restored; and an increased alienation followed close upon this shortlived agreement. Nor had failure as yet borne to Darnley its usual bitter but salutary fruits; it had not corrected his judgment, it had only goaded his pride. He bitterly complained of the neglect into which he had fallen, imputing it solely to the coldness of the Queen, and in no degree to his own

* Letter, dated Chatsworth, July 10, 1570, and printed as a note (B) to Dr. Robertson's 'Dissertation on the Murder of Darnley.'

† Forster to Cecil, Sept. 19, 1566. MS., State-Paper Office.

‡ Keith, Appendix, p. 169.

ill conduct, and to the general scorn which it inspired. Eager to gain, at all hazards, a share of power, he once more plunged headlong into most foolish and guilty courses; and as his opponents were mostly Protestants, he—though himself professing that faith—began to intrigue with the Romanists. He went so far as to write secretly to the Pope, blaming and lamenting the conduct of the Queen for not having as yet restored the Mass in her dominions. His intrigues being traced, and his letters intercepted, he, instead of contrition for the fault, only expressed anew his complaint at being excluded from the government, and sullenly withdrew to fix his residence at Stirling. There he pined awhile in unpitied solitude, attended only by his own servants or dependants, and forsaken by all the suitors for Court favour. “Among the nobles,” says Robertson, “some dreaded his furious temper, others complained of his perfidiousness, and all of them despised the weakness of his understanding and the inconstancy of his heart.”* Finding himself utterly unable to form any party at home, he embraced the desperate resolution of leaving the kingdom, repairing to some foreign Court, and remonstrating against the cruelty with which he thought himself treated. He communicated this wild design to his father, the Earl of Lennox; and Lennox, for the purpose of preventing it, hastened to impart it by a letter to the Queen. Mary was much alarmed at the tidings. She perceived the disgrace, that her domestic troubles should be thus heralded abroad, and the danger that Darnley might become a pretext or an instrument in the hands of any power that might, either on political or religious grounds, interfere in her dominions. There followed immediately an interview between her and Darnley, with most earnest remonstrances against his intended flight both from herself and from all the Lords of the Council. Her affectionate and endearing expressions, as reported in a letter from the Lords to the Queen Mother of France, are much dwelt on in her favour by several writers, especially by William Tytler, our author’s grandfather, and, more recently, by the acute and learned Lingard.† There seems, however, great reason to suspect that these expressions were far more highly coloured than the truth

* History of Scotland, book iv.

† History of England, vol. v. p. 238, note, 4to. ed.

would warrant, since we find the Queen's secretary, at this very time, mention the letter not as written but only as required to be signed by the Lords of Council.* Thus much only we consider certain—that Mary and her counsellors remonstrated to the utmost against her husband's project—that his replies were short and sullen—but that, before he returned to Stirling, she had prevailed in making him, at least for the time, relinquish it.

In proportion as her husband sunk, the Earl of Bothwell appeared to rise in Mary's favour. This nobleman was the head of the ancient family of Hepburn, and the lord of extensive estates in the south-east of Scotland. Though himself a Protestant, he had in early life warmly defended Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, when assailed by the Reformers, and was forced to retire into France from his attachment to her cause. He came back to Scotland some months before Mary herself; but in the ensuing year he was accused of a plot against the Earl of Murray's life, and driven into banishment, nor was he permitted to return until Murray, in his turn, became an exile. He then strengthened his interest by a marriage with Lady Jean Gordon, sister of another powerful noble, the Earl of Huntly, and appeared on all occasions zealously devoted to the support of the Royal cause. We have seen how faithful and important were his services to the Queen in the trying crisis of her flight to Dunbar. From her gratitude or from her partiality he received a succession of favours, especially the wardenship of the three marches, till then conferred upon separate persons; and he already held the office of High Admiral by hereditary right. At this time he was less than thirty years of age; and his character, from his repeated exiles, almost unknown in his native country. Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, thus describes him in a despatch of November 28, 1560:—"The Earl of Bothwell is departed to return into Scotland, and hath made boast that he will do great things, and live in Scotland in despite of all men. He is a glorious (boastful), rash, and hazardous young man." From a contemplation of his whole career it may be said that undaunted courage appears his only virtue. In him a profligate love of pleasure was joined and

* Lethington to Archbishop Beatoun, the Queen's ambassador at Paris. Jedburgh, Oct. 24, 1566. The letter from the Lords is dated October 8.

made subservient to a restless and aspiring ambition. Bold, active, and, above all, utterly unscrupulous, of frank, soldier-like address, and insinuating manners, he was well skilled in every wile that can ensnare the female heart. We find that during his exile he had succeeded in debauching a noble Norwegian lady by a promise of marriage, and also, it is said, two daughters of a lord at Lubeck.* Man's life he regarded as little as woman's honour, whenever it stood between him and his objects; and he drew from his border estates and office of Lord Warden a band of broken and desperate retainers, hardened and murderous ruffians, whose swords or whose daggers were ready at every bidding of their master.

It has been argued by Mary's advocates in this controversy, above all by Goodall and Whitaker, that the Queen felt no unworthy fondness for Bothwell; that her confidence was due to his fidelity; that her bounty had been earned by his services; that she never forgot her duty to the King her husband, and that her final union with Bothwell in the ensuing year sprung not from her attachment, but from his compulsion. We must confess that, as it seems to us, this theory, already shaken to its foundations by Robertson and Hume, has been utterly and entirely demolished by Mr. Laing in his able Dissertation. We think it incontrovertible that, after the birth of the prince, Bothwell gradually acquired over the heart of Mary a guilty and absolute ascendant. By what insensible steps her gratitude and confidence may have ripened into tenderness, or how soon he might obtain his triumph, is not so easy to determine. Perhaps even the perfidy of her own attendants may have conspired to her ruin. According to her enemies, she afterwards confessed to Murray, at Lochleven, that she was first betrayed to Bothwell on her return to Alloa (in September, 1566), the Lady Reres having, without her sanction, introduced him one night into her chamber.† This alleged fact appears the more entitled to some weight, since we observe that it was brought forward by her worst accusers, not at all as a palliation, but only for a proof of her guilt. It is also much confirmed by the ninth of the love-sonnets ascribed to

* See Laing's Appendix, No. xxxi.

† Buchanan's 'Detection,' 6, compared with Keith, p. 445. See a note to Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. ii. p. 6.

her, which distinctly alludes to the same transaction ; and adds, that it cost her many tears.* If this theory be well founded, it must, however, be acknowledged that the tears which Mary mentions did not long continue to flow. But we lay no stress on these conjectures. God forbid that we should argue that any degree of misconduct in her husband, of skill in her lover, or of treachery in her attendants, can justify a woman for dishonour ! Nay, if even it could be proved or presumed that Mary had not absolutely yielded until after her husband's death, we should still arraign her of having relinquished to Bothwell the entire mastery of her affections and direction of her conduct, and of having thus enabled him and other worthless men to perceive that Darnley was the only obstacle between him and her hand.

It chanced that about this time disturbances broke out upon the borders. The presence of the Queen was needed in those districts, and accordingly Mary, attended by her principal ministers, repaired to Jedburgh, where she determined to hold her courts of justice. She was preceded by a considerable force, and by the Earl of Bothwell as lord warden, who applied himself with his usual daring energy to the restoration of order. On the 7th of October, attempting to seize, and struggling with one of the ruffians, Elliot of Park, he received a sudden thrust from his sword, and was carried off, dangerously wounded, to his castle of the Hermitage. Next day the Queen opened her courts at Jedburgh ; and on the 15th she rode forth to the Hermitage to visit Bothwell, a distance of twenty Scotch miles, remaining with him only two hours, in the presence of other statesmen, and returning the same night. The difficulties and haste of her journey are still recorded in the tradition of the country,—how her white palfrey sunk into a morass, which retains the name of the Queen's Moss ; and how she was accompanied by only ten attendants.† It is possible to explain her visit as only “ a mark of regard to a subject of high rank, and in high office, who had nearly lost his

* “ Pour lui aussi je jette mainte larme,
Premier, quand il se fit de ce corps possesseur
Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur.”—Sonnet ix.

† Laing's ‘ Dissertation,’ vol. i. p. 17. But he has altogether confounded the dates, from relying on Buchanan, and mistaking the ambiguous terms of the Diary called Murray's or Cecil's (vol. ii. p. 85).

life in the execution of his duty ;” but a more tender motive may be not less probably surmised.

Immediately afterwards the Queen was seized with a burning fever, which has been variously ascribed to fatigue of body or to anguish of mind.* For several days her life was despaired of. During the height of her illness the King never came to see her ; and a visit which he paid some time after the peril was over was short and cold. “ It is a fault that I cannot excuse,” writes the French ambassador, De Croc.† On her recovery, Mary, still weak from sickness, proceeded by slow journeys to the castle of Craigmillar, very near Edinburgh, where she remained, still attended by her principal ministers, and by Bothwell, who had now recovered of his wound. Her situation at this time is described by an eye-witness, the French ambassador :—

“ The Queen is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well ; and I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words : ‘ I could wish to be dead.’ You know very well that the injury she has received is exceeding great, and her Majesty will never forget it. The King, her husband, came to visit her at Jedburgh the very day after Captain Hay came away. He remained there but one single night, and yet in that short time I had a great deal of conversation with him. He returned to see the Queen about five or six days ago ; and the day before yesterday he sent word to desire me to speak with him half a league from this, which I complied with, and found that things go still worse and worse. I think he intends to go away to-morrow ; but in any event I am much assured that he will not be present at the (Prince’s) baptism. To speak my mind freely to you, I do not expect, upon several accounts, any good understanding between them, unless God effectually put to his hand. I shall only name two. The first reason is, the King will never humble himself as he ought ; the other is, the Queen cannot perceive any one nobleman speaking with the King, but presently she suspects some contrivance among them.”‡

At this very time the busy brain and black heart of Lethington were teeming with projects to sever this ill-starred alliance. In conjunction with Bothwell and Murray, he held a conference

* “ By what I could wring further of her own declaration to me, the root of it is the King.”—Lethington to Archbishop Beatoun, October 24, 1566.

† Keith, Appendix, p. 133.

‡ Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beatoun, December 2, 1566.

at Craigmillar with Huntly and Athol, and afterwards laid before the Queen their joint design. This was, to unite their efforts to procure a divorce between her and her husband. Pretexts were not wanting. Darnley's infidelity might be alleged; or his relation within the forbidden degrees of kindred might, notwithstanding the dispensation for it, afford a plausible, or at least in that age no unusual ground. Lethington also stipulated as a preliminary for the pardon of the Earl of Morton and his confederates in England. To these proposals, when laid before her, Mary declared that she was willing to agree, under the conditions that the process of divorce should be legal, and its effect not prejudicial to the rights of her son. It was then remarked, that after the divorce it would be better that Darnley should live in a remote part of the country, at a distance from the Queen, or retire to France. Upon this Mary, relenting, drew back from the proposal, expressed a hope that he might return to a better mind, and declared her own willingness rather to pass into France herself, and remain there, till he acknowledged his faults. Hereupon Lethington made this remarkable reply:—

“Madam, *soucy** ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your Majesty quit of him without prejudice of your son? and albeit that my Lord of Murray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto.”

To these words Mary immediately answered the following:—

“I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding that God of his goodness put remedy thereto, than that ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure.”

“Madam,” said Lethington, “let us guide the matter among us, and your Grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by Parliament.”†

Of this extraordinary conversation, which we have laid fully before the reader, it is certainly difficult, as Mr. Tytler observes, to determine the precise import. It appears to us that Lething-

* A French word—*se soucier*: the meaning here is, “mind ye not,” “do you not consider.”

† See Anderson's ‘Collections,’ vol. iv., part ii., p. 189.

ton, in his second proposal, intended to hint at a murder, but in terms so dark and ambiguous that he might be able, if he found it misliked, to shelter himself within the terms of his first design. In either case Mary's answer is clear and peremptory: an express command to do nothing that might affect her honour or conscience, and a threat of her displeasure. Upon this Lethington appears to avail himself of the subterfuge he had provided, and reverts to his first project of divorce, promising the Queen that she shall "see nothing but good, and approved by Parliament," which an assassination could never be. So far therefore as this conversation goes, it must at its close have left Mary under the impression that her advisers would endeavour to frame a scheme of divorce, without injury to her son, and with the approbation of her Parliament.

Lethington, however, had private motives of his own for preferring a scheme of murder to a scheme of divorce. The latter, with approbation of Parliament, and with a public recognition of the young Prince's rights, could only be obtained by uniting his efforts with a majority of other nobles and statesmen, and thus giving them an equal or superior claim to the favour of the Queen. Nor would they certainly have approved a divorce without some pledge or intimation as to the Queen's re-marriage, and the choice of her future husband; and it appears probable that the larger number—at all events the great party of the Hamiltons—would have insisted, as afterwards at Lochleven, on a son of the Duke of Chastelherault. If, on the other hand, Darnley were removed by murder, especially in such a manner as to implicate the fair fame of the Queen, it would bind her indissolubly in interest to the statesmen who planned or the suitor who perpetrated it, and enable them ever afterwards to maintain the leading part in her councils. But besides and above these motives of crooked policy, there was also, it would seem, an impulse of savage vengeance. Darnley's conduct after the death of Riccio had touched to the quick his betrayed confederates: "the consequence," says Mr. Tytler, speaking of May, 1566, "was the utmost indignation and a thirst for revenge upon the part of Morton, Murray, Lethington, and their associates, which, there is reason to believe, increased in intensity till it was assuaged only in his death." Bothwell, whose temper always

inclined him to violence rather than to cabals, was easily induced to concur in these views for his own aggrandisement, as also Huntly and Argyle ; but Murray—honourably, shall we say, or only cautiously ?—appears to have stood aloof from the rest ; content that his schemes of vengeance should be wrought out by other hands. The Queen's rising passion for Bothwell, which could be no secret to any of the statesmen at Craigmillar, might embolden them to act not only without her previous knowledge, but against her express command. They might suppose that, when once the deed was done, they should easily succeed, either in disarming her resentment, or diverting her suspicions from themselves.

According to the ferocious custom of those times, a “ band ” or agreement for the murder of Darnley was prepared : it is said to have been written by Sir James Balfour, then a follower of Bothwell, and signed by Lethington, Huntly, Argyle, and Balfour himself, the instrument being then deposited in Bothwell's hands. It declared their determination that the King, as “ a young fool, and proud tyrant, should not reign nor bear rule ” over them ; that therefore he must be cut off, and that they should all stand by each other and defend the deed.*

From Craigmillar, the Queen, utterly unconscious of these infamous designs that were soon so deeply to affect her own peace and fame, proceeded to Stirling for the baptism of her infant son. She had requested her “ good sister ” of England to be the godmother. Elizabeth despatched the Earl of Bedford as her ambassador, and appointed the Countess of Argyle (Mary's illegitimate sister) as her representative. The ceremony took place on the 17th of December, with much magnificence. It was performed by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, according to the Roman Catholic ritual, and the Royal infant received the names of Charles James. But the King, although he was then living in the palace, was absent from the ceremony. Let us here again borrow the words of an impartial eye-witness :—

* The existence of this “ band ” is proved mainly by the confession of the Laird of Ormiston, taken at Edinburgh Castle, December 13, 1573, previous to his execution as an accessory to the murder. Ormiston saw the “ band ” in the hands of Bothwell, who showed him the signatures. See also Lord Herries's answer at York.—Goodall, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 212.

“The King,” writes the French ambassador, “had still given out that he would depart two days before the baptism ; but when the time came on he made no sign of removing at all, only he still kept close within his own apartment. . . . His bad deportment is incurable ; nor can there be any good expected from him. . . . The Queen behaved herself admirably well all the time of the baptism, and showed so much earnestness to entertain all the goodly company in the best manner, that this made her forget, in a good measure, her former ailments. But I am of the mind that she will give us some trouble as yet ; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, and I found her laid on a bed weeping sore, and she complained of a grievous pain in her side.” *

On the 24th of December the Queen set out to pass the Christmas festivities at Drummond Castle. She had signed on the day before an Act confirming or enlarging the consistorial jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, probably with a view to her own desired divorce.† Another Act, which about this time the Queen granted to the renewed entreaties of Bothwell and his confederates, including, on this occasion, Murray, and seconded by Bedford the English ambassador, was a pardon to the Earl of Morton and the other exiles in England, for the murder of Riccio, to the number of seventy-six persons. Besides their bitter hatred of Darnley, Bothwell trusted to find them grateful friends to himself for his intercession, and ready auxiliaries in his flagitious schemes. Accordingly when in January, 1567, Morton was on his road to Edinburgh, and had taken up his residence at Whittingham, the seat of his kinsman Archibald Douglas, he was joined there by Lethington and Bothwell. The object of their visit was immediately explained in the presence of Douglas, Bothwell declaring their determination to murder the King, and adding, as an inducement to Morton to join the plot, that it had the Queen’s consent. This proposal was, however, declined by Morton, not so much from any feelings of

* Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beatoun, December 23, 1566. Sir John Forster writes to Cecil, December 11th,—“The Earl of Bothwell is appointed to receive the ambassadors, and all things for the christening are at his Lordship’s appointment.”

† Compare Whitaker (vol. iii. p. 370, &c.) and William Tytler (vol. ii. p. 401) with a note in Laing’s Appendix, No. 2. It is a branch of this controversy more perplexing than important, how far the Archbishop’s consistorial jurisdiction had or had not been curtailed by the Reformation.

horror—which indeed would scarcely have beseemed the planner of Riccio's death,—but because, he said, he was unwilling to engage in new troubles when he had scarcely got rid of the old. Again in a second interview, Bothwell and Lethington renewed their importunities, and again they urged that all was done at the Queen's desire. "Bring me, then," said Morton, "the Queen's hand-writ of this matter for a warrant, and then I shall give you an answer." This hand-writing Bothwell and Lethington were never able to produce.* Soon afterwards they sent back Archibald Douglas with this message:—"Show the Earl Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him."† This seems to indicate that, so far from their former fictions of the Queen's consent, they durst not even name the project in her presence; nor can we concur with Mr. Laing in thinking that what Morton demanded was a formal warrant under the Queen's hand, commanding the murder, which even a guilty party to the crime would be restrained in prudence from granting.‡ The words of Morton to Lethington and Bothwell seem rather to import, that if he should see the Queen's approbation of which they spoke, confirmed in her own hand-writing, he should consider that a proof of their word and an authority for his conduct. And if, as is affirmed by Mary's accusers, there had been expressions in her letters to Bothwell previous to the murder, clearly proving her participation, Bothwell would no doubt have shown them to Morton in the hopes of obtaining a co-operation of which he was evidently most desirous.

The pardon granted by the Queen to Morton and his brother exiles was most unwelcome to the King, who regarded these his old confederates as now his mortal enemies. In token of his displeasure he abruptly left the Court at Stirling, and took up his residence with his father Lennox at Glasgow. Soon afterwards he was seized with an illness so sudden and so violent, that

* The authority for these interviews is the confession of the Earl of Morton, June 2, 1581, the day before his execution. It is observed by Robertson as a proof of the ferocity of these times, that Morton, in this his dying confession, speaks of "David's slaughter" as coolly as if it had been an innocent or praiseworthy deed.

† Letter of Archibald Douglas to Queen Mary, April, 1586.

‡ Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. i. p. 28.

it gave rise to rumours of poison, but unjustly, for ere long the symptoms of the small-pox became clear and manifest. The Queen immediately despatched her own physician to attend him,* but in other respects showed as little concern for his danger as he had for hers at Jedburgh; nor indeed, considering his conduct since his marriage and her own growing passion for Bothwell, can it be supposed that she offered up any very ardent vows for his recovery. From Drummond Castle she removed to Tullibardine, and from Tullibardine to Stirling, where she remained a fortnight, and where Lethington was married to one of her Marys.† Meanwhile, the King, after several days of imminent danger, was gradually recovering, but still remained in a feeble and languishing condition. During his convalescence he appears to have reverted to his foolish schemes; or at least his former conduct exposed him to the imputation of them. It was reported, though we believe without foundation, that he entertained a project for crowning the young prince and seizing the government. The Queen was also informed, on more certain authority, that he had resumed his design to quit the kingdom; that an English vessel was already hired for this purpose, and lay in the river Clyde ready to receive him.‡ “It was this,” observes Robertson, “that Mary chiefly dreaded.” His flight at this period would not only have tarnished her good name abroad, and exposed her to foreign interference, but would, by removing Darnley beyond the sphere of her influence, have lost all chance of either persuading or compelling his acquiescence in any proceedings before Parliament and before the consistorial courts for a divorce. Bothwell also, conscious of his meditated crimes, would have seen them baffled, or at least delayed, by Darnley’s departure, and might easily urge the Queen to prevent it without using any views or arguments except her own. Mary resolved to employ the same means as she

* Earl of Bedford to Cecil, January 9, 1567.

† When, in 1548, Mary, then “a beautiful infant in her ninth year,” was sent to France, “there embarked with her four Marys, children of a like age and name with herself, selected as her playmates from the families of Fleming, Beatoun, Seyton, and Livingston” (Tytler’s ‘History,’ vol. vi. p. 53). See also the fine old ballad of ‘The Queen’s Marie,’ in the ‘Border Minstrelsy,’ with Sir Walter Scott’s illustrations (vol. iii. p. 294. Edition 1833).

‡ Keith, Pref. viii., and Robertson’s ‘History,’ book iv.

had before, in October, against the very same design—affectionate entreaties and dutiful expressions to her husband. It seemed necessary, however, as the only safeguard against a third and more effectual scheme of flight, that he might be brought to fix his residence at or near her own Court. With such views did she set forth (January 22nd, 1567) to visit him at Glasgow. There seems no reason whatever to believe that any overtures of reconciliation on her part at this time could be sincere; nothing had occurred to make them so, and only two days before she had written to her ambassador in France, inveighing against the King's conduct in terms of much severity.*

On the 23rd of January the Queen arrived at Glasgow: and it is from thence that the first two of her alleged letters to Bothwell are said to have been written. We shall hereafter advert to the much debated question of their authenticity; at present we will only observe that the first contains the following words as to the real object of her journey:—"In the end I asked him whether he would go in the English ship? He doth disavow it, and sweareth so, but confesseth to have spoken with the men." It would seem, however, that Darnley's wayward temper had been softened by his sickness. When Mary first came to see him in his chamber, he hastened, after the first greetings, to profess his deep repentance for his errors, pleading his youth and his ill-advisers. After some further conversation Mary proposed that he should return with her to Craigmillar, adding that, as he was still but little able to travel, she had provided a litter for the journey. Darnley declared his readiness to accompany her, if she would consent that they should live together as before. She promised that it should be so hereafter; but added that, in the first place, he must be thoroughly cleansed of his sickness, which she hoped he soon would be, as he must use the bath and a course of medicine at Craigmillar. We are persuaded, however, that the Queen never sincerely intended the complete reconciliation which she professed, but used this artifice to gain time and to prevent the embarkation.

In pursuance of this conversation the Queen carried her husband by slow journeys from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where they arrived on the last day of January. As we have seen, she had

* Mary to Archbishop Beatoun, January 20, 1567.

intended Craigmillar for their residence ; but this purpose was now changed, and she conducted the King to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, occupied by the town residence of the Duke de Chastelherault and other houses and gardens. The house to which Mary and Darnley repaired had formerly belonged to some prebendaries, who were expelled at the Reformation, and the house was forfeited to the Crown ; but the Queen had lately granted it as a gift to Robert Balfour, a brother of Sir James, and one of Bothwell's creatures. In this house the Queen slept in a lower chamber, and the King in one immediately above it, with a bath, or rather a vat for bathing, adjoined. Their apartments were small and scarcely suited to the Royal dignity, yet the reasons assigned by Mary for not bringing Darnley at once to Holyrood seem clear and sufficient ; for, besides that the palace was judged, from its low site, to be unhealthy and little fitted for a man recovering from sickness, the young Prince resided there, and should not be exposed to the danger of infection from small-pox. At Craigmillar or at Kirk of Field the Queen and her physician might attend Darnley and yet not be far from her son. In like manner Mary's father, the late King, had once in his infancy been removed from Holyrood to Craigmillar for better air.*

We must now advert to another train of events in the same month, which seems to connect itself with the conspiracy against Darnley, and which has been for the first time brought to light by Mr. Tytler's labours at the State-Paper Office. It is still clouded over with doubts and mysteries ; but, so far as it goes, appears to us to afford a proof that the Queen was no party to the plot against the life of her husband. After the death of her unhappy secretary, David Riccio, his brother Joseph had been promoted by Mary to the vacant office. She had also another Italian gentleman in her household, named Joseph Lutyni, an intimate friend, it would appear, of Joseph Riccio. This Lutyni was now sent by Mary on a mission to France ; but he had only reached Berwick, when, on the 17th of January, she wrote to desire that he should be apprehended, as he was a thief and had absconded with money. Sir William Drury, who commanded at Berwick for Queen Elizabeth, appears to have found upon

* Tytler's 'History,' vol. v. p. 127.

Lutyni's person, or by some other means obtained, a secret letter which Lutyni had just received from his friend Joseph Riccio, and this letter Drury immediately forwarded to Cecil. It convinced himself that there was in agitation some great and important secret, known both to Lutyni and to Riccio; and, with reference to Mary's own anxiety for the seizing of Lutyni, he observes :—

“ I think, by what I can gather, that it is not the money the Queen seeketh so much, as to recover his person, for I have learned the man had credit there, and now the Queen mistrusteth lest he should offer his service here in England, and thereby might, with better occasion, utter something either prejudicial to her, or that she would be loth should be disclosed but to those she pleaseth.”*

Drury also found that Lutyni was accused of having pryed into the Queen's private papers, and the man himself appeared in the greatest alarm, affirming that, if he were sent back to Scotland, it would be to “ a prepared death.”† In the result, Drury received orders from Cecil not to deliver up Lutyni at this time. Thus far then it may be supposed that the Queen suspected Lutyni of having seen among her private papers some letters from Bothwell to her, or from herself to Bothwell, and of having thus become privy to her guilty passion. But the confidential letter from Joseph Riccio to Lutyni seems to prove that there was a dark and portentous secret yet behind, known to themselves, but unknown to the Queen. Riccio informs Lutyni that the Queen had determined to examine him herself on his return; that the matter was of life and death to themselves; and that everything depended on his continuing to deceive the Queen, and adhering to the tale already told her. Here are Riccio's own expressions, as we translate them from the Italian :—

“ The Queen told me that she wishes to speak to you in secret. Take good care, then, to say to her what I wrote to you and nothing otherwise, so that our words may be found to agree with each other, and neither you nor I shall be in any trouble and I entreat you to have a merciful consideration of me, and not to become the cause of my death.”

Now, then, what could be this portentous secret—this secret to Mary herself—unless the impending conspiracy for Darnley's

* Drury to Cecil, Jan. 23, 1567.

† Ibid., Feb. 7, 1567.

murder? On the theory of those who accuse her of participation in that crime, she was cognisant not only of the general design, but of each scheme and step as it proceeded: this indeed is the very basis of their argument. What further mystery could then remain, which, if even she suspected, she was not to be allowed to discover? It is certainly possible, as Mr. Tytler suggests, that the letter may refer to some other state secret, unconnected with Bothwell or with Darnley: but, considering the dates, this is highly improbable; and, on the whole, though admitting the circumstances to be obscure, we think them not easily to be reconciled, either with the Queen's innocence as regarding the adultery, or with her guilt as regarding the murder.*

The conspiracy meanwhile was rapidly ripening. On the very day before the fatal event, the Earl of Murray left Edinburgh for St. Andrew's, on the pretence of visiting his wife, fully aware in all probability of the impending crime, but too cautious either to assist or to prevent it. The state of the plot just before its execution will best appear from a conversation between Bothwell and a foreign servant of the name of Nicholas Hubert, but more commonly known by the nickname of *French Paris*. This servant, formerly his own, Bothwell had, some months before, prevailed upon the Queen to take into her household; and now requiring his assistance, revealed to him the whole design. Paris remonstrated with him on the danger:—"For every one," he said, "will forthwith raise a hue and cry against you, and so you will find." But here is Bothwell's reply:—

"Why, fool that thou art," said he, "thinkest thou that I do all this alone by myself? . . . I have already got Lethington, who is reckoned one of the shrewdest men of this country, and who is the undertaker of all this; and after him I have got my Lord of Argyle, my brother Huntly, my Lord of Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay: these three last I am sure will never fail me, for I have spoken for their pardon, and I

* The entire letter of Joseph Riccio is printed in Mr. Tytler's Appendix, p. 444. The subsequent steps of this transaction appear to strengthen our view of it. Joseph Riccio was publicly accused by Lennox as one of the murderers of his son—a presumption to what his previous secret referred. Lutyni was sent back to Scotland under a safe conduct, soon after Darnley's death; Mary did not see him, but he was examined by Bothwell, by whom he was courteously dismissed, and the Queen sent him a small present (thirty crowns).—Drury to Cecil, Feb. 19 and 28, 1567.

have all the signatures of those that I have mentioned ; but thou art a fool, and a poor-spirited creature, who art not worthy to hear anything of importance.”—“But, Sir,” said I, “as to my Lord the Earl of Murray, I beg you to tell me what part he takes ?”—My Lord Bothwell answered, “He will take no part at all.”—“Sir,” I then rejoined, “he is wise.” Then my Lord Bothwell turned back his head to me and exclaimed, “My Lord Murray ! my Lord Murray ! he will neither help nor hurt us ; but no matter, ’tis all one !”*

This conversation is derived from the first confession of Paris before his execution as an accessory to the murder. We shall presently explain the different degrees of credit which appear due to his two confessions ; meanwhile we may observe that, according to this, Bothwell, though sufficiently unreserved in his confidence, drops no hint of participation or privity on the part of the Queen.

We are now come to the last scene of this dark and appalling tragedy, and we will give it in the very words of Mr. Tytler :—

“On Sunday, the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner, belonging to the household of the Queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the King. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms ; and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the Queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians, whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the King’s, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a ‘lunt,’ or slow match, and placed everything in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch : and, in the mean time, Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian’s wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him, and left the house with her suite.

“Soon after the King retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him ; he had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented that there were few men whom he could trust ; and at times he would say that he knew he should be

* First Confession of Paris, August 9, 1569.

slain; complaining that he was hardly dealt with. But from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that, on this very night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotions he went to bed, and fell asleep; Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment; and, rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled, after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house. The page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard without the garden-wall, where they were found, the King in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side.

“Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians, who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the King’s apartments with the Queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from which about midnight he stole away, changed his dress, and rejoined the murderers, who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, awoke the sleeping city: the King’s house was torn in pieces and cast into the air; and the assassins, hurrying from the spot under cover of the darkness, regained the palace. Here Bothwell had scarcely undressed and gone to bed when the cry arose in the city that the Kirk of Field had been blown up, and the King murdered. The news flew quickly to Holyrood; and a servant, rushing into his chamber, imparted the dreadful tidings. He started up in well-feigned astonishment, and shouted ‘Treason!’ He was joined next moment by Huntly, a brother conspirator, and immediately these two noblemen, with others belonging to the Court, entered the Queen’s apartments, when Mary was made acquainted with the dreadful fate of her husband. She was horror-struck, shut herself up in her bed-chamber, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow.”—vol. vii. pp. 81—84.

After remaining for some days secluded in her chamber (from which the light of day was shut out), the Queen removed to the house of Lord Seyton, at no great distance from Edinburgh, accompanied by the same ministers as before—Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, the Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, and Secretary Lethington. “It is acknowledged by all,” says Dr. Lingard, “that the

Queen acted at first as an innocent woman would have acted.”* This view of the case is controverted by Mr. Tytler, who imputes “gay amusements” to the Court at Seyton. “Mary and Bothwell,” says he, “would shoot at the butts against Huntly and Seyton, and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced these Lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent.” For this, Mr. Tytler appeals to the authority of a letter from Drury to Cecil, of February 28, 1567, which he has published, from the State-Paper Office. But we do not find that it bears out his statement. The letter relates, amongst other gossip of the day, that the Queen, having to make a journey to Lord Whawton’s house, stopped on the way to dine at Tranent, “where the Lord Seyton and the Earl of Huntly paid for the dinner, the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell having at a match of shooting won the same of them.” But it is not stated whether this match had been recently played. And a previous passage of the same letter (written before the news of the Queen’s journey in the latter part) proves that it was not; for that Lord Seyton had not remained at his own house, and only joined the Queen upon the way: “The Lord Seyton is gone to Newbattle, having left the whole house to the Queen, so that she is there of her own provision.” Unless, therefore, we suppose the Queen to have stopped short upon the journey to play a match with Lord Seyton as soon as she met him on the road, it is plain that the debt referred to must have been an old reckoning from some former game. These are trifles—but even in trifles we have been accustomed to find Mr. Tytler scrupulously accurate.

On the Tuesday after the murder, the Queen had written to Paris an account of it, announcing the diligence which the Privy Council had already exerted to discover the murderers, and her resolution to exact a vigorous and exemplary vengeance, and alluding in terms of pious thankfulness to her own escape from the explosion. “Of very chance we tarried not all night by reason of a mask at the abbey, but we believe it was not chance, but God that put it in our head.” Next day, a proclamation offered 2000*l.* reward to any that would come forward with information. On the 15th, the body of Darnley was interred in Holyrood Chapel, but with great privacy, none of the nobility

* History of England, vol. v. p. 245, 4to. edit.

attending the ceremony, and only one officer of state. From that time forward there appeared a complete remissness and apathy in seeking out the criminals and avenging the crime, although the Royal justice might have been quickened by several "bills" or placards affixed at Edinburgh, which openly accused Bothwell, Balfour, and others, and even glanced at the Queen herself. Her own vindication would, therefore, become another motive for activity. It seems impossible to explain such remissness in Mary by any want of sense or spirit—she had given, and was soon to give again, abundant proof of both. If innocent, as we believe, of any foreknowledge or participation in the crime, she must surely at least have felt some curiosity and formed some conjecture. We can explain her conduct only on one of two suppositions. Some may think that, although shocked and surprised at the first tidings, she was speedily reconciled to a crime that freed her from a hateful bondage, and basely consented to screen the criminals, and, above all, the object of her guilty love. Others, again, inclined to a more favourable view of Mary's character, may believe that Bothwell exerted the ascendancy which he already possessed over her heart and understanding to turn her suspicions into an erroneous channel, and divert it from the real criminals. On this theory they will perhaps conclude that Bothwell might be prone to direct her belief against Murray, his old enemy, who had lately refused to make common cause with him, and who, as we find, was afterwards accused by Mary as the murderer when put on her defence in England, although at the time we might conceive her reluctance to bring a brother to the scaffold. On any theory as to Mary's real feelings at that time we have not, and cannot expect, any positive proof; we can only attempt to determine them on conjecture and on probability.

The Queen's further conduct from this time we need but briefly glance over, as we find no difference of opinion upon it between her worst accusers and ourselves. They allege, and we admit, that it proves the most unbounded passion for her paramour, but nothing further can be deduced from it, with regard to the murder of her husband:—In spite of the daily increasing rumours of Bothwell's guilt, he continued to enjoy an all-powerful influence, and the most familiar intercourse with Mary. He received from her bounty the castle and lordship of Dunbar, the

castle of Blackness, the superiority of Leith, and an enlargement of his office of High Admiral, while the government of Edinburgh Castle was granted by his intercession to Sir James Balfour, his confederate. The principal nobles kept aloof from the Court in disgust, and Murray, sagaciously watching the signs of the times, and prescient of the storm, obtained leave to quit the kingdom. When, at length, the complaints of Lennox and the clamours of the people rendered Bothwell's public trial for the murder unavoidable, that trial was hurried on with unseemly haste, and closed by a collusive acquittal. At the meeting of Parliament immediately afterwards, Bothwell was selected by the Queen to bear the crown and sceptre before her, and the three Estates were induced by her influence to confirm his acquittal and approve the conduct of the jury. On the very day when Parliament rose, the profligate favourite, having invited the chief nobility, both Protestant and Romanist, to supper, persuaded or overawed them into signing a bond, which earnestly recommended "this high and mighty Lord" as a suitable husband for the Queen. "Whatever is dishonest reigns presently in our Court," writes Kirkaldy of Grange; "God deliver them from their evil!"*

Wholly resigning herself to her strong and shameful passion for a most unworthy object—"mon cœur, mon sang, mon âme, et mon souci," as one of her alleged sonnets calls him—Mary readily admitted, perhaps even actively pressed, all the remaining steps to attain a speedy marriage. A divorce between Bothwell and his Countess, Lady Jean Gordon, was hurried through in headlong haste, with her own consent and her brother's, on the ground of consanguinity within the forbidden degrees†—the same pretext probably which the Queen had designed to take with respect to Darnley. A pretext seemed also wanting to palliate her own immediate marriage with the man so lately arraigned as her husband's murderer. To afford this, as, on the

* To the Earl of Bedford, April 20, 1567.

† We may observe, in passing, that Lady Jean Gordon seems to have been a lady of much prudence; she was re-married to the Earl of Sutherland and after his death to a third husband, and survived till 1629, but retained till her death her jointure out of Bothwell's estate. See a note to Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. i. p. 346. Mary's alleged 'Sonnets' show extreme jealousy of her.

24th of April, the Queen was returning from a visit to the Prince her son at Stirling, she was seized at Almond Bridge, near Edinburgh, by Bothwell, with a party of his friends, and carried with a show of violence to his castle of Dunbar. When one of her attendants on this occasion, Sir James Melvil, remonstrated against such usage, he was secretly informed by one of Bothwell's servants that all had been done with the Queen's own consent.* But it has since been vehemently urged in her vindication—how truly let the reader judge—that her approaching marriage was owing solely to the force which was used against her at this time. A few days afterwards she returned with Bothwell to the capital, and appeared restored to liberty. She summoned the Chancellor, judges, and nobility to the High Court of Edinburgh, and declared before them that, though at first incensed at the Earl's presumption in the seizure of her person, she had forgiven him his offence in consequence of his subsequent good conduct, and that she intended to promote him to still higher honours. Accordingly, on the same day she created him Duke of Orkney, placing with her own hands the coronet upon his head, and on the 15th of May she was married to him at Holyrood House. The spectators observed that Mary was again attired in her mourning weeds.

It is remarkable how very far from joyful to the unfortunate Mary were even the first moments when even her own earnest wishes were fulfilled; how truly she was "cursed with every granted prayer;" how little the pageants or the tournaments of the day could soothe her wounded spirit; how soon Bothwell's passionate and brutal temper recoiled upon herself. "To those old friends," says Mr. Tytler, "who were still at Court, and who saw her in private, it was evident that, though she still seemed to love him, she was a changed and miserable woman." A letter, derived by Mr. Tytler's industry from the secret archives of the House of Medici, at Florence, sets this fact beyond a doubt. M. de Croc, the French ambassador, writes as follows on the 18th of May to the Queen Dowager, Catherine de' Medici: "Thursday" (this was the 15th, the very day of the marriage)—

"Thursday last I was sent for by her Majesty, and saw then things prevail in strange fashion between herself and her husband, which she

* Melvil's 'Memoirs,' p. 80.

attempted to excuse to me, saying, that if I saw her melancholy it was because she was determined not to rejoice—that she never would again, and that she wished for nothing but death. Yesterday, when she and the Earl of Bothwell were alone together in a cabinet, she called aloud for a knife wherewith to kill herself! Those attendants who were in her chamber, to which the cabinet adjoins, heard her distinctly. They think that if God be not her helper she will sink into utter despair. I have advised and comforted her to the best of my ability in the three interviews which I have had with her. Her husband has no long span before him, for he is too much hated in this country, and besides, people will never cease bestirring themselves until the authors of the King's death be disclosed. There is not here a single man of high name, except the aforesaid Earl of Bothwell and the Earl of Craufurd; the others have been summoned, but will not come."

A formidable confederacy was, indeed, already formed against her, on the ground of avenging the murdered King, and protecting the young Prince, whom, it was alleged, Bothwell intended to seize and put to death. Morton, Mar, Lindsay, Grange, and many more, with their retainers, appeared in arms; several of Bothwell's accomplices in the crime, such as Huntly and Argyle, forsook him for their own security; and even the secretary, Lethington, the contriver of the whole, fled from Court and joined the ranks of the confederates. Mary and Bothwell, however, having mustered an army, advanced from Dunbar, and encamped on Carberry Hill. But her own troops began to waver when in sight of the confederates (June 15, 1567); and Mary was induced to trust their solemn promise, conveyed through Grange, that if she would leave the Earl of Bothwell (whose retreat to Dunbar they had already intercepted) they would receive and obey her as their sovereign. Mary, ever prone to act on the impulse of the moment, agreed to these terms, and came forward to the ranks of the confederates, while Bothwell was allowed to ride off the field by the very men who had declared his punishment to be the main object of this rising. Their promises to Mary were broken even before the sun of that day had set: far from being obeyed as a sovereign, she was denounced as a murderess, and treated as a captive.

"Her spirit, however," observes Mr. Tytler, "instead of being subdued, was rather roused by their baseness. She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bade him give her his

hand. He obeyed. 'By the hand,' said she, 'which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this.' Unfortunate princess! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Riccio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself!

"Next day a hurried consultation was held; and in the evening she was sent a prisoner to Lochleven, a castle situated in the midst of a lake belonging to Douglas, one of the confederates, and from which escape was deemed impossible. In her journey thither she was treated with studied indignity, exposed to the gaze of the mob, miserably clad, mounted on a sorry hackney, and placed under the charge of Lindsay and Ruthven, men of savage manners even in this age."

We may add, that, amidst danger and disgrace, her passion for Bothwell continued unabated. "She saith"—here we quote a letter of Throckmorton, the English ambassador—"that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to go as a simple damsel with him."*

A few days afterwards, the confederates, having intercepted one of Bothwell's servants, named Dalglish, on his way from Edinburgh Castle, became possessed of a silver casket, which Bothwell had deposited in the fortress for security, and which contained, as is alleged, some secret letters and sonnets which Mary had addressed to her paramour. At a later period, Sir James Balfour having surrendered the castle to the confederates, they also obtained the original Band, signed by Lethington and others, for the murder of the King: but Lethington, who was now high in power, and anxious to conceal his own and his friends' participation in the crime, hastened to commit the tell-tale document to the flames. This important fact, which is new to the controversy, has been elicited by Mr. Tytler from a private despatch which Drury addressed to Cecil on the 28th of November, 1567. With regard to the letters and sonnets, their authenticity has been loudly and long denied, and as loudly and long asserted. Every sentence, every word they contain, has become a topic either for cavil or for confirmation. On this often debated and re-debated question we are happy to find the opinion which we had formed entirely concur with that which Mr. Tytler has expressed. Like him, we have little doubt that

* Sir N. Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 14, 1567.

some letters from Mary to Bothwell did really fall into the hands of her enemies ; nay, we will go farther, and say we have little doubt that far the greater part of the letters and sonnets now produced were really hers. But the originals have long since disappeared under suspicious circumstances ; and “the state,” says Mr. Tytler, “in which the copies (or rather the translations) have descended to our times is evidently garbled, altered, and interpolated, and renders it impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence.” Let it only be considered for a moment how strong was the temptation, how great the facility, for interpolation, and how little scrupulous were the men who may be suspected of that baseness. According to our previous narrative it is plain that the Queen’s secret letters to Bothwell must have contained abundant proofs of her blind infatuation for him, but none of any foreknowledge or participation in Darnley’s death. Now the former proofs would not have sufficed for the object of her enemies, as not affording an adequate legal ground for her deposition. How important, then, for the new Regent and his partisans to forge what they could not find ! Nay, we even think we can discern the precise place where the principal interpolation was effected,—in the second half of the first letter. This letter, being, as is alleged, written in great haste, and late at night, seems to have degenerated, at its close, to a scrawl unlike the Queen’s usual hand. It contains these phrases : “Excuse me if I write ill ; you must guess one-half.” And again, “Excuse my evil writing.” We find, also, that this letter, which is of great length, extended over several detached pages or loose pieces of paper, on which some memoranda of the Queen had been already noted. Was it not easy, then, even for the least skilful forger, while preserving the earlier pages of the letter, to subtract the last, and substitute others, presenting nearly the same hasty and half illegible characters, but containing, besides, some distinct allusions to the murder ? Such allusions we accordingly find, heaped together in this part of the first letter, full, frequent, and repeated—palpable interpolations, as we think them—while scarce any such appear elsewhere, either in the sonnets or in the remaining correspondence.

But further still, it is only this explanation that can, as we conceive, render clear the subsequent conferences at York and

Westminster. In these it will strike any impartial inquirer that there appeared a strange reluctance and hesitation on both sides—both apparently labouring under some uneasy consciousness. There was neither on the one side a free and ready production of the documents, nor yet on the other a constant and clear denial of them. From hence, as Mr. Tytler remarks, some points in these conferences may be justly urged against Mary's character, and others as justly in its favour. Now if the letters were either wholly authentic or wholly fabricated, we surely should not find the same timidity in both the contending parties. We can only explain it by the general authenticity but partial interpolation of these papers—Mary unwilling to acknowledge the expressions of her guilty passion—and Murray unable to establish the expressions of her murderous connivance.

It might not be difficult, we fear, to give other instances of such interpolations and suppressions in that age, even on much less temptation, and from statesmen of far higher honour than was ever ascribed to Morton or to Murray.—In 1586 the Earl of Leicester wrote a despatch from the Netherlands to Queen Elizabeth, so imprudently expressed for his own interest, that the Lords of the Council, on receiving it, resolved to keep it back from her Majesty: but in a few days, “finding her Majesty in such hard terms for your Lordship not writing to herself . . . they conferred of the letter again, and blotting out some things which they thought would be offensive, and mending some other parts as they thought best,”—laid it before their Royal Mistress.*—Nay more, we can bring a similar case home to Morton himself—the very man accused of tampering with Mary's letters—and this case shall rest upon his own avowal. In 1571 a letter from the King of Denmark, relating to Bothwell and addressed to the Regent Lennox, fell into the hands of Morton. Queen Elizabeth requested to see it, but the Scottish Earl, finding in it some things more likely “to injure than further” the cause, withheld the original, and gave a copy in which he omitted what he thought “not meet to be shown!”†

There are two other documents which Mary's advocates no

* Thomas Duddeley to the Earl of Leicester, February 11, 1586, printed in the Hardwicke State Papers, vol. i. p. 298—301.

† See the letter in Goodall, vol. ii. p. 382, dated March 24, 1571.

less loudly denounce as fabrications—the two dying confessions of the Frenchman, Paris, when executed as an accessory to the murder. Mr. Tytler's grandfather, in his Dissertation, has devoted a chapter to prove that these confessions were forged by Mary's enemies. We must own that we have not been convinced by his arguments. On the contrary, we hold with Robertson that these confessions "are remarkable for a simplicity and *naïveté* which it is almost impossible to imitate; and that they abound with a number of minute facts and particulars which the most dexterous forger could not have easily assembled and connected together with any appearance of probability." But though we do not doubt that these confessions were really spoken by the man whose name they bear, we are far from believing that this man always spoke the truth. His first confession was made on the 9th of August, 1569—"without being questioned, and of his own accord," as we find in the preamble,—and it appears an honest narrative of all he knew respecting the murder, dashed only with frequent flatteries and compliments to Murray, then Lord-Regent, which denote his hopes of pardon.* At the conclusion he states, "this is all that I know touching the aforesaid fact." In this confession there is abundant evidence against Bothwell as the author of the crime, but none against the Queen. It was, however, not against Bothwell, but against his mistress, that proofs were sought for by the party then in power. After this confession, therefore, they seem to have tampered with the prisoner's hopes of mercy, provided he should give evidence suited to their ends—perhaps even they may, as Robertson hints, have used or threatened "the violence of torture"—and thus on the next day Paris made a second confession, not freely and spontaneously, like the first, but when pressed and urged with inquiries. This second confession is filled with criminations of the Queen as a party to the murder, but with some particulars most improbable, and others clearly false, as has been not only shown by Whitaker and William Tytler, but admitted by Robertson himself. In consequence, probably, of these crimi-

* Thus, for instance, he puts into his own mouth, as a soliloquy at the time of Darnley's murder, "*Oh, Monsieur de Morra (Murray), tu es homme de bien, plut à Dieu que tu scus mon cœur,*" &c. Mr. Laing justly observes, "Such an artful intermixture of truth and flattery was extremely natural to one in Paris's situation."—Vol. ii. p. 35.

nations, the execution of Paris was deferred for some days further; while the pleasure of the Lord Regent and council was taken; but the decision was unfavourable, and the miserable man "sufferit death by order of law" on the 16th of the same month. Surely under such circumstances there appears the strongest reason for assigning a very different degree of weight and authority to the two confessions.

We pass over the subsequent events in Mary's life—the crowning of the baby prince as King—and the proclamation of Murray as Regent—nay, we even resist the temptation of inserting Mr. Tytler's narrative of Mary's romantic escape from the island fortress of Lochleven, to which the private archives of the House of Medici have supplied some new and interesting facts. In like manner we forbear to tell how, on her escape, the nobles gathered round her banner—how that banner fell for ever on the field of Langside—how Mary fled into England from reliance on Elizabeth's friendship—and how, in after years, that reliance was requited. But we must again advert to our controversy on Darnley's murder.

In corroboration, or at least in countenance, of the views we have taken of that question, we may appeal in some degree even to adverse authority. Dr. Robertson, though preferring and adopting the theory of Mary's guilt, distinctly admits, at the end of his Dissertation, that the theory of her innocence as regarding the murder would also be compatible with the proofs he has produced:—"In my opinion," says he, "there are only two conclusions which can be drawn from these facts; one, that Bothwell, prompted by his ambition or love, encouraged by the Queen's known aversion to her husband, and presuming on her attachment to himself, struck the blow without having concerted it with her." The other conclusion is, that which Murray and his adherents laboured to establish, that "she was of the foreknowledge, council, and devise of the said murder." The same alternative is also laid down by a most discerning and impartial historian of our own time—Mr. Hallam.* We will venture, however, to mention a few additional reasons, why of these two conclusions we adopt the former.

* Constitutional History, vol. iii. p. 415.

1. The previous high character of Mary in France, during her early years. There every testimony seems to concur in her praise. Throckmorton, an eye-witness, and no partial one, writes as follows to the council of England:—

“ During her husband’s life there was no great account made of her, for that being under band of marriage and subjection of her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her. But since her husband’s death she hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her.”*

Without a long and needless array of testimonies we may mention that the shrewd and sarcastic Brantôme, who had many opportunities of observing Mary, both in France and on her passage to Scotland, extols her for those very qualities most essential to the present controversy—a kindness and gentleness of heart—an unwillingness to inflict pain, and a horror of seeing it inflicted:—

“ This Queen was above all things mild and good. While she was aboard her galley she would never allow any of the galley-slaves to be struck or beaten even in the lightest manner; and such were her express directions to the officer on guard, for she felt deep compassion for the wretchedness of these galley-slaves, and her heart recoiled from it.”†

2. The subsequent conduct of Mary during her captivity in England. Here again we forbear from any length of details or accumulation of testimonies—we will give only one—very different, certainly, from Brantôme, but perhaps not less in point. Here is the opinion upon Queen Mary of the great founder and high-priest of the Methodists:—“ The circumstances of her

* Throckmorton’s despatch, Dec. 31, 1560; first printed from the State-Paper Office by Mr. Tytler. The device assumed by Mary on her first husband’s death is curious, as a specimen of the quaint conceits of that time. It was a stalk of liquorice—whose root is sweet, but all the rest growing from the ground is bitter; with the words *Dulce meum terra tegit*, “ the earth hides my sweetness!”—De Coste, ‘Eloges et Vies des Reines,’ vol. ii. p. 257. Catherine de’ Medici, on her widowhood, selected as her device a mountain of quick-lime, with rain-drops falling on it (in allusion to her tears); and the motto, *Ardorem extinctâ testantur vivere flammâ*!—Brantôme, Œuvres, vol. ii. p. 58. Ed. 1740.

† Brantôme, Œuvres, vol. ii. p. 146. Ed. 1740.

death are equal to those of an ancient martyr.”* Shall we say, then, that her repeated and solemn declarations of innocence of any share in her husband’s death are deserving of no weight? Shall we hastily affix upon a woman, obtaining such high praise both before and since, the brand of an atrocious murder—a murder heightened by every circumstance of domestic treachery and false blandishments intended to betray—a murder not in haste and sudden anger, but calmly planned and plotted—the murder not merely of a hateful husband, but of his innocent page, who slept in the same apartment, and must have perished by the same explosion? Shall we believe that a woman, who through life held fast the belief—however erroneously, yet still sincerely and devoutly—of one form of Christian faith, would add to such a crime as murder the horrible blasphemy of declaring that “it was not chance but God” that had led her that night to Edinburgh, and saved her from the same death? A guilty passion might, though not justify, yet explain her conjugal infidelity; but can it also render probable all these added atrocities?

3. Darnley’s own mother, the Countess of Lennox, was at first vehemently prepossessed against Mary, as one of the authors of his murder; but became convinced of her innocence, and entered into friendly correspondence with her during several years before she died.†

4. The bitter complaints against Darnley which Mary made to Archbishop Beatoun at Paris, in her letter of the 20th January, 1567, seem scarcely compatible with any sinister design on her part to be executed a few days afterwards, since she must have felt the utter inutility of such reproaches against one who was so soon to be removed; and have feared that they might afterwards afford a ground for suspicions against her.

5. It seems to us that in this controversy several of the arguments employed by Mary’s adversaries recoil upon themselves. Thus it is alleged against her as a strong ground of suspicion, that on arriving with the King at Kirk of Field, she directed a new bed of black-figured velvet to be removed from his apartment

* Wesley’s ‘Journal,’ May 11, 1761.

† See a letter in the Appendix to Mr. William Tytler’s ‘Dissertation,’ vol. ii. p. 404. Ed. 1790.

lest it should be soiled by the bath, and an old purple travelling-bed to be placed in its stead.* By her order, also, on the Saturday before the murder, a coverlet, — “which was probably valuable,” says Mr. Laing—was removed from her own bed; and, Mr. Laing is pleased to add, “this single circumstance is decisive of her guilt.”† Now we would readily put it to the common sense of any reader whether such facts as these do not rather tend to her innocence? Can we conceive any woman—much less a sovereign—pausing on the verge of an atrocious murder to secure some household furniture from damage, and incurring the risk of suspicion on that account? There is a precedent of King Frederick the Second—Thiebault, we think, tells the story—who, seeing his nephew and presumptive heir fall from his horse in battle, cried out, “There is the Prince of Prussia killed! Let his saddle and bridle be cared for!” But where shall we find another case of a Queen exclaiming, “Strangle my husband in his bed, but spare, oh spare the curtains and the coverlet!”

6. No good answer has ever been returned to the following argument of our author’s grandfather:—

“It is obvious, that whoever were the perpetrators of this horrid affair (the murder of Darnley), one part of their plan, and a striking one, was to leave no room to doubt but that Lord Darnley must have died a violent death, and to proclaim to the whole world that he was murdered, and the murder conducted by persons in power. . . . Mary’s supposed wishes might easily have been accomplished by Darnley’s death without suspicion of violence. Darnley was at all times in her power; he had long been in a languishing state of health after a dangerous malady. This was most favourable for her purpose. His sudden death, under these circumstances, would have been nowise surprising. . . . As it is agreed by all the historians that he was suffocated, why not rest upon that? When Darnley’s breath was stopped, her purpose was effected. Why, contrary to every consideration which common sense could dictate, should the Queen think of proclaiming this murder in the face of day to all the world, attended with every circumstance of horror, and such as to fix suspicion on herself?”‡

* Laing’s ‘Dissertation,’ vol. i. p. 32.

† Vol. ii. p. 36.

‡ Dissertation by William Tytler, Esq., vol. ii. p. 82—85. Ed. 1790. The fact elicited since this author wrote, that the Queen’s private “medecinar” had been sent to attend Darnley soon after his illness seized him, is important, as proving the opportunities of poison.

We may add, that no persons could have derived any possible advantage from such publicity and such suspicions, unless Lethington and his confederates of the "band,"—and we learn, accordingly, from other quarters, that Lethington had been the first deviser of the whole design.

7. The dying confession of Bothwell. On parting from the Queen at Carberry Hill, that daring ruffian had returned to Dunbar, from whence he sailed with several ships of war, and failing to make head in the north of Scotland, proceeded to the Orkneys, and was reduced to become a pirate for subsistence. A richly-laden vessel being attacked by him off the coast of Norway, the Norwegians came with armed boats to its defence, and after a desperate struggle Bothwell and his crew were taken prisoners. He was removed to a castle in Denmark, where he languished several years in close captivity; and where, it is alleged, though the fact be controverted, that he lost his senses from despair.* His body became greatly swollen in the summer of 1575, and he died early in the ensuing year. If, however, his reason had wandered, it appears in his last days to have returned—a common case in the annals of insanity—and his remorse, we are assured, impelled him to a confession of his crimes, in which he acknowledged the murder of Darnley, but declared that the Queen had no participation in it. Some men might be suspected, while revealing their own guilt, of seeking to shelter the guilt of their accomplices; but no such chivalrous motive can be believed of the selfish and reckless Bothwell, and we can only ascribe to him that penitence which in the hour of death can pierce even the most hardened hearts. The value of such a testimony to Mary's innocence was immediately discerned both by herself and by her enemies. On the 1st June, 1576, she writes as follows to Archbishop Beatoun, still her ambassador in France:—

"Advices have reached me of the decease of the Earl of Bothwell, and that before his death he made a full confession of his misdeeds, and owned himself the guilty author of the murder of the late King my husband, from any share in which he expressly absolves me, making

* That Bothwell became insane is asserted by De Thou, and the 'Summarium de Morte Mariæ,' published 1587, but denied by Blackwood and Turner in 1588.—Mr. Laing's Appendix, No. xxxi.

oath on the salvation of his soul to my innocence. Now if this be so, his testimony would be of great import to me as against the false calumnies of my enemies, and I therefore beg you to seek out the truth of it by what means you best can. The persons present at this declaration, which has since been signed and sealed by them in the manner of a testament, are Otto Braw of the castle of Elcambre, Paris Braw of the castle of Vascut, M. Gullunstarne of the castle of Fulcenstere, the Bishop of Skon (Scania), and four *Baillis* of the town."

On the 30th July Beatoun replies from Paris, that the intelligence of Bothwell's dying declaration has reached him also; that the Queen-Mother has written to the French ambassador in Denmark to obtain a formal copy, and that he would wish to send an agent of his own, named Monceaux, but is prevented by want of money. And he adds, in another letter of January 4, 1577—"Monceaux has refused to undertake the journey unless ready money were given him." On the 6th of the same January Mary writes again:—

"I have had advices that the King of Denmark has transmitted to this Queen (Elizabeth) the testament of the late Earl of Bothwell, and that she has suppressed it in secret so far as she could. It seems to me that the journey of Monceaux is no longer needful for this object, since the Queen-Mother (Catherine de' Medici) has already, as you tell me, despatched a messenger of her own concerning it."

We hear no further of Bothwell's confession since it was suppressed by Elizabeth; but on Mary's execution it was confidently appealed to as one proof of her innocence, by Blackwood and Turner, and was allowed as an undoubted fact by Camden in his 'Annals.' Mr. Laing, however, has denied the reality of any such confession, on the ground that a pretended copy which was afterwards circulated is a palpable forgery, alluding, as it does, to Lord Robert Stuart, "now Earl of the Orkney Isles," which he was not created until August, 1581; so that Bothwell could never have called him so in 1576. But the appearance of a fabrication, where the original has been withheld, is no proof against the authority of that original. When Mary's partisans found the influence of Elizabeth exerted with the King of Denmark to prevent the appearance of this unwelcome document, what could be more natural than an attempt at counterfeiting it, adding also the names of those whom Bothwell accused as his

accomplices, but adding them not according to the truth, or to his statement, but according to their own interests or partialities when they devised the forgery? To this we must add what Mr. Laing has entirely overlooked, that the forged document does not purport to be a copy or transcript of the original confession, but only a vague abridgment of it; for the forged document concludes in these words:—"All this in a fuller shape (*plus à plein*) has been written in Latin and in Danish, and will some day come forth to light to establish (*averer*) the Queen of Scots' innocence." We thought it possible that the original, or an authentic copy, might still be found among the Danish archives, and might become a valuable addition to our own. With this view one of the commissioners of the State-Paper Office * took an opportunity three years ago of calling the attention of Lord Palmerston to this subject, and suggesting that our Minister at the court of Denmark might be instructed to inquire as to the preservation of this document. Although this suggestion came from a quarter opposed to Lord Palmerston in politics, it was received by his Lordship with the utmost courtesy and readiness: and he wrote accordingly to Copenhagen; but the answer of Sir Henry Wynn gave little hope that a paper of that remote period could be now recovered. Perhaps, however, the document sent to Queen Elizabeth—whether original or copy—may yet lurk in some of the recesses of our own State-Paper Office.

Mr. Laing has said that "the suffering innocence of Mary is a theme appropriated to tragedy and romance,"† a remark not strictly accurate, since the great dramatic poem founded on her fortunes proceeds upon the theory not of her innocence, but of her guilt.‡ But undoubtedly he is right in thinking that the influence of poetry, or of feelings akin to poetry, has been favourable to this unfortunate princess. Even the most thorough conviction of her guilt could scarcely steel the breast against some compas-

* The author of this Essay.

† 'Dissertation,' vol. ii. p. 66.

‡ "Ach eine frühe Blutschuld längst gebeichtet
Sie kehrt zurück mit neuer schreckenskraft;
Den König, meinen Gatten, liess ich morden,
Und dem Verführer schenkt ich herz und hand!"

Schiller's 'Maria Stuart,' Act v. scene 7.

sion for her fate. Who might not sigh as such a tale is told—how near and close allied are human sins and human sorrows—how fatal, through our own errors, may become the bright gifts of beauty, warm affections, and a throne! Who that stands, as we have stood, on the green knoll of Fotheringay, with the neighbouring scenes yet unchanged; the same small village clustered around us; the same glassy river rolling by; but no remains of the strong and grated castle beyond the swelling mounds and the darker verdure on the grass; who that sees the quiet flock now feed on the very spot once all astir with the din of preparation, the mock-trial, and the bloody death, could forget that fatal 8th of February, when, amidst wailing attendants and relenting foes, the victim alone appeared stedfast and serene, and meekly knelt down to pray forgiveness “on all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood,” and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth! Some feelings of compassion at such an ending are not, we trust and believe, incompatible with zeal for historic truth. But if we are warned against poetry and pity on one side, shall nothing be said of prejudice upon the other? Have we not in the case of Mary reversed, as it were, the Divine decree, and visited the sins, not of the fathers upon the children, but of the children upon the parent? Have we not, because defending our liberties against Charles I., and our faith against James II., often considered the whole line from which they sprung as partakers of their fault or of our animosity? Yet surely even the old, and, if you will, bigoted principle of Mary’s partisans—the “UNG ROY, UNG FOY, UNG LOY,” which was both the motto and maxim of Seyton—might shame some men who took, perhaps, a better part, but from less good motives—who held forth Liberty as a cloak for their own licence, and the Reformation as a pretext for Church plunder. Between these opposite extremes we would seek a more excellent way; and if we might presume, in the place of many abler men, to pass sentence on Queen Mary, we would, even in the “poetry” with which every attempt at her defence is taunted, assume the images called forth by the mighty mind of Dante, and compare the different degrees in his terrible abyss. Let not Mary, then, be hurled with Eccelin or Bothwell into the crimson Bulicame—

the seething River of Blood ; nor, like Lethington, be rooted in the thorny forest, and torn by the Harpies' talons ; nor yet, like Morton, be weighed down by the deceiver's gilded robes :—

“ Ma dentro tutte piombo e gravi tanto
Che Federigo le mettea di paglia.”

But, since we must still condemn her, though in less degree, let her wander beside the guilty but gentle shade of Francesca. She, too, might alledge, not in pardon, but in pity,—

“ Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta.”

In conclusion, we must again thank the author before us for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his pages. The son of Lord Woodhouselee, and the grandson of William Tytler, had an hereditary claim to the public favour ; but this claim he has now established and augmented by merits of his own.

LETTERS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. ✓

[QU. REV., No. 153. December, 1845.] 77:139

Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse ; publiés sur les originaux et les manuscrits du State-Paper Office de Londres, et des principales archives et bibliothèques de l'Europe, et accompagnés d'un résumé chronologique. Par le Prince Alexandre Labanoff. 7 vols. 8vo. Londres, 1844.

LET it no longer be said that the age of chivalry has passed. We have here a Russian nobleman of high birth, who served with distinction in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, attaining the rank of Major-General and of Aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander. But since the peace with his country's enemies he has, like a true knight-errant, sallied forth on adventures of his own. According to the best precedents of the Round Table, he has selected a princess whom he has never seen for the lady of his love ; he has devoted himself to her service for many years, and travelled in her cause from land to land ; until now, when armed with documents as with a shield of proof, he is prepared to maintain her peerless innocence, and to strive in *champ clos* against all gainsayers !

Seriously speaking, however, we think Prince Alexander Labanoff entitled to our warm thanks and hearty praise for the care, the application, and the skill with which he has elucidated the history of Mary, Queen of Scots. For a long period he has spared neither expense nor exertion in the discovery of her MS. correspondence. The archives of the House of Medici at Florence and the Imperial collection at St. Petersburg, the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris, the State-Paper Office in London, and a great number of private collections both in this country and on the Continent, each examined not through agents, but by his own personal research, have all yielded materials to his meritorious and never wearied industry. The result is, that to the 300 letters of Queen Mary which were already in print, though scattered through various compilations, he has added no

less than 400 hitherto unpublished, and all these, old and new, with several from other persons relating to her history, he has edited together in seven volumes, appending a chronological summary and suitable notes—so long that they sufficiently explain, so brief that they never encumber, the text.

It could scarcely, perhaps, be expected that all this zeal and research should be unattended with some degree of enthusiasm in behalf of its object. Prince Labanoff believes that Queen Mary was entirely innocent of the heavy charges which were brought against her. This opinion, though never argued at length, nor obtruded in any of the notes, is implied in several, and a separate Essay in proof of it is promised us before the close of the present year. We shall read that Essay, whenever it appears, with all the attention which the character and attainments of the writer deserve, though not without being on our guard against his prepossessions. Meanwhile we must declare that while several things in this collection confirm, there is nothing to shake or alter the view which we have formerly maintained on this much debated subject. We still hold that *via media* which, as we think, combines in its support all the principal arguments from both extreme parties—that Mary was innocent of any participation in, or knowledge of, her husband's murder; but, both before and after it, was swayed by a guilty passion for Bothwell.

After the length at which we argued these questions on a recent occasion, our readers will no doubt be better pleased if we do not take them again over the same ground. We shall now advert only to another controverted point, which appears to us of considerable interest.

Prince Labanoff admits,* without hesitation, the statement that Queen Mary, when sent to the castle of Lochleven, in June, 1567, was with child by Bothwell, and that in February, 1568, she gave birth to a daughter, who was immediately removed to France, and became a nun at the convent of Notre Dame at Soissons.

Considering the marriage of Mary to Bothwell, in May, 1567, it is obvious that her character is in no way affected by this tale,

* Vol. ii. p. 63, *note*.

whether true or false. On this point, therefore, Prince Labanoff's prepossessions in her favour have no force, and the judgment of so well-informed and laborious an inquirer deserves, as we think, the greatest weight. His assent to this tale has led us to inquire the grounds on which it rests; and we shall now state what appear the testimonies in its favour, as well as the negative presumptions which may be raised against it.

The statement rests mainly on the direct assertion of Le Laboureur in his additions to the 'Mémoires de Castelnau,' and will be found at vol. i. p. 673, of the edition of 1659. Le Laboureur himself is a writer of great research and accuracy. He is described by M. Weiss in the *Biographie Universelle* as "one of the writers who have done most to throw light on the history of France." And as Prince Labanoff reminds us, he held a post of high confidence at the Court of France (*Conseiller et Aumônier du Roi*), and might become acquainted with many, until then very secret transactions. But if we believe, as appears most probably the case, that Le Laboureur derived the story from the MS. notes and papers left behind by Castelnau, the evidence in its favour will appear stronger still. Michel de Castelnau, Seigneur de Mauvissière (by which latter name he was commonly known during his life), had accompanied Mary as French Ambassador to Scotland. In 1575 he was appointed French Ambassador in England; and, as appears from Prince Labanoff's collection, became one of Mary's most frequent and most trusted correspondents. He says himself in his Memoirs, "She is still a prisoner, nor have any means been yet devised for her liberation without there forthwith arising some new and unforeseen difficulties, most of which have passed through my hands."*

It appears also that in the course of his diplomatic and political services he had occasion to make many journeys through the north of France, and he might not improbably in one of them have seen himself, at Soissons, the unhappy offspring of a most ill-omened and most guilty marriage.

There is, however, a remarkable confirmation of Le Labourer's story, wholly unknown to Le Laboureur when he wrote, and not published until a century afterwards. It is contained in

* Vol. xxxiii. p. 357, in the collection of Petitot.

a secret despatch from Throckmorton, the English Ambassador in Scotland, to his Queen, and will be found in the Appendix to Robertson's History, under the date of July 18th, 1567. It appears that the Ambassador had transmitted by a secret channel a proposal to Mary at Lochleven, that she should renounce Bothwell for her husband. But he adds in his report to Elizabeth, "She hath sent me word that she will rather dye, grounding herself upon thys reason, that takynge herself to be seven weekes gon with chylde, by renouncynge Bothwell she should acknowledge herselfe to be with chylde of a bastard, and to have forfayted her honoure, which she will not do to dye for it."

Nor can it, on examination of the circumstances, be maintained that this answer was only a device of Mary to evade compliance. She must have foreseen that, as really happened, the renouncing of Bothwell would be again and again pressed upon her, and that if her first reason against it should, after some short interval, appear to be invalid, she would then be unable to take a stand on any other ground.

The concurrence of two such testimonies as Le Laboureur's in France and Throckmorton's in Scotland—each entitled to high confidence, and each without the slightest knowledge of the other—would probably on most questions be considered as decisive. In this case, however, we have to set against them a strong *primâ facie* presumption on the other side—the utter silence as to this child at Soissons in all the correspondence of the period—the utter silence, first, of Mary herself; secondly, of all her friends; and thirdly, of all her opponents.

We propose to consider, under each of these heads, whether any sufficient ground for such silence can be assigned.

1. Mary herself had few opportunities of writing from her prison of Lochleven. Even the industry of Prince Labanoff is compelled to leave an utter blank between Sept. 3rd, 1567, when Mary wrote to Sir Robert Melville, desiring him to send stuffs for clothes for herself and "my maidens, for they are naked;" and March 31st, 1568, when we find two notes, one to Catherine de' Medici and the other to the Archbishop of Glasgow, entreating speedy succour, and adding "I dare not write further." There are two other short notes from Lochleven, on the day preceding her escape, one to Catherine de' Medici,

and one to Elizabeth. In none of these could we expect to find any allusion to her pregnancy or to the birth of her child.

There is no letter at all from Mary during the hurried fortnight which elapsed between her escape from Lochleven and her arrival in England, except a few lines of doubtful authenticity, dated from Dundrennan, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth, which we think Prince Labanoff has too hastily admitted.* This note, however, in no degree bears upon the present question.

Within a very few weeks of her captivity in England, Mary became convinced of the horror with which her union with Bothwell was universally regarded. She consented, at the conferences of York, that steps should be taken for the dissolution of her marriage and for the contracting of another with the Duke of Norfolk. From that time forward, therefore, we need not wonder that her letters should contain no allusion to the pledge of an alliance which that pledge might, if known, render more difficult to dissolve, and which she knew was most hateful to all her well-wishers, whether in France, in England, or in Scotland.

2. The same horror of this alliance and of its results may be thought an adequate motive for silence in such few of Mary's relatives or friends in France as must be supposed cognizant of the birth and existence of her daughter.

3. Of Mary's enemies, the first in power at this period was her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray, the Regent of Scotland. During a long time he professed a tender regard for his sister's reputation, and several times warned her against urging him to the public accusation, which he made at last on December 8th, 1568. It is therefore perfectly consistent with his professions and with his position, that he should in February, 1568, have taken steps for the concealment of Mary's childbirth, and the sending of the infant to her relatives in France. After December, 1568, there could no longer indeed be the slightest pretence to personal kindness and regard. But surely the chances of the Royal succession would then supply him with another and much

* The authority he cites for it is only 'Marie Stuart, Nouvelle Historique,' Paris, 1674. Moreover, the note from Dundrennan is not alluded to in the certainly authentic letter which Mary addressed to Elizabeth from Workington only two days afterwards.

stronger motive for concealment. In case the life of James VI.—a boy not yet three years old—should fail, Mary's daughter, if the marriage with Bothwell were legitimate, would become the next heir to the Crown. A most perplexing question as to the strict validity of that marriage, and as to the rights of the true heir, would then arise. It seems probable, therefore, that in such a contingency Murray and his associates in the secret had resolved to deny absolutely the fact of the birth or the existence of the infant. The same motive for the greatest possible secrecy would have weight all through the life of the nun at Soissons, but would cease at her death. And thus the same consideration would serve to explain both the silence observed during so many years, and the disclosure at last in Le Laboureur's annotation—always supposing the secret to have been confined, both in Scotland and in France, to extremely few and trusty persons.

We offer these conjectures as in our minds greatly diminishing, though not, we admit, entirely removing, the force of the objections against the story. And on the whole, looking to the positive testimonies in its favour, we certainly incline, with Prince Labanoff, to a belief in its truth.

There is nothing new in these volumes relative to the deathbed declaration of Bothwell. The discovery of the original, or of an authentic copy, is still among the *desiderata* of literature: of its real existence, as we have elsewhere stated, we do not entertain a doubt. We looked for some information on this subject in the 8th volume of Mr. Tytler's History, published since our review of his 7th, but to our great surprise he gives no account whatever, so far as we can find, of the end of Bothwell. We know not how to explain such an omission in so minute a history and so careful a writer. Of Mr. Laing's 'Dissertation' no passage is more open to reply than the one in which he cavils at the Earl's dying confession. "These names," he says, "are apparently fictitious. I believe there is no such town or castle as Malmay either in Norway or in Denmark."* This is literally true. But was it quite candid to omit the equally certain fact that, in 1575, the province of Scania, on the continent of Sweden, was an appendage of the Danish Crown, and that the citadel of Malmay or Malmoe, not indeed in Denmark Proper, but in Scania, nearly

* History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 338, note. Ed. 1819.

opposite the coast of Copenhagen, was the place where Bothwell was confined?

We may add that we have doubts whether Bothwell's confinement in Denmark was so strict and rigorous as most histories allege. Such a statement appears scarcely compatible with the following expressions of a letter from Queen Elizabeth to the King of Denmark in 1570. We translate from the Latin :—

“As to Bothwell, we have already written of him to your Serene Highness as of one most certainly guilty of the murder of his King. We therefore trust, and again and again entreat of your Serene Highness, that the Earl who has committed so foul a crime may be kept in close prison and chains; or what we should rather choose, and still more earnestly entreat, that he should be sent from his prison to take his trial and undergo his sentence at the same place where he committed his crime; for it cannot be deemed honourable to any King that he should allow the murderer of another King to live at large and wander about with impunity.”*

Nor are we by any means confident in the common story that Bothwell on his imprisonment became insane. We suspect that this tale may have been devised with the view of discrediting his deathbed confession; at least, so far as we remember, it is not mentioned by any writer until several years after Bothwell's death, and until the discrediting his statement had become a party object: yet so remarkable a fact as his insanity, which would be commonly held forth as a special judgment of Providence against an atrocious criminal, was not very likely, even in his lifetime, to remain unnoticed.

We shall now quit this thorny field of controversy, and enable our readers to judge for themselves of the merits of Prince Labanoff's Collection, by laying before them some of the letters it contains. Of those which we shall select, the originals are all in French, and the less intelligible from their antiquated phrases and quaint old-fashioned form of spelling: we shall therefore the more readily attempt an English version of them.

The following is a report of Le Croc, the French ambassador in Scotland, to Queen Catherine de' Medici: it is dated Sunday, May 18th, 1567; the preceding Thursday having been the very day of Mary's marriage to Bothwell. We have already, in our

* Appendix to Mr. Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. ii. No. xxix.

previous essay, given an extract from this letter, showing how the unhappy Queen on the day but one from her marriage was heard in her anguish to call for a knife wherewith to kill herself.* The letter, after relating that the great Lords of the realm had been summoned to Court, but had refused to come, thus proceeds:—

“The Queen has sent to them to desire that they would meet at any place that might be agreed upon, and wishes that I should go and speak to them in the name of the King my master, and see if I can prevail with them. If the occasion arises, I will do all that I can towards that end; after which the best course for me will be to withdraw and keep aloof, and let them play out their game. It is not seemly that I should remain present during these proceedings in the King’s name: for if I favour the Queen, it will be thought in this kingdom and also in England that the King is a party to all that is doing here; and had it not been for the commands which your Majesties laid on me, I should have set forth from hence a week before the marriage. As it is, I spoke out and loudly, in pursuance of the wishes of this kingdom; and I would not at all sanction this marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, nor have I since consented to acknowledge him as the Queen’s husband. I believe that he will write to your Majesties by the aforesaid Bishop of Dunblane, but you ought to make no reply to his letter.”—vol. vii. pp. 110—112.

Only a month afterwards we find, from the same impartial witness, the conclusion to this mournful story. His letter of Wednesday the 17th June, 1567, is dated at Edinburgh, and is addressed to the King, Charles IX. of France, and contains by far the most circumstantial and authentic account ever published of the transactions on Carberry Hill.

“Sire, I wrote a letter to the Queen † on Wednesday, the 11th of this month, and informed her that on the previous night, the Queen, your Majesty’s sister-in-law, being at the castle of Bourtig (Borthwick), at four leagues from this city, was there besieged by a thousand or twelve hundred horse, led by the Earl of Morton and my Lord Home. These, on hearing that the Duke ‡ her husband had made his escape, were eager to show that they had not taken up arms to molest or displease their sovereign. Accordingly they withdrew and presented themselves before this city, and they found on their way the Earl of Mar, who came to join them with seven or eight hundred horse. The armed burghers made no resistance to them, nor was a single shot fired from the castle, which the Queen and the Duke believed to be entirely at

* See page 94 of this volume. † Catherine de’ Medici.

‡ Bothwell, lately created Duke of Orkney.

their disposal, all which made us think the rising truly important and well combined by its principal leaders.

“Next day I offered myself to confer with the assembled Lords, who immediately came to call upon me at my lodging. I told them what you will find in the paper annexed, and we agreed to treat. But having afterwards sent them the same statement in writing, they asked me for three days’ delay before they answered it, while awaiting the Earls of Athol and Glencairn and other Lords whom they expect. They assign three grounds for their confederacy: first, to obtain the freedom of the Queen, saying that she would never be at ease so long as she remained in the hands of him who holds her captive; secondly, the safety of the Prince;* thirdly, in respect to the King’s murder, for that they would think themselves the most dishonoured nation in the world if the authors of that crime were not discovered, and such condign punishment taken as should satisfy all other princes and princesses upon earth.

“The Queen seeing that they had withdrawn from before Bourtig, made her escape about twilight in the way that the bearer of this letter will explain to you,† and retired to the castle of Dombar, having found the Duke again at half a league from Bourtig waiting for her. During all Friday and Saturday (June 12th and 13th) they mustered as many men as they could, and on Saturday they marched to Edington (Haddington), four leagues from Dombar, where it was thought that they would pass the night; however, to lose no time, they marched two leagues further and lodged at Seaton. The Lords having been apprised of this, feared lest the Queen and the Duke might present themselves before the castle of this city, which promised to hold out for them if they could muster men enough. With this fear the Lords set themselves in motion on Sunday morning two hours after midnight (June 14th), intending to give battle near Seaton. The Queen and the Duke were informed of this intended movement, and at the same hour set forth to meet their enemy. Finding a good position on their way they halted. The Lords coming up halted also, being about half a league distant, and with a small brook running between them.

“I felt myself full of perplexities: on the one hand I did not wish to remain useless while holding your commission; on the other hand I thought that if I were to journey with the Lords, it would be giving the world to understand that I made common cause with them. I therefore let them march on for about three hours, and then contrived to fall in with them on the side of the brook, having only ten horsemen in my

* Queen Mary’s son, afterwards James VI.

† That is, in man’s apparel, booted and spurred.—See Tytler’s ‘History,’ vii. p. 128.

train. They pretended to be right glad to see me. I told them the grief I felt, knowing as I did how unwelcome would be the news of this sad day's work to your Majesty. I begged them for God's sake to consider whether, acting in your name, I might not do some good service both to the Queen and to themselves. I pointed out to them that, after all, they were engaged against their sovereign, and that if even God should favour them so far as to gain the battle, they might perhaps find themselves more at a loss how to act than even now. They replied that they knew of only two expedients that could prevent the effusion of blood ; first, if the Queen would forsake that wretch who holds her in thralldom, they would hasten to acknowledge her as sovereign, serve her on their knees, and remain her most dutiful and devoted subjects. The second expedient was, if I would carry a message to that man (Bothwell), proposing to him to come forth between the two armies, in which case a champion on their side should appear against him and assert him to be the true murderer of the late King ; and if a second champion were required, or a fourth, or a tenth, or a twelfth, they should be forthcoming. I answered them that I would not mention either of these expedients, thinking that they would be greatly displeasing to the Queen, and I begged them to suggest some other means. They replied that they knew of no other, and that they would rather perish once for all than that the death of the King should not be brought to light ; for if in this matter they did not do their duty, God would certainly avenge it upon them. I begged them to allow me to go and speak to the Queen, whom I had always known as so gracious a princess, that perhaps I should find her able to concert with me some means of conciliation. To this they pretended to demur, at which I loudly complained, protesting before God and themselves that if I could not prevail with her Majesty I would return to them, and afterwards withdraw from the field. They held a secret conference together, and then the Laird of Ledington (Maitland of Lethington), acting as their spokesman, told me that respecting me as the ambassador of so great a monarch as your Majesty, of whom they wished to remain the humble and attached servants, and feeling desirous above all things to preserve the alliance between this kingdom and yours, they would leave me at full liberty to depart from or return to their army, to go to the Queen or wherever else I pleased, and that with this view they would cause me to be escorted safely as far as they could. I thanked them heartily for the goodwill which they bore your Majesty, in which I exhorted them to persevere, and repeated again that I wished to go and confer with the Queen. They assigned me fifty horse, whom I led as far as the Queen's outposts that had already passed the brook ; there might be two hundred horse, and eight hundred behind to support them.

“As I was thus drawing near the main army of the Queen there came to meet me Captain Cladre (Blacater) with twenty-five or thirty horse, who brought me to her Majesty. After having paid her my respects and kissed her hand, I gave her to understand what grief it would be to your Majesty and also to the Queen, her mother-in-law,* if they knew the state in which I saw her. I told her what had passed between me and the assembled Lords, and entreated her, having always known her as so good and gracious a princess, to remember that those before her were her subjects, and that they acknowledged themselves as such, and her most humble and affectionate servants. Her Majesty replied that they showed this humility and affection in a very strange way; that they were going against their own signatures; that they themselves had married her to him whom they now accused, having previously themselves acquitted him of the deed with which he was charged. However, she added, if they were willing to acknowledge their error and ask her pardon, she was ready to open her arms and embrace them. During this discourse there came up the Duke, who appeared very attentive to the conduct of his army; we exchanged a salutation, but I did not offer to embrace him. He asked me aloud, so that his army might hear him, and in a confident tone, whether he was the person aimed at by the other party? I answered, also aloud, that since he wished to know it, I had just been speaking to them, and that they had protested to me that they were the most humble servants and subjects of the Queen; and then I added in a lower tone, that they had announced themselves as his mortal enemies. The Duke rejoined, raising his voice so that every one might hear the assurances he had given them, that he had never meant to do anything to displease any one of them, but on the contrary had attempted to gratify all; and that they could only complain of him from envy at his rise, but that Fortune was free to all who could gain her; and that there was not a single man amongst them who did not wish himself in his place. But, he said, as things were thus, he entreated me from the bottom of his heart to do so much for his sake and for God’s glory, as to save the Queen from the difficulty in which he saw her, and which, he said, filled him with anguish, and also to prevent the shedding of blood. ‘Tell them,’ added he, ‘that if there is any one amongst them who will leave his ranks and come forth between the two armies, I, although I have the honor to be consort of the Queen, will meet him in single combat, provided only he be a man of rank, for my cause is so just that I am assured of having God on my side.’ I refused, however, to convey this offer from him, as I had before refused it from the other side;

* Catherine de’ Medici.

besides, the Queen declared that she would not suffer it, and would espouse this quarrel as her own. I therefore confined myself to saying that I should deem myself very happy if in your Majesty's name I could do any service to the Queen and to both armies. The Duke observed that there was no longer time for conferences, since he saw the enemy drawing near, and having already passed the brook. 'Will you,' he said, 'resemble him who, having tried to mediate a peace between the two armies of Scipio and Hannibal when ready to engage like these, and having failed, resolved to take part with neither, but took up a position to judge the fight, and was never in his life so entertained? If you will do the same, you will have more pleasure than you ever had before, and will see a fight well fought.' I replied, that I expected no such pleasure where the Queen and her two armies were concerned, but that on the contrary I should never have seen anything to give me so much grief. I am bound to acknowledge that the Duke appeared to me a great captain, speaking with undaunted confidence, and leading his army gaily and skilfully. I lingered for some time in the contemplation, and judged that he would have the best of the fight, if his men continued faithful to him. It was impossible to forbear praising him for his courageous bearing, when he saw the enemy's forces before him so determined, and could not reckon on even half his own. His army was of 4000 men, and he had four field-pieces, of which the enemy had none, nor could they be more than 3500 at the most. The Duke had not with him a single Lord of note; yet I valued him the more for thus commanding singly; and I distrusted the strength of the other side, seeing how many heads there were to govern, and the loud contention and outcry which arose among them.

"It was with extreme regret that I took leave of the Queen, quitting her with tears in my eyes, and I went again to the other party to see if I could prevail in aught with them. I assured them that I had found the Queen all goodness, and that she declared herself ready to open her arms to them, if they were but willing to acknowledge her. They answered me resolutely that they would never enter into any other terms than those which they had already proposed; and that even to attempt a negotiation on any other footing would injure their credit: thus therefore each of them took his *morion* in his hand and entreated me for God's sake to retire, thanking me for what I had done thus far. Accordingly I did retire from the field.

"I may add this observation, that the Queen bore on her banner a lion, as being the arms of her kingdom; but the Lords bore a white standard on which was represented a dead man near a tree, because the late King was found near a tree in the garden, and also a child on his knees, intended for the Prince of this kingdom, and holding

a scroll with the words ‘Revenge, oh God, for my righteous cause!’

“After I had left the field the two armies began to draw nearer each other, both seeking the advantage of the ground, and at last they were so close as to have only a small gully between them, so that whichever party began to attack would have to descend and to climb it. From eleven o’clock in the morning until five in the afternoon they remained at gaze, having all dismounted, for such is the custom of this country, to get on horseback only when the moment of fighting is at hand. At last a kind of murmur arose in the army of the Queen, the men saying that it would be better to seek some means of accommodation. At this the Queen and the Duke were greatly disconcerted, finding that what he had always feared had come to pass;—and indeed they saw some of their people already gone forwards, making signs that they wished to parley. It was the same on the other side; and on discussing together what means could be found to prevent the effusion of blood, it was agreed among the men that the best course would be for the Duke to stand forth between the two armies, and a champion from the other side come and fight him. The Duke agreed to this. The Queen saw that everything was turning ill, and lent an ear to the proposal. There was one man named, the Laird of Tullibardine,* who offered himself for the conflict, and the Duke was willing to accept him for an antagonist; but the Queen peremptorily refused, on the ground that there were others of higher rank. At last another, called Lord Lindsay,† offered himself, and they pretended to accept him.

“During these parleys it had happened that groups of men had been formed in the midst, and that great discouragement began to prevail in the army of the Queen. When the Queen first observed this disorder in her ranks she desired to speak with one of her adversaries, named the Laird of Grange, and she asked him whether there were no means of coming to terms for the safety of the Duke; he answered, no, for that they were resolved either to die or to have him. Upon this the Duke mounted, and made his escape to Dombar, followed only by twenty-five or thirty horse. The Queen on her part began to walk towards her adversaries; here then were the two armies joined together and marching in concert towards this city of Lislebourg.‡ When they came there they lodged the Queen in the house of the *prevot* (provost). I know, sire, that this name of *prevot* will sound very ill and appear very hateful in France, but according to the manners of this country it means the best house in the town.

* Ancestor of the Dukes of Athol. † Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

‡ Edinburgh; so called by the French, from the lochs then surrounding the city.

“ Next day (Monday, June 15th), at one o’clock in the morning, her Majesty put herself at a window, all in tears and with more sighs and groans than can be described, and seeing Ledington pass in the street, entreated him for God’s sake to let her speak to him, which he did in her chamber; and the people who had gathered together at her cries were bid to disperse. Some Lords also went to her: I thought that I could not do less than ask to see her, and I had it mentioned to these Lords. They held a conference upon it, and sent me word that they would be glad I should see her; being well assured that all I wished to say to her would be conducive to her tranquillity and theirs, but that her language to them was strange, and that they would be desirous of my speaking with them before I spoke with her. To this I consented, and they informed me that they would send an honourable attendance to fetch me. However, there was an alarm of tumult in the city, which lasted, as I think, the whole day; and about nine in the evening they led the Queen to her usual apartments in the abbey (Holyrood), with two men on foot before her, bearing the standard which represented the dead body. The Lords were on foot around her Majesty, and a thousand or twelve hundred men followed. During the night they removed her from this city; as I believe, to the castle of Esterlins (Stirling)* I pray to God that he may comfort this poor kingdom, for it is now the most afflicted and distracted realm that can be found under heaven, and its disorder is beyond all power of expression. From Lislebourg this 17th of June, 1567.”—vol. vii. pp. 113—124.

But perhaps our readers will now desire to see a specimen of Mary’s own letters. The one which follows, addressed from Carlisle to the Cardinal of Lorraine, gives a striking account of the hardships she endured after her escape from Lochleven, and appears to us in other respects highly characteristic:—

“ My dear Uncle,—If you have not pity upon me at this time, I may truly say that it is all over with my son, with my country, and with me; and that in this country I shall have only changed my quarters for another prison, just as in Lochleven. I implore you to bear in mind that my enemies are few, and that the main part of the nobles is on my side: their nobles would begin to fall off from them if I had any ever so little help. For they are well aware that their cause is a bad one, and that in Scotland and here, whenever I have been allowed to speak and to rebut their calumnies and false statements, they are deemed traitors and liars; and for that reason they do their best to prevent me from passing farther and

* Such was the first rumour, but in fact, as is well known, Mary was sent that night to Lochleven.

to detain me here. Those whom the Queen (Elizabeth) sends to stop the proceedings of my enemies and to pursue them, on the contrary, encourage and assist them; so that I am to be kept aloof until the others shall have been able to overwhelm my party. And yet I have offered to prove them false accusers, and myself innocent, as you will hear from the bearer, to whom, from the credit which I give him, I refer myself for all other particulars. I implore you to hasten some succours to me, for he will show you how much in need of it stand all my faithful servants, who are not in small number, and amongst others poor Lord Seyton, who is in danger of losing his head, because he was one of those who delivered me from prison.

“I beseech you to give good entertainment to Beatoun, for I do not venture to send for him here until I shall be better assured. For they all say that they will kill him if they can, and also George Douglas, who was another that helped to free me. For which reason I shall send him to you as soon as ever he can have safety in his passage, and I am writing on the subject to the ambassador of France. For they have prevented my Lord Fleming, who is there, from going over as he wished to the King.* If George goes, I will send you by him an account of all their doings and my own since the beginning of the troubles; for he has heard tell their fine accounts of me, and I will instruct him as to the rest. I recommend him to you: cause good entertainment to be given unto him; for otherwise no man will lose his friends and peril his life to serve me. He is faithful: of that you may be well assured, and he will do whatever you command him.

“I beseech you that you would send often to visit the Duke,† for his kinsmen have served me right well; and if they be not succoured, there are twenty-eight gentlemen, all of the name of Hamilton, condemned to be hanged, and to have their houses razed to the ground: for every man who will not obey these factious chiefs is held guilty of the crime which themselves have committed.

“In public they invent from day to day fresh falsehoods concerning me, and in private they offer to say nothing further to wrong me, if I will only resign to them the government. But I had rather die than fail to make them own that they have lied in so many vile things which they have put under my name. In other matters I commit myself wholly to the bearer, and I beseech you to have pity on the honour of your poor niece, and obtain the succours which this bearer will tell you of, and, pending these, some money, for I have no means left to buy bread, and not a shift nor gown.

“The Queen here has sent me a little linen, and supplies me with one daily dish. For the rest I have borrowed; but I find that I can

* Of France.

† Of Chatel-Herault, chief of the Hamiltons.

borrow no more. You will have a share in this shame. Sandy Clerk, who has been to France on the part of that false-hearted bastard,* has boasted that you would not supply me with any money, nor take any part in my affairs. God is trying me sore; at the least be well assured that I shall die a Catholic. God, as I deem, will right soon remove me from this misery. For I have suffered injuries, calumnies, imprisonment, hunger, heat and cold; I have fled, without knowing whither, for ninety-two miles across the fields, without halt or rest; and then, after that, to lie on the hard ground, to drink of sour milk, and to eat of oatmeal, without any bread! Then to travel three nights through, like the screech-owls, and to come without a single woman to attend me into this country, where, for my reward, I find myself little better than a prisoner. Meanwhile all the houses of my servants are being razed, and I cannot give them succour; and the masters of those houses are being hanged, and I cannot reward them; and yet all to their end remain constant unto me, abhorring these cruel traitors, who have but three thousand men at their command, and even of these one-half would be sure to leave them, had I but a little help. I pray God to put a remedy to these disorders; it will be at the time of his good pleasure, and may he grant you health and long life.

“From Carlisle, this 21st of June, 1568.” †

“MARIE R.”

We will add the last letter which the ill-fated Mary ever wrote: it is addressed to Henry III., King of France, and dated Fotheringay Castle, February 8th, 1587, the very night before her execution:—

“Sir, my brother-in-law,—Having by the will of God, and for my sins, as I believe, come and thrown myself into the arms of this Queen my cousin, where I have had many sore troubles and passed well nigh twenty years, I am at length by her, and by her States, condemned to death.

“I have asked for my papers which they had taken from me, in order that I might make my will; but I have not been able to obtain any that could be of service to me, nor yet got leave to make that testament freely, nor yet have a promise that after my death my body should be removed, according to my wish, into your kingdom, where I have had the honour to be Queen—your sister, and your ancient ally.

“This day, after dinner, has been read to me my sentence, to be executed on me to-morrow, as on a felon, at eight o’clock in the morning. I have had no leisure to make to you a more ample discourse of all that

* The Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland.

† Vol. ii. pp. 115—119.

hath passed ; but if it please you to believe thereon my medecinar and my other desolate servants, you will hear from them the truth ; and how, thanks be to God, I despise death, and faithfully protest that I receive it innocent of any crime—even though I were their subject. The Catholic religion, and the maintenance of the right which God hath given me on this crown, are the two grounds of my condemnation ; and yet they will not give me leave to say that it is for the Catholic religion that I die, but rather for fear lest their own should be changed. As a proof, they have taken away from me my chaplain ; and though he be still in the house, I have not been able to obtain that he should come to receive my confession and give me the Holy Sacrament at my death, but they have eagerly pressed me to receive comfort and doctrine from their minister whom they brought hither for that end. The bearer of this letter and his company, most of them your born subjects, will bear testimony unto you how I may conduct myself in this, the last act of my life.

“ It remains that I should implore you, as the Most Christian King, as my brother-in-law, as my ancient ally, as one who always protested of your love unto me, that now you should give proof on all these points of your virtue and goodness, and should in charity relieve my conscience of what I cannot, without your aid—which is to reward my desolate servants and continue to them their wages, and also to cause prayers to be made to God for a Queen who has, like yourself, borne the title of Most Christian, and who dies a Catholic despoiled of all her goods.

“ As for my son, I commend him unto you, so far as he may deserve it—since I am not able to answer for him. I have taken the boldness to send you two jewels of rare value for health, wishing that your health may be perfect, and your life long and happy. Receive these gifts as from your very affectionate sister, who died in giving token of her good heart towards you. Once again let me commend unto you my servants. You will give orders, if you please, that for the sake of my soul I may be paid in part what you owe unto me, and that in honour of Jesus Christ, to whom I shall pray to-morrow at my dying hour for you, you should leave me enough wherewithal to found an *obit* and to make the needful alms.

“ This Thursday, two hours after midnight.

“ From your very affectionate and good sister,
“ MARIE R.”

We conclude as we began, heartily commending these volumes to general attention, as one of the most valuable contributions ever offered to British Literature by a foreign hand.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. ✓

[QU. REV., No. 157. December, 1846.] 79:1

1. *Montrose and the Covenanters: Illustrated from Private Letters and other Original Documents hitherto unpublished.* By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1838.
2. *The Life and Times of Montrose: Illustrated from Original Manuscripts, including Family Papers, now first published from the Montrose Charter-Chest, and other Private Repositories.* By Mark Napier, Esq. Edinburgh. 1840.

MR. NAPIER states in his Dedication of 1840 that he was roused to authorship on finding that the old calumnies against Montrose have not yet lost their credit, and that his name is still mentioned as one to be "abhorred" even in present times, and by high authorities. From these *obiter dicta* (for such we must consider them), even the most candid and most justly respected writers are not always free. Against them there must ever lie a right of appeal to ancient and authentic records. But we think it highly probable that no such unfavourable views would have been formed, and no such disparaging terms employed, had there been then before the world those fuller materials which the patient industry of Mr. Napier has since that time produced.

With a just admiration for Montrose and the Scottish loyalists, he has carefully and diligently sought out whatever could bear upon their history. The appearance of his first work, 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' in 1838, incited the descendants of the hero to a search, which they had strangely during two centuries postponed, into their own family Charter-Chest,*—a search which has brought to light, for the first time, several important original letters to Montrose, especially from Kings Charles the First and Second. Under these circumstances, which might have mortified

* The late Duke of Montrose wrote to Mr. Napier as follows, previous to the publication of 1838:—"I am sorry to say that we cannot give you any assistance in the task you are preparing to undertake, as there are no papers whatever existing, and in our possession, which can throw light upon the subject."—Preface, p. xiv.

an ordinary scribbler, Mr. Napier was far from echoing the reply of the French Abbé and would-be historian, who, when offered some curious MS. notes of the governor of a fortress, answered drily, *Mon siège est fait!* Mr. Napier, on the contrary, in an excellent spirit, and with most commendable zeal, sat down to re-write his book by the aid of his fresh materials. The new work was published in 1840, with the title 'The Life and Times of Montrose,' but compressed into a single volume, and omitting not a few of the documents and extracts to be found in the former. Both works are therefore necessary to a full understanding of the subject, and it is from both (not neglecting other helps) that we propose to draw what we hope may not prove unwelcome to our readers, a sketch of the career and character of THE GREAT MARQUIS—as to this day in Scotland the hero continues to be called.

There are very few men so eminent of whose early years so little is known. This is the more remarkable when we consider his high rank and lineage—the head of the house of Graham, and by succession the fifth Earl of Montrose. Neither the time nor the place of his birth appears to be recorded. We only know that at the decease of his father, the fourth Earl, in November, 1626, he was in his fourteenth year. During the rest of his nonage he was under the guardianship of Lord Napier of Merchiston, who had married one of his elder sisters, and who continued through life his bosom-friend. It was perhaps as being an only son that Montrose married in very early youth. His wife was Madeline Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk; and by 1633 we find him already the father of two sons. Early in that year his young Countess appears to have died; but even of that fact there is no positive record, and it is rather inferred from the utter silence respecting her in all further accounts of Montrose.

In the same year, and probably in consequence of his domestic bereavement, Montrose went abroad, travelling into France and Italy, and continuing on the Continent about three years. We can trace no particulars of his tour, nor of his habits of life at that period. Only in the archives of the English College at Rome appears the following entry: "1635, 27th day of March, two Earls, Angus and Montrose, with four others, gentlemen of

distinction of that nation, attended by four domestics, were honourably entertained in our refectory according to their rank."

Montrose came back from his travels with great accomplishments and advantages both of mind and person. His chaplain, Dr. Wishart, describes him as "not very tall, nor much exceeding a middle stature, but of an exceeding strong composition of body and an incredible force, joined with an excellent proportion and fine features. His hair was of a dark-brown colour, his complexion sanguine, of a quick and piercing gray eye, with a high nose, something like the ancient sign of the magnanimity of the Persian Kings. He was a man of a very princely carriage and excellent address a complete horseman, and had a singular grace in riding." If this portrait, as drawn by his own chaplain, should appear too favourable and in need of some corrective, we can supply one from Bishop Burnet, who always refers to "the Great Marquis" with especial malignity, and even in one passage goes to the preposterous length of questioning his personal courage:* "He was," says the Bishop, "a young man well-learned, who had travelled, but had taken upon him the part of a hero too much, and lived as in a romance, for his whole manner was stately to affectation."

On his return home, adorned by such accomplishments, Montrose was presented to Charles I. with every expectation of a cordial welcome. But the King, whether because, as is alleged, his Majesty had been prepossessed against him by the Hamiltons, or because his own manner was cold and dry until mellowed by misfortune, took little notice of him, merely gave him his hand to kiss, and then turned aside. This slight was keenly felt by Montrose; and we see no reason to doubt (however strenuously Mr. Napier denies) that it formed one motive of the part which he shortly afterwards took in the growing troubles of Scotland.

Those troubles, as is well known, began by the establishment of the Canons and Liturgy, and resulted in the production of the Covenant. Nothing could exceed the ardour and enthusiasm with which that bond was hailed among the Scottish people; Hume not unaptly speaks of it as a general contagion. That a high-spirited young nobleman, attached to the Protestant faith, not regardless of popularity, conscious of great abilities, and re-

* History of his own Times, vol. i. p. 91. Ed. Oxford, 1833.

sending the neglect of the Court, should espouse a specious cause in the first dawn of its zeal, and before it was clouded over by excesses, was surely not unnatural. Nor were the most artful solicitations wanting from many quarters, and above all from the Earl of Rothes, to secure so hopeful an ally. As Principal Robert Baillie afterwards declared, “The *canniness* of Rothes brought in Montrose to our party.”*

Once engaged, Montrose bore a share in all the factions of the General Assemblies. We find the Marquis of Hamilton, the King’s Commissioner in Scotland, write of him with much asperity to his Royal Master (Nov. 27, 1638): “Now for the Covenanters I shall only say this: in general they may all be placed in one roll as they now stand; but certainly, Sir, those that have both broached the business, and still hold it aloft, are Rothes, Balmerino, Lindsay, Lothian, Loudon, Yester, Cranstoun. There are many others as forward in show, amongst whom none more vainly foolish than Montrose. But the above mentioned are the main contrivers.” At this period, also, Montrose was intrusted with two expeditions to the north. The first had for its object conversion rather than conquest; the Earl was attended by three of the most ardent of the seceding clergy;† and he returned in August, 1638, with a parchment full of signatures to the Covenant; “the most worthless laurel,” adds Mr. Napier, “that he ever gained.”

The second expedition, in the spring of 1639, was more congenial to his military temper; he was required to keep in check the Marquis of Huntly as the King’s lieutenant north of Spey. Some newly-levied foot were placed at his disposal, and he bore the title of General; but as he complained from the first to Gordon of Straloch, “business here is all transacted by vote and a Committee, nor can I get anything done of myself.” After some skirmishing, he found Huntly not disinclined to treat; and it was

* Letter to W. Spang, April 25, 1645.

† An account of their arrival at Aberdeen is given by John Spalding, commissary-clerk of that town, whose ‘History of the Troubles’ was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1828:—“The Provost and Baillies courteously salute them at their lodging, and offer them wine and confections according to their laudable custom for their welcome; but this their courteous offer was disdainfully refused, saying they would drink none with them until first the Covenant was subscribed!”—July 20, 1638.

arranged between them that they, each accompanied by eleven of his friends, should hold a conference at the village of Lowess, about nine miles south of Strathbogie. The two parties met accordingly, armed only with walking-swords; and such was their mutual suspicion, that a gentleman from each side was appointed to search the other for fear of hidden weapons. After a few words of courteous greeting, the two chiefs stepped aside, and conversed in private for a considerable time. The result was, that Huntly consented to sign a paper with certain terms of adhesion, and on two separate occasions rode over from his own to the Covenanters' camp. But at his last visit it was sought to impose upon him further terms; on his refusal, the parole pledged for his safety was broken, and he was conducted as a prisoner or a hostage to Edinburgh Castle. The bad faith of this detention is manifest and glaring. We are assured, however, that Montrose withstood it to the uttermost,* but found that his single voice in the council of officers could not avail to prevent it.

It seems not unreasonable to infer that the resentment of Montrose at finding himself thus committed to an act of treachery, may have combined with his alarm for the monarchy and his disgust at the growing violence which he saw around him, to alienate him from the party which he had, perhaps too rashly, espoused. In the Parliaments of 1639 and 1640 his name on several occasions appears on the side of moderate counsels. Even in the field he showed a disposition to lenity, though no abatement of vigour. Scarcely had he returned to Edinburgh, with Huntly in his train, before he heard that the loyal Barons of the north were again in arms. With characteristic energy he instantly set off again, crossed the Grampians, gathered troops as he went, and on the 25th of May re-entered Aberdeen at the head of two or three thousand troops, the flower of which were the horsemen of Angus and Mearns. He had with him the Earls Marischal and Athol, and several other Lords and gentlemen, together with a train of thirteen field-pieces. The day but one after his arrival

* *Quoy que Montrose s'opposast de tout son pouvoir*, are the words of Menteith de Salmonet (p. 67), whose work was written in French, and printed at Paris in 1661. James Gordon, a kinsman of Huntly, admits that Montrose was "overborne by votes" in this transaction, but implies a doubt (surely without a shadow of probability) whether his resistance was sincere or simulated.

he held a general Committee to decide upon the fate of Aberdeen, which had distinguished itself by its zeal for Prelacy—"that unnatural city," as Principal Baillie calls it on that account. The Covenanting Ministers of that day were unable to understand how a town which favoured Bishops could deserve the smallest mercy; they remembered the texts on the destruction of Jericho and Ai, and urged that in like manner Aberdeen should be given up to slaughter and conflagration. Montrose, however, stood firm against them; and being backed on this occasion by the young Earl Marischal and other men of weight, finally carried his point, so that the burghers of Aberdeen were only fined and reprimanded, and exposed to free quarters, but spared from fire and sword.

One instance, however, of slaughter on a small scale is recorded by John Spalding. It appears that the Covenanting officers and soldiers on their first visit were decorated each with a blue riband round his neck. Upon their retreat some Aberdeen ladies in derision tied blue ribands round their lap-dogs' necks. Hearing of this jest, the soldiers on their return killed without mercy every cur which they met in the town, "so that neither hound nor *messan*, or other dog was left alive!" (May 26, 1639.)

The next step of Montrose was to bring up his field-pieces, and batter the castle of Gight, a principal strong-hold of the Gordons; but he quickly raised the siege on learning that a new enemy was at hand. Huntly's second son, the Viscount Aboyne, whom the King had lately named his lieutenant in the north, appeared off Aberdeen with three armed ships and some troops on board. Aboyne was only a boy of nineteen, but had for his guide Colonel Gun, an experienced though versatile soldier,—a *partisan* in both senses of the word—and on landing he was joined by his brother, Lord Lewis Gordon, and some Highland levies. The whole united force marched off in high spirits to encounter Montrose, who had made skilful dispositions to receive them at Stonehaven. On their coming up a little skirmishing and a few cannon-balls were found sufficient to send them back in confusion. Montrose next proceeded to force the passage of the Dee, again entered Aberdeen, scattered the Gordons far and wide, and became once more master of the open country.

In this skirmish, which was called the Raid of Stonehaven, Montrose appears to have been greatly aided by the effect of any piece of ordnance on the imaginations of the Highlanders; even down to 1745 they called a cannon "the Musket's mother," and looked upon it with a kind of superstitious awe.

In the southern counties at this time the war seemed coming to a crisis between the Parliament of Scotland and the King; and the Scottish army, headed by General Alexander Leslie, had already marched to the Borders, when Charles decided on concluding a pacification, too hasty in its resolve, and too vague in its terms, to be lasting. During this hollow truce (for such it proved), his Majesty summoned several of the chief nobles, among whom was Montrose, to attend him at his Court at Berwick. The interview between the King and the Earl took place accordingly in July, 1639, and although no particulars of it are found recorded, we cannot suppose it to have been without effect. Each on closer observation must have discovered the high endowments of the other:—each after what had passed would be more than commonly solicitous to please. Seldom, indeed, has such a subject met the eye of such a master.

The moderation of Montrose in the Parliament which met the month after (although the same moderation was shown by many others who had not been to Berwick) was ascribed by his ill-wishers to the persuasions of the King, and to his own ambitious hopes. "Division," writes Principal Baillie (Oct. 12, 1639), "is now much laboured for in all our estate. They speak of too great prevailing with our nobles. Home evidently fallen off. Montrose not unlikely to be ensnared with the fair promises of advancement. Marischal, Sutherland, and others, somewhat doubtful. Sheriff of Teviotdale, and some of the Barons, inclining the Court way." But we altogether disbelieve a story told by Bishop Guthry, and repeated by Mr. Napier without objection, that Montrose at this time found affixed to his chamber door a paper with the words, "INVICTUS ARMIS VERBIS VINCITUR." Such an inscription is clearly framed on a view of Montrose's later exploits; in 1639 he had yet done nothing to deserve the high compliment INVICTUS ARMIS.

Ere many months had elapsed from the new inconsiderate pacification, the differences which had been not so much adjusted

as postponed, and the resentments slurred over instead of healed, burst forth again with redoubled fury. Again did both parties appeal to the sword; again did news come to Edinburgh that King Charles was preparing for the invasion of Scotland, had collected an army on the Tyne, and had placed himself at its head. On their part the Scottish Parliament were not slack in mustering their forces; nor did Montrose, when called upon, refuse his aid in that hour of danger. He commanded a division in the army which, under General Leslie, and in July, 1640, marched towards the Tweed, and encamped for a time on Dunse Moor. During this pause in the military operations a remarkable event in politics occurred. It is stated by Montrose himself, as appears from judicial depositions, that a bond was privately offered for his signature proposing that some person should be named Captain-General, with arbitrary powers north of Forth, and implying that this person should be the Earl of Argyle. Stung at the proposal, Montrose immediately took horse for Cumbernauld, the house of the Earl of Wigtoun, where he met by appointment several of his friends, as the Earls Marischal, Home, Athol, and Mar—Lords Stormont, Seaforth, and Erskine—and Amond, who was second in command of Leslie's army. With these and some others, Montrose and Wigtoun subscribed a bond acknowledging their obligation to "that Covenant already signed," but stipulating for their mutual aid and defence in case of need, that "every one of us shall join and adhere to each other." Having thus secretly combined, Montrose and his friends returned to the army, which they found prepared to march forward and cross the Tweed. On reaching that river, the chiefs cast lots as to who should pass over the first, and the lot fell upon Montrose. He accordingly dismounted, forded the stream on foot, and returned to encourage his men.* A few days afterwards he took part in the more memorable passage of the Tyne, and the repulse, or rather rout, of the English army at Newburn.

In consequence of the day at Newburn, it is well known how the King's forces, diminished and dispirited, fell back first to

* Montrose's *Life and Times*, p. 138, with the passages cited from Baillie and Bishop Guthrie. Sir Walter Scott, writing from memory, transfers the incident to the passage of the Tyne, at the battle of Newburn, where no doubt it makes a far better figure.—*Tales of a Grandfather*, second series, vol. i. p. 211. Ed. 1829.

Durham, then to York, and low negotiations for peace commenced at Ripon, when the Scots were free to dictate almost their own terms. Charles had no other resource than once more to summon a Parliament in England—the “Long Parliament,” as it proved—which from the very first displayed an eager resolution not only to curb the King’s prerogative, but to punish his advisers. Within a few months of their meeting they had already voted ship money illegal; they had cancelled the sentence against Hampden; they had driven into exile Lord Keeper Finch and Secretary Windebank; they had sent Laud to the dungeon and Strafford to the scaffold.

Even during the negotiations at Ripon, all danger to Scotland having passed, but new danger to the throne arisen, Montrose did not feel himself precluded from writing a letter to the King, expressive of his loyalty and duty. A copy of this letter (so unfaithful were some of Charles’s servants!) was surreptitiously obtained, and transmitted to the chiefs of the Scottish army at Newcastle. Much incensed, they openly charged Montrose with having written to the King—but Montrose at once avowed and justified the act; and since at that time the highest respect for the Royal authority was professed even by those who most ardently laboured to destroy it—since even when troops were levied against the King it was still in the name of the King—the other Scottish leaders at Newcastle were compelled, however unwillingly, to admit, or at least to accept, the defence of their colleague.

The results were however more serious to Montrose, when, on his return to Scotland, the bond of Cumbernauld was discovered and denounced by Argyle. At nearly the same time some conferences which Montrose had held with the Ministers of Perth (Montrose being then on a visit to Lord Stormont at Scone), and which, like the bond, tended against the dominant faction of Argyle and Rothes, were made known to the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh. Loud and angry was their clamour at the news. The Earl was summoned, and several times examined before them, at the close of May, 1641, when, far from denying or glossing over, or asking pardon for what he had done or said, he openly acknowledged and undauntedly maintained it. “Did you,” thus he was asked in Argyle’s own presence, and in the

fulness of Argyle's power, "did you name the Earl of Argyle?" "I did name the Earl of Argyle," he answered: "I named Argyle as the man who was to rule be-north Forth, and as the man who discoursed of deposing the King. I am not the author or inventor of these things: I will lay it down at the right door!" Ill satisfied with such frankness, the Committee, on the 11th of June, issued orders for arresting and securing, in Edinburgh Castle, Montrose himself, his kinsman Lord Napier, and Sir George Stirling of Keir, who had married Napier's daughter, while materials to serve for their impeachment were busily sought out. Lord Sinclair was despatched to the Earl's house at Old Montrose with a commission to break open his cabinets in quest of secret papers; but Sinclair found only a store of love-letters which some ladies had formerly addressed to Montrose, and which, according to Bishop Guthry, were "flowered with Arcadian compliments. The Lord Sinclair" (thus continues the Bishop) "was much blamed by men of honour and gallantry for publishing these letters, but the rigid sort had him in greater esteem for it!"*

If we endeavour to review the whole career of Montrose, from the time when he joined the Covenanters until the time when he forsook them, and when they threw him into prison, we shall find the contemporary accounts, as drawn out in array by Mr. Napier, neither very full nor yet very clear. We cannot think, however, that they afford any adequate ground for imputation on his motives or his conduct. It is certainly possible, nay even probable, that, conscious as was Montrose of eminent abilities, he really felt, as is alleged against him, jealous and offended at the ascendancy of Argyle in the councils of their common party; but we see no reason to distrust the truth of his own solemn dying declaration, that what mainly moved him was, when he "perceived some private persons, under colour of religion, intend to wring the authority from the King, and to seize on it for themselves;" and that in the bond which he subscribed—"the security of religion was sufficiently provided for."† And we may observe that this

* Montrose and the Covenanters, vol. ii. p. 49. Mr. Napier observes, in a note, that by the word "publishing" the Bishop could only mean discoursing of, or disclosing; since the letters are now unknown, and not to be found among the pamphlets of Montrose's day.

† Speech of Montrose before the Parliament of Scotland, May 20, 1650.

general course of politics (to resist the Royal authority while it encroaches, but to stand by it when it totters and yields—to aim at reform, but to stop short of revolution) is the course which in all ages has been sanctioned by the best and wisest of mankind—by such men among Montrose's own contemporaries, as Falkland and Hyde in England, as De Mesmes and Molé in France.

Two months after Montrose had been imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle King Charles arrived at Holyrood House. "The end of my coming," such were his words to his Scottish Parliament, "is shortly this: to perfect whatsoever I have promised, and withal to quiet those distractions which have or may fall out amongst you; and this I mind not superficially, but fully and cheerfully to do." But so low had his power sunk at this period, that we may rather adopt the words of his noble historian, and say with Clarendon, that "he seemed to have made that progress into Scotland only that he might make a perfect deed of gift of that kingdom!" To save his friends, he was compelled to scatter honours and rewards among his enemies. Alexander Leslie, the first in command of the insurgent army, was created Earl of Leven; and Lord Amond, the second in command, Earl of Callender; while lesser dignities were bestowed on inferior partisans of the same cause. Well might Lord Carnwath exclaim at this time, with a bitter jest, that he would go to Ireland, and join Sir Phelim O'Neal and the other rebels there, since then he was sure the King would promote him!

Notwithstanding Charles's intercession, Montrose was not yet released. It is said, however, that private letters and messages passed between them; that Montrose took this opportunity of disclosing to the King the ill practices and treacherous designs of Hamilton and Argyle—and that in consequence an order for their arrest was secretly prepared. The two noblemen, together with the Earl of Lanerick or Lanark, Hamilton's brother, apprised of the real or pretended danger, hastily left the Court, and retired to their own country-houses, where they could not have been seized without the risk of a civil war. After sundry proceedings in Parliament, and full assurances of safety, they consented to return to Edinburgh—a Marquisate, as a pledge of reconciliation and favour, being bestowed upon Argyle. This

mysterious transaction, which was known in Scotland by the name of "the Incident," has never been clearly explained, and admits of more than one interpretation. Its chief effect at the time, if not its secret design, was to cast a shade of doubt and suspicion on the sincerity and personal disposition of the King.

"The Incident" has, however, been the ground of a most serious accusation against Montrose—that he proposed to the King not merely, as he fairly might, the arrest of his rivals, but their assassination. We will give this charge in the very words of Clarendon :—

"Now, after his Majesty arrived in Scotland, by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber, he (Montrose) came privately to the King, and informed him of many particulars from the beginning of the rebellion, and that the Marquis of Hamilton was no less faulty and false towards his Majesty than Argyle, and offered to make proof of all in the Parliament, but rather desired to kill them both, which he frankly undertook to do; but the King, abhorring that expedient, though for his own security, advised that the proofs might be prepared for the Parliament."*

In the first place, we cannot but think that the whole foundation of this story—the alleged interview, namely, between the King and Montrose—is utterly disproved by the following judicious remarks of Mr. Napier :—

"William Murray was not Constable of Edinburgh Castle; and if he had been, is it possible that, without the knowledge of the Covenanters, he could at this crisis have brought the Earl privately to the King? The word 'privately' can have no other meaning than that the faction were kept in ignorance of this stolen interview; but it will be remembered that when Stephen Boyd, the governor of the fortress, permitted Montrose, Napier, and Keir to hold some casual meeting together within the walls of their prison, the fact was instantly known, and he lost his office for presuming to relax their confinement."†

But the detractors of Montrose (and how many has his loyalty made!) may still allege that, although the interview be imaginary, the assassination might, like the arrest, be suggested through letters or messages. Surely, however, it is a sound rule of historical criticism, that whenever any essential part of a story admits of disproof, the authority of the whole story is shaken.

* Vol. ii. p. 17, Oxford ed., 1826.

† Life and Times, p. 220.

Besides, it is obvious from several other inaccuracies in this passage of Clarendon (as where he afterwards sets together, in point of time, the Marquisate of Argyle and the Dukedom of Hamilton, there being, in fact, an interval of nearly two years between them), that he did not derive this statement from the information of the King, or of any other eye-witness in Scotland, but was merely repeating the current rumours and slanders of the day. But, further still, we lay the greatest stress on the following passage from a letter of Charles. Only a few months afterwards (on the 7th of May, 1642) we find the King thus commence a letter to the Earl:—

“Montrose, I know I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty and loyalty are sufficient to a man of so much honour as I know you to be.”

Could a monarch so pious and lofty-minded have thus addressed the man whose foul schemes of murder he had so recently rejected with abhorrence? This question can admit of but one answer from those who think, as we do, reverently of King Charles; and as for those who do not, Montrose, in his riper years, we are very sure, would have cared little for their good or their ill opinion of himself. Even of those, however, who are most ready to disparage the “Royal Martyr,” we would ask, could these expressions of Charles have really passed, if that statement of Clarendon were really true? Would not the compliments to Montrose’s honour, from such a quarter and under such circumstances, have sounded like insulting irony; and would they not, therefore, even on mere grounds of prudence and policy, have been carefully avoided?

On the 18th of November, 1641, the King set out from Edinburgh on his return to England. Only the day but one before, he had so far prevailed as to obtain that Montrose and his friends should be set free on caution “that from henceforth they carry themselves soberly and discreetly.” As the price for their release, Charles issued a Declaration promising that he would not employ them in offices of court and state, nor grant them access to his person. Yet the attack against them did not end with their imprisonment, their trials being referred to the conduct of a Committee, whose proceedings were to be limited to the 1st of March ensuing. On that day, however, the ruling powers quietly

dropped the proceedings against Montrose, being equally unable to convict and unwilling to acquit him.

The Earl now withdrew to one or other of his country houses,—Old Montrose, or Kincardine Castle in Perthshire—where he lived for several months in close retirement. He was not only a soldier, but a poet and a scholar, and he had therefore resources in his solitude which many other statesmen and warriors have wanted. But in May, 1642, the Earl, attended by his nephew Keir and his friend Lord Ogilvie, rode to York, then the residence of the King, with the view of holding some communication with his Majesty. Charles, mindful of his own recent Declaration, forbade their approach to him nearer than one post. Yet there seems every probability that Montrose, while there, conferred, at the King's desire, with some of his Majesty's most trusted servants.

A crisis was now indeed at hand between the King and the Commons of England which might well call for the spontaneous offer of every loyal heart and hand. In August the Royal Standard was raised at Nottingham; in October was fought the battle of Edge Hill. In February, 1643, Montrose, learning that the Queen was on her return from Holland, resolved to lay before her his counsels for the conduct of affairs in Scotland at that decisive juncture. Accordingly he met her Majesty on her landing at Burlington, and attended her to York. But he found himself supplanted by the returning favour of Hamilton. The main point was how to prevent the Parliament of Scotland from making common cause with the Parliament of England. "Resist force with force," cried Montrose; "the rebellious cockatrice must be bruised in the egg. The King has loyal subjects in Scotland; they want but the King's countenance and commission; the only danger is delay." Hamilton, on the contrary, recommended dilatory and temporising counsels. "I see," Montrose replied, "what the end of this will be. The traitors will be allowed time to raise their armies, and all will be lost!"

Her Majesty, however, remembering the Marquis of Hamilton's extensive influence in his native country, and trusting that it might avail for the safety of the throne, inclined to his side. The King, who was then negotiating at Oxford, took, when the case was referred to him, the same view of the question, and,

conferring a dukedom on Hamilton as a token of his confidence, sent him back to Scotland with large powers. Montrose, on the other hand, disappointed in his hopes, and ill satisfied with his reception, retired once more to his estates.

The disappointment of Montrose at this period is shown by a slight pasquinade which has been preserved to us:—‘On the killing of the Earl of Newcastle’s dog by the Marquis of Hamilton in the Queen’s garden at York.’ This little piece is certainly more remarkable for vehemence of invective than for merit of poetry. It thus concludes:—

“Then say, to eternize the cur that’s gone—
He fleshed the maiden sword of HAMILTON!”

It may be contended, and it is very possible, that had Montrose’s advice been followed, it might have succeeded no better than Hamilton’s. Certainly, however, it could not have succeeded worse. No check was offered on the King’s part to the violent measures which the heads of the Scottish Covenanters showed themselves eager to pursue. They summoned, without his authority, a Convention of Estates; they concerted an alliance with the English Parliament against him; they renewed their religious bond with wider objects and a more imposing name, as the “Solemn League and Covenant,” to which throngs of deluded men subscribed even with tears of joy. But above all they set on foot an army of twenty thousand men, under the command, as before, of the Earl of Leven. Two officers of merit and experience, Baillie and David Leslie, were named, the first his Lieutenant, the second his Major-General. Nor was this muster merely for show and self-defence, but rather for active co-operation against the Royal cause; and thus in January, 1644, all preparations being completed without any effectual hindrance from the Hamiltons, Lord Leven marched across the Tweed to join the Parliament’s forces in England.

During this busy period Montrose had not been inactive. The leading Covenanters were eager to draw the Earl once more into their party, and reckoned on his repulse at York as favourable to their wishes. Accordingly they made him divers overtures, of which Montrose, we are assured, only so far availed himself as to obtain information as to their further views and designs.

In June he held, at his own desire, a conference with Mr. Alexander Henderson, the Moderator of the Kirk, "a popular and intriguing preacher," as aptly described by Hume. To guard against the surmises and suspicions which might at such a time attend any private interview, Montrose held this conference in the open air on the banks of the Forth, close to Stirling Bridge, and he was attended by some friends—Keir, Napier, and others, as his witnesses. "In my retirement," he said, "I am altogether ignorant of your Parliamentary affairs; indeed I am at a loss how to comport myself in these ticklish times, and must beg of you, for old acquaintance sake, to tell me frankly what it is you mean to do." Henderson fell into the snare, and replied without hesitation that it was resolved to send as strong an army as they could raise in aid of their brethren in England. The preacher next proceeded to descant on the honours and rewards which the Covenanting chiefs had in view for Montrose. But the Earl, having now obtained the information he sought, put an end to the conference, merely asking whether Mr. Henderson had any authority from the Parliament for such proposals, and, on being answered in the negative, quietly wished him a good evening.

The offers which about this time were more formally made to Montrose were to free him from embarrassment by the discharge of his debts, and to give him a command in the army second only to Lord Leven's. It appears that the vague and indecisive answers which Montrose for some time returned, raised a suspicion against him in some of the Scottish Royalists.* We must own ourselves doubtful (although Mr. Napier, in his zeal as a biographer, will not for an instant harbour such a thought) whether the ill-reception of Montrose at York did not at first make him waver in his attachment to the King. If so, however (and we do not express any positive opinion on the subject), his wavering was neither publicly evinced nor long continued. By no overt act, by no authentic declaration, can Montrose be shown to have swerved from his principle of loyalty—from that better part which he had deliberately chosen and was destined to seal with his blood. In that very summer, as we learn from Baillie's

* Lord Nithisdale to Lord Antrim, May 1 and 8, 1643, as printed in Spalding, vol. ii. p. 131.

letter of July 26, the Earl "called a meeting at Old Aberdeen of sundry noblemen, to subscribe a writ for an enterprise under Montrose's and Ogilvie's conduct, which Huntly subscribed, but Marischal refused absolutely, and made Huntly recall his subscription,—which, in the great providence of God, seems to have marred the design."

In December, 1643, even before the Scottish army had passed the Border, the Duke of Hamilton hastened to the Court at Oxford to explain and justify the ill-success of his counsels. At the same time and place appeared Montrose to urge a change of measures; and, the sword being now drawn, the King had no longer any reason to maintain his Declaration and forbid the Earl his presence. Charles's displeasure at Hamilton's miscarriages was no doubt considerably heightened by the comments of Montrose. He put the newly created Duke under arrest, and soon after sent him as a prisoner to Pendennis Castle in Cornwall. Nor did his Majesty fail anxiously to ask of Montrose what means might yet remain to retrieve the Scottish affairs.

In reply, Montrose observed that the favourable opportunity which he had pressed at York, had in great measure passed away. The plan of Argyle and the other Presbyterian leaders was now complete; their confederacy formed; their army raised and on its march. All the fastnesses and strongholds of Scotland were in their hands; while, on the other side, the King's friends were gained over or disheartened, scattered, and disarmed. Still, however, by an eye like Montrose's, some gleams of hope might be discerned. The Episcopal establishment, recently abolished, hateful as it had become in the southern counties, retained many partisans in the north and west. The Royal authority was yet held in veneration by several of the Highland clans, nor were any of them insensible to the promised joys of battle—the *certainis gaudia*, according to the fine phrase which Jornandes ascribes to Attila on the morning of the day of Chalons. It might also be expected that the less romantic inducements of regular pay, or, in default of such, occasional plunder, would not be without value in their eyes. Even the vast power of the Marquis of Argyle and the Campbells in the Western Highlands might be no unmitigated disadvantage, since while it awed the

common herd into submission, 'it would stir the bolder spirits to resistance.

In this state of things the scheme suggested by Montrose was that the Earl of Antrim should despatch a body of two or three thousand Irish from Ulster, and land them on the opposite coasts of Scotland, while arms and warlike stores should, if possible, be obtained from abroad. Montrose himself was to pass the Borders with a small escort of horse, provided by the Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded for the King in the north of England; he was then to call to arms his own or the King's adherents in the Highlands, join the body of Irish, and raise the Royal Standard. Daring as this scheme appeared, nay, desperate as Montrose's detractors call it to this day,* the necessities of Charles left him scarcely any other choice. On the 1st of February, 1644, the King signed a commission, appointing the Earl of Montrose his Lieutenant-General in Scotland, and as a further token of his confidence, he a few weeks afterwards raised him to the rank of Marquis.

Thus then was Montrose in some degree enabled to fulfil the ardent aspirations of his youth. Then, as his contemporary Drummond of Hawthornden assures us, he had written in his copy of Quintus Curtius:—

“ So great attempts, heroic ventures, shall
Advance my fortune or renown my fall !”

He lost no time in repairing to the scene of his new commission, and at the beginning of April, with some aid from the Marquis of Newcastle, appeared on the banks of the Annan at the head of several hundred horse. He was joined by some noblemen of great note—the Earls of Crauford, Nithisdale, Traquair, Kinloul, and Carnwath, the Lords Aboyne, Ogilvie, and Herries—and succeeded in seizing the town of Dumfries. All this while he was in correspondence with his friends and kinsmen further north, who used to meet for secret consultations at the house of Keir. Their object was to raise a body of their vassals, and push forward to Stirling, there to meet Montrose. They had reason to expect that the castle of that place, one of the most

* “ Nothing remained (to the King) but the desperate counsels of Montrose.”—Laing, ‘History of Scotland,’ vol. iii. p. 244. Ed. 1804.

important strongholds in Scotland, would be given up to them by Major Turner, afterwards Sir James, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and since accepted a command in the Parliament's army, but who had grown to feel dissatisfaction (or according to his own plea, scruples of conscience) at its service. He says of himself in his Memoirs, "I had swallowed, without chewing, in Germany a very dangerous maxim, which military men there too much follow ; which was, that so we serve our master honestly, it is no matter what master we serve."* Such characters were by no means uncommon in that age, and have become familiar to ours from the admirable sketch of *Captain Dalgetty*.

Several obstacles, however, concurred to mar this well-concerted scheme. Of the small militia force which Montrose had brought from England part rose in mutiny and part deserted ; while on the other side the Sheriff of Teviotdale had mustered a large irregular force, and the Earl of Callender was advancing at the head of a body of troops. Under such circumstances Montrose, far from pushing forward to Stirling, could not even maintain his position at Dumfries. He fell back beyond the Border, where for some time he carried on a desultory warfare. On the 31st of May Baillie writes :—" Montrose ravages at his pleasure Northumberland and the Bishoprick [Durham] ; we hope it shall not be so long." His principal exploit at this period was to reduce the castle of Morpeth, after a regular siege of twenty days, and a loss of two hundred men. He treated his prisoners with great humanity, dismissing them on their parole that they would not again fight against the King.

Such was the posture of affairs when Prince Rupert, having compelled the three Parliamentary generals, Manchester, Leven, and Fairfax, to raise the siege of York, most rashly gave them battle on Marston Moor. Montrose, who had been summoned to the Prince's aid, was already in full march, and had his arrival been awaited by Rupert, the day might have been theirs. As it was, the valour of David Leslie and of Cromwell, with his brigade of *Ironsides*, changed the first success of the Royalists into an utter rout. Newcastle fled the kingdom, Rupert retired into

* Memoirs, p. 14, as printed for the Bannatyne Club. It appears that Turner had already fallen under the suspicion of the Committee of Estates, and he was soon afterwards removed from Stirling into England.

Lancashire, and Montrose, finding himself suddenly beset by hostile and victorious armies, fell back upon Carlisle. There his little band of horsemen melted away until it could scarcely number a hundred, and it became necessary to adopt some decisive resolution. Montrose, still undaunted, formed the bold scheme of reaching the Highlands in disguise. He bade the rest of his followers make their way to the King; while two of them, his trusted friends Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald, secretly turned their horses to the north, calling themselves gentlemen belonging to Lord Leven's army. Montrose himself rode behind them in the garb of a groom, mounted on a sorry nag, and leading another in his hand. This is the romantic adventure of which Sir Walter Scott has availed himself with such excellent skill in his *Legend of Montrose*.

Disguise was in this case the more needful, since, in the event of falling into the Covenanters' hands, the only alternative before Montrose would have been the dungeon or the scaffold. Once he seemed on the very brink of discovery. A common soldier, who had served in Newcastle's army, passed by on the road, and approaching the Marquis, respectfully addressed him by his title. In vain did the pretended groom attempt to disavow the lofty name. "What!" exclaimed the other, "do I not know my noble Lord of Montrose? But go your way, and God be with you wheresoever you go." The poor man was true and loyal; however high might have been the reward of a disclosure, he made none against Montrose.

Travelling in this manner, Montrose arrived on the verge of the Highlands, at the house of his kinsman, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie. Shortly afterwards, for still greater concealment, he removed to a solitary hut on the same estate. Meanwhile he had sent his two companions to apprise Lord Napier of his coming, and to gather intelligence of public affairs. They returned with evil tidings. The Marquis of Huntly had risen in the North, prematurely and without due concert, and accordingly with signal defeat. Thus the loyal Gordons were now crushed, and Huntly himself a fugitive in the wilds of Caithness; while another of the name, Gordon of Haddo, the ancestor of the present Earl of Aberdeen, having become a prisoner of the Covenanters, was brought to trial and publicly put to death.

Roused to resentment rather than intimidated at such news, Montrose impatiently waited until the Red Hand of Ulster should be stretched forth to his aid. So slight were then the communications through the Highlands, that it was not until the promised Irish troops drew near to his district that Montrose first heard of their landing. Yet they had set foot on Scottish ground a month before, and were now irregularly straggling forward in quest of their general. Their immediate commander was a kinsman of the Earl of Antrim, Allaster, or Alexander, Macdonnell, or Macdonald, better known by the corrupted patronymic of Colkitto,* a brave and active but uneducated and self-willed man.

It was shortly after the first vague rumours derived from the shepherds of the hills, that a more regular communication from Colkitto reached Montrose, and the Marquis immediately set forth to join him, attired in the dress of an ordinary mountaineer, and attended by Inchbrakie alone. The meeting between the general and the troops was, at the first moment, a source of mutual surprise and disappointment. Montrose found his auxiliaries amount to less than fourteen hundred men, ill armed and worse disciplined. On the other hand, the Irish, who had expected something of Royal state and splendour in the King's Lieutenant, gazed with disdain on the common Highland garb and the single attendant of Montrose. It was under such untoward circumstances that the Marquis displayed his commission from King Charles, and first raised the Royal Standard. The spot is still shown—on rising ground near Blair Athol, about a mile from the house of Lude—and of late years in just commemoration marked by a *cairn* of stones.

Up to that time only very few Highlanders (these chiefly from Badenoch) had joined the Irish troops, although the "Fiery Cross" had been already sent round amongst them in the manner so well described in the *Lady of the Lake*. But the presence of the King's Lieutenant soon attracted greater numbers. The very day after his arrival came eight hundred Athol men, including the Robertsons of Strowan. His own kinsmen, Lord Napier and Stirling of Keir, were detained as prisoners at

* His proper style in Erse was Allaster Mac Coll Keitach—Alexander, son of Coll the Left-handed.

Edinburgh ; but he was joined on the hill of Buchanty by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, by the Master of Maderty, and by Sir John Drummond, with about four hundred retainers of their own, of Napier, and of Keir ; these, however, principally bowmen. For it deserves remark of Montrose's campaigns, that they exhibit, perhaps for the last time in European warfare, and with no ill success as opposed to musketry, the weapons on which England was wont to pride herself in the days of yore—the arrow and the bow. Montrose had now passed the Tay at or near Dunkeld, and was in full march upon the city of Perth. In spite of his increasing numbers, his position at that period was fraught with hazard and peril. Behind him the Marquis of Argyle, having gathered his clansmen on the landing of the Irish, was following in their track, and impatient to engage them. In front an army of above six thousand Lowlanders, under Lords Elcho and Drummond and the Earl of Tullibardine, had been drawn together for the defence of Perth and the defeat of the mountain invaders.

Resolved with a wise temerity on forthwith giving battle to Lord Elcho's army, Montrose and his Irish came in sight of Perth—a splendid prospect, which once seen can never be forgotten. It is recorded of the Roman soldiers how, when they had climbed the hill of Moncrieff, and first beheld, expanding before them, the verdant valley of the Tay, they cried out in admiration, “Lo, another Tiber ! See a second Martian plain !” But how much fairer still the sight since that rich plain is crested by a stately city—since a bridge of many arches has spanned that majestic stream ! Montrose found his enemy (it was on the morning of Sunday, the 1st of September) drawn up at Tippermuir, an open heath within three miles of Perth. They were confident of victory alike from superior numbers and from fanatic zeal. They had called their array “the army of God,” and that very morning one of their favourite preachers, named Carmichael, had addressed them as follows in his sermon :—“If ever God spake truth out of my mouth, I promise you in his name a certain victory this day !” For “the arm of flesh,” as they thought fit to term it—their cavalry force was large, and they had nine pieces of artillery ; Montrose, on the contrary, had not a single cannon, and only three horses ; the same pro-

bably which he had brought from Cumberland, and which were now in very ill plight; they are described by Dr. Wishart as *omnino strigosi et emaciati*.

It appears that at this period the Highlanders attached the utmost weight to an omen of victory :—

“ Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
That party conquers in the strife !”

So deeply impressed were they with this gloomy superstition that, as is alleged (although Mr. Napier has overlooked the fact), on the morning of the battle they put to death in cold blood a poor herdsman whom they found in the fields, merely to secure to themselves the advantage of the augury.

How hard the choice between these opposite fanatics ! How arrogant appear the superstitions on the one side, how cruel on the other !

To sustain the enemy’s charge of cavalry, Montrose extended his front as far as possible, and drew up all his men in one line of three deep. In the hind rank he placed the tallest, with orders to stand straight; in the second rank they were to stoop forward; and in the first rank to kneel upon one knee. Lord Kilpont and his bowmen were on the left, and the Irish in the centre, while on the right, opposed to the most formidable point of the Covenanters’ array, stood the men of Athol. There Montrose himself took his station, fighting on foot with his target and pike in his hand. His whole force thus drawn up might amount to three thousand men. He had so little powder that he was obliged before engaging to bid his men be sparing of it, for that they had none to throw away. Previous to the onset, however, he sent over to the enemy the Master of Maderty to inform them of the King’s commission, and desire them in his Majesty’s name to lay down their arms. But, far from heeding the King’s commission, the Covenanting chiefs did not even respect the laws of nations; they made the young officer, notwithstanding his flag-of-truce, a prisoner, and detained him as such during many months. Maderty, we may observe in passing, had married Lady Beatrix, the favourite sister of Montrose.

The result of the engagement made manifest the skill of Montrose. When Lord Elcho’s cavalry came on to the charge they

were received with a sharp fire so long as the ammunition lasted, and when that began to fail, a volley of stones did good service. Seeing the battle waver, and remembering that Argyle was behind, and that there was no retreat for the Royalists, Montrose determined to stake everything on one decisive throw—a brilliant victory, or an irretrievable rout—and thus let loose his whole army on the foe. Then was heard the Highland war-cry, “savage and shrill;” then was felt the keen edge of the Highland claymore. Several bodies of the Lowlanders fought well; others, including the burghers of Perth, who had enlisted, fled shamefully; but in a brief space the whole Covenanting army was driven back in confusion towards the city, leaving all their artillery, colours, and baggage, and about three hundred dead upon the field.

The victory of Tippermuir was immediately followed by the possession of Perth, where Montrose obtained arms, clothes, and money for his troops. It was afterwards alleged by the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, that instead of the city being yielded, the conflict should have been renewed; and an apology on this occasion, entitled ‘Reasons for the Surrender of Perth,’ was drawn up by the resident Ministers. This apology, which is still extant,* is of great length, and no inconsiderable interest. Of the Fife-men it states:—

“They were all forefainted and bursted with running, insomuch that nine or ten died that night in town without any wound; and, second, an overwhelming fear did take them. Their fear *kythed* (showed itself) in this, that multitudes breaking up cellars did cast themselves down there, expecting the enemy’s approach. The Provost came into one house, amongst many, where there were a number lying panting, and desired them to rise for their own defence. They answered, their hearts were away—they would fight no more, although they should be killed! And then, although they had been both willing and stout, they were unable to resist, for they had casten all their arms from them by the way.”

In such a state of things we must acknowledge that no further defence could well be made. But on the other hand, it cannot be denied, even by the most strenuous vindicator or representative of the good men of Perth, that no greater contrast could

* It is printed in ‘Montrose and the Covenanters,’ vol. ii. p. 306—313.

well be imagined than between the hardy Highlanders whom Montrose commanded and the stall-fed "panting" burghers of the plains.

But few days were allowed Montrose to reap the fruits of Tippermuir. His Highlanders were returning home in great numbers to see their families or secure their spoil: a kind of desertion which re-occurred after every victory. It was useless to refuse leave to those who were determined to take it; and thus it happened that Montrose's armies were frequently as much diminished by success as other armies by disaster. At this period also another tragical cause concurred to the same end. One of the bravest chiefs at Tippermuir, the Lord Kilpont, was stabbed to the heart in sudden passion by one of his retainers, Stewart of Ardvairlich. The assassin, or, as his own descendant more politely terms him, "the unlucky cause of the slaughter of Lord Kilpont,"* immediately fled, killing a sentinel who attempted to detain him, escaped pursuit under cover of a thick mist, and joined the Covenanters, by whom—surely much to their discredit—he was well received and afterwards promoted. Kilpont's followers, on the other hand, returned home to attend his obsequies, or rather because his death had broken the main link that bound them to Montrose. This story, once obscure and well nigh forgotten, has now become enshrined, under the names of Lord Menteith and Allan M'Aulay, in its admirable adaptation—for it can scarcely be called fiction—by Sir Walter Scott.

With an army thus diminished, Montrose could not pretend to maintain Perth against the forces of Argyle. He resolved, however, to convert retreat into aggression by turning his arms to Aberdeenshire, and calling the gallant Gordons to his standard. Rapid and unforeseen as was his march through Angus and the Mearns, he was joined on the way by several gentlemen and their retainers on horseback,—above all, by the veteran Earl of Airlie and his two younger sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvie. It was, however, with less than two thousand men that Montrose appeared upon the banks of the Dee. He found in front of him an unexpected enemy. Lord Lewis Gordon, a

* Letter from Robert Stewart, Esq., of Ardvairlich, to Sir Walter Scott, dated June 15, 1830, and printed in the revised edition of the 'Legend of Montrose.'

brave but hair-brained and wilful young man, had espoused a different party from his father's, and raised some of his father's vassals against the Royal cause. With these he had joined Lord Burleigh, the Covenanting general, close to Aberdeen, the whole force being upwards of two thousand five hundred men. Montrose, however, attacked them without hesitation on the 13th of September, and completely routed them: He was no longer without artillery, having with him the guns which he took at Tippermuir, and it is said that the novelty of his tactics—mingling musketeers and bowmen with his handful of horse—mainly tended to the success of the day. In the thickest of the fight his voice was heard—"We do no good at a distance—give them the broad-sword and butt-end of your muskets—spare them not, and make them pay for their treachery and treason!" Nor were the troops less animated by the gaiety and gallantry of a common Irish soldier, who, when his leg was shot off, was heard exclaiming, "Sure, this bodes me promotion, for now that I cannot walk, my Lord Marquis must make me a cavalry-man!"

As Perth had been the prize of Tippermuir, so was Aberdeen of this battle. The vanquished troops were pursued to and through the streets of the town, which, thus taken as it were by storm, suffered cruelly from the excesses of the Irish. It is said that they cut down without mercy all those whom they found in the streets, and in some cases coolly bid the victim first strip himself of his clothes lest they should be soiled by his blood! It may be urged as some slight palliation, that the soldiery were incensed by a recent act of perfidy, since a drummer with a flag of truce, sent that very morning by Montrose, had been killed—whether accidentally, as the Covenanters alleged after their defeat, or by design. Nor, in justice to Montrose, should we forget how difficult it seems to restrain troops from bloodshed when flushed with recent conflict, or from pillage where no regular pay can be provided. Yet undoubtedly the people of Aberdeen had a claim on every possible exertion of Montrose for their rescue, since he had before entered their walls in the service of the Covenant, and had then dealt hardly with them for their devotion to the Royal cause:—

"These things done," continues honest Spalding, "the Lieutenant (Montrose) stays Saturday all night in Skipper Anderson's house; the

cruel Irish still killing and robbing. Sunday all day he stays, but neither preaching nor praying was in any of the Aberdeens, because the Ministers through guiltiness of their conscience had fled. The Lieutenant was clad in coat and *trews* as the Irish was clad. Every one had in his cap or bonnet a *rip* of oats, which was his sign. Our town people began to wear the like in their bonnets, but it was little safeguard to us, albeit we used the same for a protection. On Monday, the soldiers who had bidden behind, rifling and spoiling both Aberdeens, were now charged by *touk* of drum to remove and follow the camp under the pain of death.”*

The fears of the Government at Edinburgh were by this time thoroughly roused. Their general in England, the veteran Earl of Leven, who was now besieging Newcastle, sent home a division of his army, under the Earl of Callender: while they themselves despatched the Earl of Lothian with a large body of horse to the assistance of Argyle. Thus reinforced, Argyle put forth a proclamation denouncing the King's Lieutenant as a traitor to religion, King, and country, and promising a reward of 20,000*l.* to any one who should bring him in—dead or alive. Argyle was still following Montrose, though at “a judicious distance,” as Mr. Laing expresses it, and on the approach of his army to Aberdeen, the King's Lieutenant found it necessary to fall back. Unlike his rival, Montrose had no supplies or reinforcements to expect from the south, and such was his inferiority of numbers, that he could only hope to counterbalance it by the most extraordinary skill in his manœuvres and celerity in his marches. On retreating from Aberdeen he destroyed his heavy baggage, concealed in a morass the guns of Tippermuir, and proceeded up the Spey, hoping still to raise the gentlemen of the name of Gordon, but he found them resentful of his former campaign against them in the service of the Covenant. Thus disappointed, he struck into the wilds of Badenoch, and thence into Athol, always pursued but never overtaken by Argyle. More than once in this rapid series of marches and counter-marches he darted back towards Aberdeenshire, yet clinging but in vain to the hope of Gordon aid. “You heard what followed?” writes Baillie to Spang (April 25, 1645), after noticing the battle of the Bridge of the Dee. “That strange coursing, as I remember thrice, round about from Spey to Athol, wherein Argyle's and Lothian's

* History of the Troubles, vol. ii. p. 266.

soldiers were tired out ; and the country harassed by both, and no less by friends than foes, did nothing for their own defence."

On one occasion, however, Montrose being then at the Castle of Fyvie, he was almost surrounded and overpowered by the troops of Argyle and Lothian. Already were the enemy creeping up the fences and ditches which flanked the high-ground of his position ; already at this critical moment had his single company of Gordons gone over ; already might he read anxiety and apprehension on every face around him. In such trying circumstances Montrose affected an unconcern which he was far from feeling. "Come, O'Kyan, what are you about?" he called to a young officer, "cannot you drive these troublesome fellows from our defences, and see that they do not disturb us again?" This tone of alacrity was answered by a bold rush on the assailants. They were driven headlong down the hill, Montrose himself leading his horsemen in a subsequent charge ; and it deserves remark as a proof of the spirit with which the Great Marquis could animate his men, that when on this occasion the Irish found some bags of gunpowder which the Covenanters had left behind, and which the Royalists were much in need of, they loudly complained, as of a shameful neglect, that "the rascals have forgotten to leave the bullets with the powder !"

To these marches of Montrose—marches so rapid and repeated, and over summits now beginning to be white with winter snows—the strength of some of his Lowland followers, and the spirit of more, proved unequal. By degrees they dropped from his ranks, promising, however, and perhaps intending, to return next spring. Even Colonel Sibbald, one of his trusty companions from Cumberland, thus forsook him ; the other, Sir William Rollock, had been some time before despatched with letters to the King. But amidst every defection the veteran Earl of Airlie and his two gallant sons would never quit the Standard. In revenge for their indomitable loyalty, Argyle had some years back laid waste their estate and burned their mansion, on the river Isla. An historian might perhaps have overlooked this private family feud. But—

"When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's 'plaint prolongs the dubious date"—

and thus the lament for "the bonnie house of Airlie" lives to this day in Scottish song.

Argyle himself was scarcely less harassed by pursuing than the Lowland gentlemen by being pursued. He went to Edinburgh and flung up his commission as general, complaining that he had not been sufficiently supported. It seemed to him that Montrose had taken up winter-quarters, and must remain cooped up in his narrow mountain-track until the return of spring.

Far different was the design of the Great Marquis. He had lately sent Colkitto on a kind of recruiting expedition, to attempt to raise the clans in his name and the King's; and Colkitto now returned to Blair of Athol, bringing with him the captain of Clanranald and his men, the Macdonalds of Keppoch and Glengarry, the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appin—clans which caught the spirit of Montrose, and which even a century from his time were still conspicuous for their devotion to the Stuart cause. With numbers thus augmented, Montrose resolved to carry the war unexpectedly into Argyle's own strongholds. "But how shall we find a track," he asked, "or how obtain subsistence at this season?"—A soldier of Glencoe started up: "There is not a farm," he cried, "or half a farm, under *Mac-callummure*, but I know every foot of it; and if good water, tight houses, and fat cows will do for you, there is plenty to be had!"

It was the spirit of revenge—revenge both personal and hereditary—which on this occasion nerved the arm and winged the steps of Montrose. For several generations had the Houses of Campbell and Graham stood in rivalry; the former obtaining the larger, and, as the latter deemed, an undue share in the Royal favours. Montrose himself had ever found Argyle in his path—as a rival when in the service of the Covenant, as an enemy when in the service of the Crown. Still greater, if possible, was the contrast in their characters. Argyle's was the very opposite of the fiery ardour, the chivalrous daring which shone forth in Montrose. Caution, prudence, and dissimulation were his prevailing qualities. Another Drances:

"Largus opum, et linguâ melior, sed frigida bello
Dextera."

Not that we would impute want of courage to one whose closing

scene was so much marked by composure and firmness ; but his courage was without enterprise, it was merely defensive ; it was something like the courage of the stag, after long pursuit, when he can run no further and is brought to bay in his lair. He was much revered by his own race, whose power and influence, great as it was already, he had greatly augmented ; but in the same proportion was he dreaded and disliked by other clans. Besides his patronymic of *Maccallummor* (or son of Colin the Great), which he bore as chief of the Campbells, he was known in the Highlands by the nickname of *Grumach* (or the Grim), having a cast in his eye and a sinister expression of countenance.

It was a saying of this powerful and politic chief that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any one knew the passes which led into his country from the east. Wholly unsuspecting of danger, he was residing at Inverary, when towards the middle of December his affrighted shepherds and herdsmen came rushing in from the mountains with news that Montrose and his followers had crossed over near the sources of the Tay, and were already close at hand. Argyle hastily embarked in a fishing-boat and fled, leaving his country to its fate. That fate was cruel indeed. The herds and flocks were driven away, the cottages were set on fire, the male inhabitants fit for arms were put to the sword—severities which the thirst of feudal vengeance may explain, but in no degree excuse.

In this emergency Argyle summoned to his aid his kinsman, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, a stout soldier, who was then commanding a regiment in Ireland. He also obtained some levies from the north and some battalions from the Lowlands ; and by these means mustered a force of three thousand men at the old castle of Inverlochy, near the place where now Fort William stands. On the other hand General Baillie, who had succeeded to the commission which Argyle resigned, had brought together a still larger force at Inverness. The object of the two commanders was to surround and overpower Montrose, who on his part perceived that his sole chance of safety lay in forestalling their movements and dealing a heavy blow on Argyle before fresh Highland reinforcements should arrive.

“My design,” such are Montrose’s own words in his letter to the King (Feb. 3, 1645), “was to fall upon Argyle before Seaforth and

the Frasers could join him. My march was through inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guides but cowherds, and they scarce acquainted with a place but six miles from their own habitations. If I had been attacked but with a hundred men in some of these passes, I must have certainly returned back, for it would have been impossible to force my way, most of the passes being so strait that three men could not march abreast. But I was willing to let the world see that Argyle was not the man his Highlandmen believed him to be, and that it was possible to beat him in his own Highlands. The difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber mountains, which we at last surmounted, and came upon the back of the enemy when they least expected us, having cut off some scouts we met about four miles from Inverlochy."

Another contemporary document, the MS. history of Patrick Gordon of Cluny, thus describes the privations borne upon this march:--

"That day they fought, the general (Montrose) himself and the Earl of Airlie had no more to break their fast before they went to battle but a little meal mixed with cold water, which out of a hollow of a dish they did pick up with their knives; and this was those noblemen's best fare. One may judge what wants the rest of the army must suffer; the most part of them had not tasted bread these two days, marching over high mountains in knee-deep snow, and wading brooks and rivers up to their girdles."*

It was on the 1st of February, 1645, that Montrose thus came in sight of Inverlochy, and prepared to give battle at sunrise the next day. At his approach Argyle, who had lately hurt his arm by a fall from his horse, and wore it in a sling, embarked in his galley, rowed off the shore, and remained at a convenient distance a spectator of the conflict. Yet his numbers were on this occasion considerably superior to his enemy's. From early time the galleys, or *Lymphads*, have been the armorial bearings of the House of Campbell; but surely they were granted or assumed for other feats than these!

The Campbells, though forsaken by their chief, fought most bravely, "as men," says Montrose himself, "that deserved to fight in a better cause;" but, he adds, when it came "to push of pike and dint of sword," they were utterly defeated. Fifteen hundred of them were killed in the battle or pursuit, including Sir Duncan, their leader—"a great slaughter," as Montrose

* Life and Times, p. 532.

declares in his letter to the King next day, "which I would have hindered if possible, that I might save your Majesty's misled subjects, for I well know that your Majesty does not delight in their blood, but in their return to their duty."

At the very time when these joyful tidings were despatched to King Charles, his Majesty, under great discouragements and many heavy losses, was endeavouring, but in vain, to conclude a peace at Uxbridge. Some of his most anxious thoughts at this period turned on his Scottish affairs. On the 30th of January we find him write as follows to Secretary Nicholas:—

"If there be any treaty proposed concerning Scotland, of which I forgot to speak at parting, the answer must be, to demand a passport for a gentleman to go from me to see what state the Marquis of Montrose is in; there being no reason that I should treat blindfold in so important a business, nor without the knowledge of him whom I have now chiefly employed in that kingdom, and who hath undertaken my service there with so much gallantry, when nobody else would."

After the day of Inverlochy, Montrose again turned his arms to Aberdeenshire, where the fame of his recent victory brought at last to his aid the long-desired Gordons. He was joined not only by Huntly's eldest son, Lord Gordon, but by the younger Lord Lewis, the same who had so lately stood in arms against him at the Bridge of Dee. Thus supported, Montrose, whether to retaliate former havoc on the other side, or to strike terror into wavering minds, but in either case with unjustifiable severity, let loose the whole fury of vindictive war on the Aberdeenshire lowlands. Elgin and Banff were given up to pillage; Dunnottar and Stonehaven to the flames. He was already meditating an expedition to the succour of Charles in England, and summoned as he went every loyal Scot from sixteen to sixty to join his standard. Nor did his activity relax even amidst the pressure of the severest family bereavement. His eldest son, Lord Graham, had been for some time with him, but unable at his early age (he was not yet fifteen) to bear the fatigue of such extraordinary marches, he at this period fell sick and died. James his second, and now his only son, was pursuing his studies at Montrose; "a young *bairn* about fourteen years," says Spalding, "learning at the schools attended by his pedagogue in quiet manner." Now, however, a party of Covenanting cavalry, in a spirit of mean

revenge, seized both pedagogue and *bairn*, and carried them off prisoners to Edinburgh, where the boy's kinsmen Napier and Keir were still confined.

The Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, growing more and more alarmed at the present success and the future aspirations of the Great Marquis, felt the necessity of immediate succour to their general Baillie. They sent to his aid a large force of cavalry under Sir John Urrey, a true Captain Dalgetty, who had first joined the Parliament's army, then gone over to Prince Rupert, and been knighted by King Charles; and then after some time rejoined the Covenanters; nor was this, as we shall see hereafter, the last of his transformations. Against such odds Montrose could not pretend to maintain the open country, especially as Lord Lewis Gordon, whether from his own fickle temper or moved by secret instructions from his father, had now again forsaken the Royal Standard; and though Lord Gordon loyally adhered to it, Lewis had been followed by very many gentlemen and retainers of the name. Montrose therefore sent back a large proportion of his force to the mountains; but before joining them with the remainder (less than one thousand men), resolved to strike a blow at Dundee, a town which from the very commencement of the troubles had been most zealous and warm against the Royal cause. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April he appeared before the gates. The place, refusing a summons to surrender, was stormed in three quarters at once: it was reduced before evening; and the troops were already dispersed in quest of plunder, and Montrose, it is said, preparing to fire the town, when he suddenly received news that Baillie and Urrey, having combined their forces sooner than he had expected, were close at hand with four thousand men.

The moment was full of peril. Some persons round the Marquis advised him instantly to make his own escape, and leave his troops to their fate. But throughout his life danger and difficulty were never sources of fear, but rather incentives to Montrose. He drew together his men (some of them already drunk) from their plunder, and began his retreat at sunset in the presence of a far superior force, covering the rear himself with his horse. He sustained some loss in an attack, but that night was in great measure protected by the darkness and by his own

celerity. All next day the pursuit was continued. Next evening, Baillie and Urrey having divided their forces so as to cut off his retreat, he, suddenly altering his line of march at midnight, by a masterly manœuvre slipped between them, and secured himself in the hills. It is said, no doubt with much exaggeration, that his men had marched sixty miles without either refreshment or rest.* Yet still, with every allowance for panegyric, we see no reason for distrusting Dr. Wishart's assurance:—"I have often heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in France and Germany, prefer this march of Montrose to his most celebrated victories."

Of the two generals thus baffled, Baillie now turned his arms to the district of Athol, which he laid waste with fire and sword, according to the cruel but too common practice of that age. Urrey marched northwards, was joined by the garrison of Inverness and the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and then, without awaiting Baillie's co-operation, he sought out Montrose. On the 9th of May they came to battle at the village of Alderne, near Nairn. The Marquis had about three thousand men, but Sir John Urrey at least a thousand more, and Montrose had accordingly been careful to secure the advantage of the ground. On either side of Alderne, which stands upon a height, he had stationed his army in two wings, having neither centre nor reserve, but artfully disguising the defect by showing a few men from behind the houses and inclosures. On the left stood Montrose with the Gordons and the principal force; on the right Colkitto with the Irish, and a few of the Highlanders. But this last being much the strongest quarter, as fortified by dykes and fences, Montrose had there placed the Royal Standard usually carried before himself, hoping that the sight of it would draw the main attack of the enemy upon that impregnable point. Upon the whole, his dispositions that day have been compared to those of Epaminondas at the battle of Leuctra.† Whether they were quite so classical may be questioned; that they were most able and skilful seems clear.

As the Marquis had foreseen, Sir John Urrey directed his

* Hume, 'History of England,' ch. 58. In this he follows Wishart too implicitly.

† Laing, 'History of Scotland,' vol. iii. p. 307. Ed. 1804.

principal attack against the point where he saw the Royal Standard waving; but every onset was repulsed with loss by the Irish muskeeters and Highland bowmen of Colkitto. Unfortunately, however, Colkitto heard some of the enemy, on renewing their charge, taunt him with cowardice for remaining under shelter of the sheepfolds. His Irish blood caught fire; he forgot his instructions; and he sallied forth into the open ground, where his troops were almost immediately thrown into disorder. Just then, as Montrose was preparing to join battle with the other wing, an officer hastened up and whispered in his ear that Colkitto was entirely defeated. Even a hero might have been forgiven a moment's faltering; but that moment's faltering might have lost the day. Montrose, never losing his presence of mind, immediately turned round to Lord Gordon with a cheerful countenance. "What are we about?" he called out. "Here is Macdonald carrying all before him on the left, and if we do not make haste he will leave us nothing to do! Charge!" And at his voice the Gordon chivalry, afraid—it was the only fear they could know—of being forestalled in the conflict, poured headlong down the hill, and fiercely charged the enemy. The new levies of Urrey fled at once; but his veteran foot stood firm, and were nearly all cut to pieces, for in these fierce conflicts quarter was seldom asked and seldom given. Thus successful on the right, Montrose was enabled to turn to his left wing, where Colkitto had been driven back to his inclosures, and was hard pressed by the enemy. There, too, the Covenanters being routed on Montrose's approach, the victory of the Royalists was decided and complete.

In this engagement the bravery of the Master of Napier, a youth of twenty, son of the Lord of that name, and of Montrose's sister, was most conspicuous. He had recently escaped from his confinement at Edinburgh, full of ardour, thus early gratified, to partake in the exploits of Montrose.

At the time of the battle of Alderney, General Baillie had been marching to the succour of Urrey. He was now joined by that officer with the shattered remnant of the beaten army, but wisely determined to avoid what he found Montrose desire—the hazard of another battle. It needed some time and stratagem on the part of the Great Marquis to bring him to action; at last,

on the 2nd of July, they engaged at Alford upon the river Don. The result was another brilliant victory to the Royalists, which, however, was embittered by the fall of the gallant Lord Gordon, mortally wounded in the thickest of the fight.

Thus in six well-disputed conflicts against superior armies, and before the close of a single year—at Tippermuir—at the Bridge of Dee—at the Castle of Fyvie—at Inverlochy—at Aulderne—and at Alford—had the Royal cause and the genius of Montrose prevailed. Over all the Highlands was now his ascendancy acknowledged. The *Lymphads*, that Campbell ensign, sunk down, while high above them waved, bright with recent victory, the banner of the three Escallop Shells on a Chief Sable,—the armorial shield of the Grahams. How many a loyal heart in England may then have thrilled with the hope of such chivalrous aid!

“There’s Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes,
 There’s Erin’s high Ormonde and Scotland’s Montrose;

 Then tell these bold traitors of proud London town,
 That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown!”

But, alas! at this very period, within a few days of the time when Alford field was fought—the fatal battle of Naseby dealt a last and decisive blow on Charles’s cause in England!

Far from being disheartened by these tidings, or satisfied with his mountain dominion, Montrose undertook without delay to invade and reduce the Lowlands. For this purpose it became requisite to have a more complete gathering of the clans; nor did they shrink from joining a leader already so far successful in a most unequal contest, and recommended by such a train of victories. For the first time Montrose saw himself at the head of six thousand men. With these he marched to the Forth. On his way through Kinross-shire, his men dismantled and burnt Castle Campbell, a noble antique edifice belonging to the Marquis of Argyll, the ruins of which remain in lonely grandeur to this day. It is said that Montrose was urged to this havoc by the Ogilvies, in retaliation for their “bonnie house of Airlie.” Yet we greatly doubt whether his own animosity against Argyll needed any such incentive.

On the other side the Covenanting chiefs had convened a Par-

liament, not at Edinburgh, but first at Stirling, and then at Perth, on account of a pestilence which was wasting the Lothians. They showed the utmost determination to resist the further progress of Montrose, ordered a levy of men throughout the kingdom, and brought together their whole remaining force for one decisive blow. Notwithstanding their loss in the recent battles, they could still, by leaving no reserve, muster an army of above seven thousand men. The command was, as before, intrusted to General Baillie, but not, as before, with full power, Argyle and other noblemen being appointed a Committee to observe and control his movements. Baillie, as a skilful officer, wished to avoid any immediate action with the Royalists. "If we beat them to the hills," said he, "that will be little advantage to us—and to lose the day will be to lose the kingdom." But he found his more sagacious counsels overruled by his more eager colleagues. It was on the morning of the 15th of August that Montrose came in sight of their array at Kilsyth, a village adjoining the old Roman wall; he having previously forded the Forth about six miles above Stirling, and Baillie having passed by Stirling bridge. From the forward movements of the enemy Montrose perceived at once that they were willing to engage. "The very thing I wanted!" he exclaimed. He bid his men strip to their shirts, either as a sign of their resolution to fight to the death, or merely because, as others say, he wished to disencumber them of all weight; they having to charge up hill at the hottest season of the year. The battle began by an attack of Baillie's vanguard on one of the advanced posts of Montrose; it was repulsed, upon which a thousand of the Highlanders in uncontrollable ardour rushed forward without waiting for orders. Montrose, though displeased at their rashness, saw the necessity of supporting them, and sent forward the Earl of Airlie and a chosen division to their aid. But the conflict speedily spreading, soon resolved itself into a general rush by the Royalists up hill against their wavering antagonists. The savage war-yell of the Highlanders, and their still more savage aspect this day—as dashing forward nearly naked—might have struck dismay into more practised soldiers than any the Covenant could muster. They gave way in confusion, and with little or no quarter from the Royalists, since, by the most moderate computation, not less

than four thousand were slain. Some of the fugitives sought shelter in Stirling Castle; others scattered through the Lowlands. Argyle, who is not mentioned as present in the fight, escaped to the Firth of Forth, where seizing a small vessel, he again betook himself to his favourite element—at least whenever there was no chance of a naval engagement—the water!

The battle of Kilsyth—that last and crowning victory of Montrose—made him for the time master of all Scotland. His troops or his partisans spread over the low country like a torrent, and only the “castled crags”—as Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton—seemed to lift themselves above the general inundation. Argyle and the other leaders of the Covenant fled for safety to Berwick. Montrose himself entered Glasgow in triumph, while young Napier, pushing forwards to Linlithgow and Edinburgh, had the delight of freeing from captivity his father, his wife, his sisters, and his uncle, Stirling of Keir. But Lord Graham, the only surviving son of Montrose, having been removed for greater security to Edinburgh Castle, still remained a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

The clemency and moderation of Montrose in this his hour of triumph may deserve unqualified praise. He was no longer, as in Argyleshire, the chieftain thirsting for vengeance on a rival; he was no longer, as at Aberdeen, the general obliged to connive at pillage in his soldiers because unable to give them pay. No perquisitions were made, no punishments inflicted, no acts of licence allowed. So anxious was Montrose to prevent the smallest outrage from his troops, that on the second day after his own entry into Glasgow he sent them out of the city, and quartered them, under strict discipline, at Bothwell and the neighbouring villages. Many of the King's friends, who had hitherto only looked on and wished him well, now came forward with professions of their constant loyalty and excuses for their past inaction. Nor did there fail to creep forth that numerous class of the attendants upon Fortune—all drawn out by success, as other reptiles by the sunshine.

Up to this time the communications of Montrose with his Royal Master had been but few and far-between—by precarious messengers and most strange disguises. One of these messengers, James Small, had reached him in the garb of a common beggar;

another, Thomas Sydserf, son of the Bishop of Galloway, as a pedlar of Presbyterian tracts! The latter is referred to as follows in the 'Covent Garden Drollery,' printed in 1672:—

“Once like a pedlar they have heard thee brag
How thou didst cheat their sight and save thy *craig*,*
When to the Great Montrose, under pretence
Of godly books, thou brought'st intelligence.”

Now, however, a high officer of state, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, son of the late Primate and himself Secretary for Scotland, was enabled to reach Montrose. He was the bearer of a new commission from Charles, dated at Hereford (June 25th, 1645), and appointing the Marquis Captain-General for Scotland, with extended powers. All possible solemnity was given to this new commission: at a grand review at Bothwell it was first publicly handed to Montrose by Sir Robert Spottiswoode, and then read aloud to the troops by Archibald Primrose, a lawyer of great eminence; at that time Clerk of the Council, but afterwards Sir Archibald and Lord Register, the ancestor of the present Earl of Rosebery. Montrose next addressed his soldiers in a short but earnest speech; and lastly, in virtue of Charles's new powers, he before them all conferred the honour of knighthood on Colkitto—henceforth Sir Allaster Macdonald. A further use of his new powers was the summoning of a Scottish Parliament to meet at Glasgow.

It is remarkable that even at such a crisis Montrose should have found leisure to think of future publications in behalf of the Royal cause. On the 28th of August we find him writing as follows to Drummond of Hawthornden:—

“Being informed that you have written some pieces vindicating monarchy from all aspersions, and another named *Irene*, these are to desire you to repair to our leaguer, bringing with you or sending such papers, that we may give order for putting them to the press, to the contentment of all his Majesty's good subjects. “MONTROSE.”

It had been the anxious wish of Montrose to be joined by the King in Scotland, however much his Majesty's arrival must have lessened his own importance and renown. His report of the battle of Inverlochy thus concludes:—“Only give me leave,

* Neck.

after I have reduced this country to your Majesty's obedience, and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty then as David's general did to his master, 'Come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name.'"—(Feb. 3, 1645.) But ever since the fatal day of Naseby the object had plainly become, not the sharing of Scottish victory, but rather the retrieving of English defeat; and to this object Montrose most earnestly, and with his whole heart, applied himself. He wrote word to the King that were he only supported by a small body of cavalry (in which force he was chiefly deficient), he might hope to march to his Majesty's rescue with 20,000 men. Charles had now but little force of any kind at his disposal; however, he was unwilling to cast away, perhaps, the last chance for the preservation of his Crown. He first designed to join the Marquis in person through the northern counties, but that project failing, he next intrusted Lord Digby with 1500 horse to push onward and attempt to meet Montrose upon the Border.

To the Border accordingly Montrose undertook to march. But the further he moved from the Highlands the less was he supported by the Highlanders. Besides their usual unwillingness to be drawn far beyond the shadow of their native mountains, they had now a special plea for leave of absence; it was harvest time, and every man eager to get in his own little crop of oats. Thus then no sooner had the Marquis announced his march to the southwards than many of the Macdonalds under Sir Allaster, and of the Gordons under Lord Aboyne, asked permission to go home—all faithfully promising, however, to rejoin the Standard as soon as possible. But on the other hand Montrose had reason to expect powerful reinforcements on the Border. There the great House of Buccleuch indeed was adverse, and had contributed a regiment to Lord Leven's army; but the Marquis of Douglas and the Earls of Roxburgh, Home, Traquair, Annandale, and Hartfell, professed their loyal zeal and promised their active aid. It was found, nevertheless, that these noblemen had not so much zeal or so much power, or the Royal cause not so much popularity, as had been expected. The cry might be again in those districts, not for King or Peer, but as after Flodden—

“Up wi' the *souters* of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home!”

To say nothing of the enmity between the neighbouring Border counties, which the same old ballad denotes :—

“Up wi’ the *souters* of Selkirk !
For they are baith trusty and leal ;
Then up wi’ the men of the Forest,
And down wi’ the Merse to the De’il !”

Thus, from one cause or the other, Montrose could only obtain for recruits a few troops of irregular horse—whom Bishop Guthry quaintly designates as the “truthless trained bands !”

The state of Montrose’s affairs at this juncture is well shown in a private letter, which on the 10th of September Sir Robert Spottiswoode addressed to Lord Digby from Kelso.

“We are now arrived *ad columnas Herculis*, to Tweedside, and dispersed all the King’s enemies within this kingdom to several places, some to Ireland, most to Berwick. . . . You little imagine the difficulties my Lord Marquis hath here to wrestle with. The overcoming of the enemy is the least of them—he hath more to do with his seeming friends. Since I came to him (which was but within these ten days, after much toil and hazard) I have seen much of it. He was forced to dismiss his Highlanders for a season, who would needs return home to look to their own affairs. When they were gone Aboyne took a caprice, and had away with him the greatest strength he had of horse. Notwithstanding whereof he resolved to follow his work. . . . Besides he was invited hereunto by the Earls of Roxburgh and Home, who when he was within a dozen miles of them have rendered their houses and themselves to David Leslie, and are carried in as prisoners to Berwick. Traquair has been with him, and he promised more nor [than] he hath yet performed. All these were great disheartenings to any other but to him, whom nothing of this kind can amaze.”

It will be observed from this letter that the Royalists were already informed of the approach of David Leslie. That able and active officer had been summoned in haste on Montrose’s conquest of the Lowlands, and had hurried back to the Tweed with the flower of the Scottish army in England—4000 tried veterans, principally horse. Far inferior as was now Montrose’s army, the Marquis was not unwilling nor unprepared to accept a battle, had Leslie advanced straight against him with that view. But the Covenanting general seemed to prefer a different course ; he marched from Berwick to the Lothians, and appeared

to have for his aim to interpose between Montrose and the Highlands, and cut off the Royalists' retreat. Montrose, therefore, did not imagine that any peril from that quarter could be close at hand.

On the 12th of September, accordingly, the Marquis marched from Kelso and encamped his infantry that evening on a level plain named Philiphaugh, on the left bank of the Ettrick, while he crossed that river with his officers and horsemen to take up quarters in the little town of Selkirk. For the greater part of that night he was occupied with his friends, Lords Napier, Airlie, and Crauford, in framing despatches and reports to the King, which were to be sent off at break of day. But meanwhile General Leslie, after reaching the Lothians, had stopped short at Gladsmuir, and then most unexpectedly turning to the southward, descended the valley of the Gala to Melrose. There, at less than five miles' distance from the Royalist army, he passed the night of the 12th; and it has been justly alleged as a proof how little the Royalist cause found favour in this district, that thus within reach of half an hour's gallop, no tidings whatever should have reached Montrose of his enemy's approach. Early next morning Leslie took advantage of a thick mist which prevailed; forming his troops in two divisions, he silently drew close to Philiphaugh; then furiously charged both flanks of the Royalists at once. It might almost be said that his attack was felt sooner than perceived. At the first tidings Montrose sprung to horse, gathered his small squadron, and darted across the Ettrick to the rescue of his infantry. It is admitted by an historian, far from partial to his fame, that "in this extremity whatever the abilities of the general or the personal valour of the soldier could accomplish was performed by Montrose."* With troops not only far outnumbered, but wholly surprised, he maintained for some time a most unequal conflict; and it was not until he saw his army slain or scattered, and himself left with only Lords Napier and Douglas, and about thirty mounted followers, that he could be prevailed upon to attempt escape. He fled up the vale of the Yarrow, and then crossed over the moors to the vale of the Tweed, reaching at sunset the ancient burgh of Peebles. Next day he was rejoined by about two hundred

* Laing's 'History,' vol. iii. p. 314. Ed. 1804.

of the fugitive horse, including the Earls of Crauford and Airlie; and with these scanty remnants of his host Montrose cut back his way to the Highlands.

The fatal day of Philiphaugh is still recorded in the traditional songs of Selkirkshire. A ballad of more popularity than poetical merit truly describes how Leslie under cover of the darkness crept close to the Royalist ranks :—

“ A cloud o’ mist them weel conceal’d
As close as e’er might be.
When they came to the Shaw *burn*
Said he : ‘ Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient
That we should sing a psalm ! ’ ”

But we must not dissemble the fact, which we learn from a note to the ‘ Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ that another reading of the last line, equally current among the peasantry, considerably modifies the merit of General Leslie’s suggestion :—

“ I think it is convenient
That we should take a dram ! ”

In this rout both the Royal Standards were preserved in a remarkable manner. William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, carried the first; he escaped from the field, and lay for some time concealed upon the Borders, after which he travelled in disguise to the Highlands, and restored his charge to Montrose. The second Standard was saved by a brave Irish soldier, who, seeing the battle lost, slipped it from its staff, and wrapped it round his body as a shroud, and then forced his way, sword in hand, through the enemy.

The victors of Philiphaugh showed no mercy to the vanquished. Of the common prisoners, many were drawn up in the court-yard of Newark Castle, on Yarrow, and shot dead in cold blood. Their bodies were then interred in haste, and with little ceremony, in a neighbouring spot, still known by the name of the “ Slain-Men’s-Lee.” “ The ground,” thus wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1829, “ being about twenty years since opened for the foundation of a school-house, the bones and skulls, which were dug up in great quantity, plainly showed the truth of the country

tradition.”* The captives of higher rank were carefully reserved, not in compassion, but for the form of a public trial, and the pageant of a public execution. Thus perished at Edinburgh and at Glasgow—Sir William Rollock and Sir William Nesbit ; the Irish officers, O’Kyan and Lauchlin ; the Secretary of State, Sir Robert Spottiswoode (for even statesmen and judges were not spared) ; Guthry, son of the Bishop of Moray ; and Murray, brother of the Earl of Tullibardine. Lord Ogilvie escaped in the disguise of his sister’s clothes, and Archibald Primrose was saved (so says the family tradition) by the personal friendship of Argyle.

During this time Montrose was returned to his first recruiting-ground of Athol, and in bitter anguish for the impending fate of his friends, applied himself to raise another army for their rescue. The Athol men and some few of the Highlanders readily joined him ; but the leader of the Macdonalds, Sir Allaster, who had now tasted the sweets of independent command, found pleas for remaining absent from the Standard. Thus also the head of the Gordons, the Marquis of Huntly, who had at last emerged from his concealment in Sutherland and Caithness, showed himself most jealous and untoward. In spite of every discouragement, however, the month of October had not passed ere Montrose appeared at the head of fifteen hundred men before Glasgow, where Sir Robert Spottiswoode and other of the principal prisoners were then confined. He trusted to be able to strike some blow for their deliverance, by drawing forth David Leslie to action from the walls. But that skilful General forbore from giving him the desired opportunity, and Montrose found it necessary to withdraw, leaving the captives to their doom. General Middleton, a soldier of fortune, was afterwards sent against him with some troops, and the mountain-warfare continued, but on a far lesser scale and more desultory manner than before. Montrose lost his kinsman and earliest friend, Lord Napier, who had shared in the flight from Philiphaugh, but who, unable at his advanced age to sustain such toilsome marches, fell sick and died at Fincastle, in Athol. On the other hand, the Marquis obtained the co-operation of his former antagonist at Aulderne, Sir John Urry, who, upon some disgust from the Covenanters, veered back to the Royal cause.

* Tales of a Grandfather, second series, vol. i. p. 284. Ed. 1829.

The termination to this fierce and long-protracted mountain-warfare came at last, from the turn of affairs in England. Charles had no army left to take the field in the spring, and passed the winter at Oxford, with no better prospect before him than to find himself encompassed and beleaguered in its walls. Under these circumstances he adopted the rash, and, as it proved, fatal resolution to join the Scottish troops, then encamped before Newark, and to trust to their sentiments of loyalty and honour. But even the first hour of his arrival amongst them might convince the King that he had leaned upon a broken reed. Sir James Turner, who was present, thus describes the scene :—

“ In the summer (May, 1646) he (the King) cast himself in the Scots’ arms at Newark. There did Earl Lothian, as President of the Committee, to his eternal reproach, imperiously require his Majesty, before he had either drank, refreshed, or reposed himself, to command my Lord Bellasis to deliver up Newark to the Parliament’s forces, and James Graham—for so he called Great Montrose—to lay down arms, all which the King stoutly refused, telling him that he who had made him an Earl, had made James Graham a Marquis !” *

The Scottish leaders, with a view of better securing the person of their visitor, or, as they had resolved to consider him, their captive, immediately marched back with him from Newark to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they began their negotiations for selling him to the Parliament of England. Ere long the unhappy monarch found himself compelled to send orders for surrendering the towns and castles which still adhered to him, and instruct Montrose to disband his forces and retire into France. Montrose, seeing that the command was plainly an extorted one, at first hesitated ; but when it was renewed, and when he found that his refusal might endanger the Royal Person, he prepared to obey. To settle the terms, he held a conference with General Middleton in the open air, near the river Isla, each with only a single attendant to hold his horse. It was agreed (Middleton granting far milder terms than the Convention of Estates approved) that the Earl of Airlie and other friends and followers of Montrose should retain their lives and property, just as if they had not engaged with him, while he and Sir John Urrey were to be allowed only safe transportation beyond sea.

* Memoirs, p. 41.

On the 30th of July, accordingly, Montrose having assembled at Rattray the melancholy remains of his army, dismissed them in the King's name, and affectionately bade them farewell. Their sorrow was deep and sincere. Some fell on their knees, and with tears besought that they might follow him wherever he went. Here, too, he parted from his constant friend, the brave old Earl of Airlie, who left him only at his own request, and who had to mourn the loss of a gallant son in the Royal cause—Sir Thomas Ogilvie, slain at Inverlochy.

The Marquis, accompanied by Sir John Urrey and a few others, next repaired to his house at Old Montrose, and held himself ready for embarkation. But he would not trust the good faith of the Committee of Estates so far as to enter the vessel which, according to the treaty, they were bound to provide. He hired on his own account a small pinnace belonging to Bergen, in Norway; and when it had already put out to sea, joined it secretly in a fly-boat. On this occasion, and during the voyage, he was disguised as the servant of the Reverend James Wood, one of his chaplains—thus leaving Scotland as he had entered it, in a menial dress.

The life of Montrose in his banishment was the usual life of exiles—an ever-new succession of schemes and projects for return, confident predictions of success, and eager applications for aid—all ending alike in that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Surely no Highland steep which the hero had ever climbed was so toilsome as that ascent of the stranger's stairs!

“Tu proverai sì
 com' è duro calle
 Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale!”

Montrose repaired to Paris (as the King had desired him) to receive instructions from the Queen Henrietta Maria, but found Her Majesty wholly governed by her favourite, Lord Jermyn, and jealous of all other counsels. On the other hand, however, it seems not improbable that, as Clarendon alleges, Montrose may have shown at Paris a too haughty consciousness of his own great exploits. To make them more fully and generally known, his chaplain, Dr. George Wishart, published in 1647 a narrative of them in the Latin language, with the title *De Rebus sub im-*

*perio Illustrissimi Jacobi Montis Rosarum Marchionis praeclare gestis, Commentarius**—an eloquent work, but not free from large amplifications.

Whatever the cause, and whosoever's the fault, it is certain that the various proposals which from time to time Montrose made to the Queen for attempting the deliverance of his Royal Master, were coldly received, and ere long laid aside. Nor could Montrose, on any other point, approve the course of conduct pursued at Paris. A project being on foot to obtain for his niece, Lillas Napier, some place at Court, he writes thus (July 26, 1647) to Stirling of Keir :—

“As for that which you spoke long ago concerning Lillas, I have been thinking, but to no purpose, for there is neither Scotsman nor woman welcome that way, neither would any of honour and virtue, chiefly a woman, suffer themselves to live in so lewd and worthless a place.”

It is not clear, however, from this passage to which Court Montrose refers—whether to the Court of Anne of Austria or to that of Henrietta Maria.

During the stay of Montrose at Paris, he met with many tokens of respect from the most eminent French statesmen. Cardinal de Retz, in a remarkable passage of his *Memoirs*, speaks of him as the only man who had ever reminded him of the heroes described by Plutarch—a strong expression from the friend of Turenne and Condé! Cardinal Mazarin made anxious endeavours to enlist for France a chief of so much fame, offering that he should be General of the Scots in France, and Lieutenant-General in the French army whenever he joined it, with a promise of other places and pensions hereafter. But Montrose thought any rank below that of Field-Marshal inferior to his merit and renown; and above all, he was unwilling to enter into any engagement which might clash with his service (whenever it might be called for) to his own King. Having accordingly refused the offer, he in March, 1648, quitted Paris, and proceeded through Geneva into Germany. At Prague he saw the Emperor Ferdinand, who received him most graciously, granted

* The inscription on the tomb of Dr. G. Wishart (who became Bishop of Edinburgh after the Restoration) in Holyrood Chapel, concludes with these lines, as we copied them in October, 1846 :—

“Gestaque Mont-Rosei Latio celebrata cothurno,
Quantula, proh, tanti sunt monumenta viri!”

him the patent of a Field-Marshal of the Empire, and also appointed him to the command (immediately under the Emperor himself) of levies to be raised on the borders of the Spanish Netherlands. To avoid the hostile armies then in the field, the Marquis took his further route circuitously through Dantzic and Copenhagen, where he was honourably entertained by his Danish Majesty, and from whence he repaired by Groningen to Brussels.

But, whatever his wanderings, whatever his vicissitudes, Montrose never lost sight of his first object—another attempt, whenever possible, to restore the Royal cause in Scotland. There is still extant, in the Montrose Charter-Chest, his Key for secret correspondence with his friends at home, bearing the date of this very year, 1648. This paper gives covert names to be used instead of the real ones; and is still remarkable, as showing Montrose's view of several characters. For his own he adopts, not unaptly, the words *Venture Fair*. The Earl of Lanerick becomes *Peter-a-Packs* (a juggler). The Earl of Roxburgh, whom Montrose suspected of double dealing with David Leslie, is designated *The Fox*; David Leslie himself is called *The Executioner*, from his cruelties after the day of Philiphaugh. The Marquis of Huntly is called *The Moor-game*, from his having lurked so long in the northern hills. *The Water-Fowl* might have seemed a tempting nick-name for the Marquis of Argyle; but Montrose is content with *Ruling Elder*, or *the Merchant of Middleburgh*.

It was about this period in his life that Montrose appears to have composed his 'Love Song' to some fair one whose name is not now recorded. This piece of poetry, first published in 1711, is of great length and very unequal merit; we shall only quote from it three stanzas, which Mrs. Arkwright has set to music with her usual exquisite taste and skill:—

“ My dear and only love, I pray
 This noble world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy.
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I 'll never love thee more.

“ Like Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
 My heart shall evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who puts it not unto the touch
 To win or lose it all !

“ But if thou wilt be constant then,
 And faithful of thy word,
 I ’ll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I ’ll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I ’ll dress and crown thee all with bays,
 And love thee evermore.”

We had promised that we would confine ourselves to these three stanzas, yet we cannot forbear the pleasure of transcribing one more, which appears to us fraught with singular beauty and feeling :—

“ The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung—
 A simple heart, a single eye,
 A true and constant tongue :
 Let no man for more love pretend
 Than he has heart in store,
 True love begun shall never end—
 Love one, and love no more !”

We are much surprised how Mr. Napier can think—or expect any reader of taste to think with him—that these fine stanzas are only a political allegory, and denote Montrose’s “ love for his Royal Master, and his anxiety to save him from evil counsellors !” * Such a notion may, we think, be consigned to the same Limbo with that of the Italian commentators who in Dante’s impassioned allusions to his long-lost Beatrice can see nothing but a personification of school-theology !

There is another song which we earnestly commend to Mrs. Arkwright’s attention ; it is not certainly known to be Montrose’s, nor does Mr. Napier notice it ; indeed it has been ascribed

* Life, &c., p. 426

to Mr. Graham of Gartmore. "But Sir Walter Scott," says the last editor of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,'* "told me he believed these verses to have been the composition of a nobler Graham—the Great Marquis of Montrose." We cannot tell on what proof Sir Walter relied, but the resemblance in style and manner appears to us very strong. Of this, however, our readers shall judge for themselves:—

"If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears from me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eyes
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!

"If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that none can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!

"But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow,
No maiden lays her skaith to me—
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing.
Oh, tell me how to woo!
Oh, tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh, tell me how to woo!"

Reverting from the subject of these songs, and rejecting, as we must, Mr. Napier's explanation of the former, we will take the opportunity of dealing with another explanation on a different

* Vol. iii. p. 315. Ed. 1833.

matter by Bishop Burnet, which seems to us equally groundless, and far less innocent. The Bishop states in a passage of his History which was suppressed in the former editions, but which has been more recently made public :—

“ The Queen Mother (Henrietta Maria) hated Montrose mortally ; she heard that he had talked very indecently of her favours to him, which she herself told the Lady Susan Hamilton, a daughter of Duke Hamilton, from whom I had it. So she sent him word to leave Paris (in March, 1648), and she would see him no more. He (then) wandered about the Courts of Germany.”*

It might be sufficient, in refutation of this story, to allege the devoted loyalty and the chivalrous temper of Montrose. But it is decisively disproved by the tenor of the Queen’s own letters to the Marquis of a later date, as still preserved in the family Charter-Chest. Thus, on the 22nd July, 1649, her Majesty writes :—

“ I receive (your assurances) with great satisfaction, having that esteem for you which can never diminish, but which I shall cherish in whatever fortune may befall me, and must claim from you a reciprocal esteem for myself.”

Montrose was at Brussels when the execution of King Charles was made known to him. In this age of less keen political contentions, and we may add of more languid political attachments, we can scarcely credit the extremity of grief and anguish which this fatal intelligence produced in many minds. We are half inclined to doubt and cavil when told, on whatever high authority, that some persons fell into convulsions, or sunk into such a melancholy as attended them to the grave ; while others, as is reported, suddenly fell down dead. Montrose himself, as his chaplain assures us, swooned away at the news, and was confined to his chamber for two days. He then came forth with some lines of poetry, still preserved, in which a vigorous thought is seen to struggle through a rugged versification, and of which the three first words—GREAT, GOOD, AND JUST—denote his opinion of his murdered sovereign.

With such feelings strong in his mind, Montrose immediately tendered his allegiance to Charles II., and in the course of the next month joined the young King at the Hague. Ere long

* Oxford ed., vol. i. p. 97.

commissioners also arrived at that place from Scotland, acknowledging the right of succession, and offering to call his Majesty to the throne ; but on very hard conditions—requiring him to adopt both the Covenants—to put down any other form of religion—and to banish from his presence all *Malignants*—by which term they meant the true Royalists, and amongst whom they especially named Montrose. Charles, in the extremity to which his fortunes were reduced, would not refuse, nor yet, where such sacrifices were demanded, would he accept, these propositions. He resolved to keep the commissioners in play : proceeded first to Brussels, and thence to Paris, on the plea of consulting the Queen Mother—and meanwhile gave private instructions to Montrose to raise what forces he could abroad, and with them attempt a landing in Scotland. His object, which certainly showed no nice sense of political integrity, was, if Montrose should succeed, to profit by that success—or, if Montrose should fail, then to disavow him, and conclude his own treaty with the Covenanted chiefs.

Whatever may be thought of the part of Charles in these transactions, Montrose's at least was straightforward, plain, and clear. He had counselled the King to reject at once these ignominious terms. He had taken no share in the underhand negotiations which ensued. He had looked to his Royal Master, and to his Royal Master alone. But when he received that Master's command to try a descent on Scotland, he displayed the ready obedience which every subject ought, and the dauntless energy which only a hero could. He immediately repaired to the Courts of Denmark and Sweden, from both of which, but chiefly from Queen Christina—an admirer of romantic enterprises and adventurous characters—he received much encouragement, with a few stands of arms and a little money. With this he hired some ships and enlisted some German mercenaries ; while the fame of his exploits drew around him not a few of the exiled Royalists, as Sir John Urrey, and, above all, the Scots.

We need scarcely perhaps pause to mention that while the Marquis was still at the Hague, Dorislaus, an agent of the Parliament in that country, was basely murdered by several Scottish gentlemen in exile, most of them, as Clarendon states, retainers of Montrose. In more modern times Montrose himself

has been suspected of participation in that crime ; a charge for which there is no evidence, and against which, as we conceive, there is every presumption.

According to Hume, Montrose, after he had left the Hague, “hastened his enterprise, lest the King’s agreement with the Scots should make him revoke his commission.” But the papers in the Montrose Charter-Chest prove that the Marquis had not the smallest reason to expect any revocation. On the 12th of January, 1650, Charles sent him the George and Riband of the Garter, with letters patent, couched in terms of the highest praise. On the same day his Majesty writes—“I conjure you not to take alarm at any reports or messages from others, but to depend upon my kindness, and to proceed in your business with your usual courage and alacrity.” And, on the 15th of April, when Montrose was already in Scotland, and the King at Breda, coming to a treaty with the Covenanters, he uses these words to Lord Napier, who had remained at Hamburgh to enlist more troops, “I pray continue your assistance to the Marquis of Montrose.”

Thus it was that early in the year 1650—almost immediately, it would seem, after receiving the King’s orders of the 12th of January*—Montrose set sail from Gottenburg, and steered to the Orkneys. Even at the outset of his enterprise he sustained no slight disaster, since two of his vessels, with about one-third of his force on board, perished by shipwreck. At the Orkneys he levied a few hundred of the islanders ; but, remote as they were, and slightly disturbed as they had been, from the civil wars which wasted the main land, they appeared both unwarlike and unwilling. The whole force of Montrose, though motley and ill-compact, was very far from numerous, not exceeding, with every addition, twelve or fourteen hundred men. Still, however, resolved to try his fortune, he embarked, and once more set foot on the continent of Scotland at nearly its furthest point, on the coast of Caithness. Here he called the people to

* On December 15, 1649, Montrose wrote to Lord Seaforth from Gottenburg, as “being to sett sayle to-morrow for Scotland,” but he appears to have postponed his voyage on purpose probably to await the King’s final commands.—See Montrose’s letters to Lord Seaforth in the Appendix (p. 441) to the translation of Dr. Wishart’s narrative, published in 1819, under the title of ‘Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose.’

arms, and unfurled three standards, two for the King and one for himself. The first of the Royal banners was of black, and represented the bleeding head of Charles I. on the block, with the inscription, JUDGE AND AVENGE MY CAUSE, O LORD! The second bore the Royal Arms, and the motto, QUOS PIETAS VIRTUS ET HONOR FECIT AMICOS. And on Montrose's own banner appeared the words, NIL MEDIUM.

Montrose had expected the people of Caithness and Sutherland to join his standard, but found that for the most part they fled at his approach. Like the Orkneymen, they had hitherto taken little share and felt small concern in the civil wars, and the greatest of their feudal chiefs, the Earl of Sutherland, was now on the side of the ruling powers; besides which, they might remember the former excesses of Montrose's army, or dread the unwonted aspect of foreign troops. Still undaunted, the Marquis pursued his march along the eastern coast. He passed by the range of hills in sight of Dunrobin Castle, which was garrisoned for the Earl of Sutherland, but avoided any nearer approach, though a few of his soldiers, who incautiously came within range of the castle guns, were made prisoners. From thence, passing with his forces up Strathfleet, he turned into the interior of the country. His progress in these desert regions has been well described in a MS. Memoir on the District of Assynt, drawn up by Mr. George Taylor, of Golspie, from still subsisting records and traditions. We owe the communication of this interesting document, from which we shall make several extracts, to the courtesy of the Duke of Sutherland, and to the friendship of his brother, Lord Francis Egerton, whom now we are happy to hail as Earl of Ellesmere:—

“The beautiful Highland valley of the Fleet,” says Mr. Taylor, “being then destitute of roads, the picturesque and formidable appearance of a great body of armed men winding along its steep sides, and the difficulty of marching through narrow defiles and over rocky passes, made a deep impression on the inhabitants, who, for a long period afterwards, talked extravagantly of the flaunting display of the several banners, of the full sonorous notes of the trumpet, and of the martial appearance of a body of troopers seated in the high-bowed and antique war-saddles of the period.”

The news of Montrose's approach struck a terror at Edinburgh

more commensurate to his past renown than to his present strength; it could scarcely have been greater had the hero been already at their walls. Colonel Strachan, an officer of some note, was sent forward in all haste with a body of horse; and whatever army could be drawn together followed, under General Leslie. Strachan found the Royalists advanced to the borders of Ross-shire, and unable, from their almost entire want of light cavalry, to obtain any tidings of his movements. Thus he could, undiscovered, lay an ambuscade for them at the pass of Corbiesdale, on the river Kyle; where, accordingly, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of April, Montrose suddenly saw his enemy issue forth, close at hand, in three divisions. He beat back the first, but was instantly assailed again by Strachan at the head of the second. Then did his motley force resolve itself, as it were, into its first elements. The unwarlike Orkney men threw down their arms, and the Germans, retiring to a wood, made a more methodical but scarcely less rapid surrender; while Montrose's few Scottish followers fought with a spirit like his own. Some of his bravest officers, as young Menzies, were slain by his side; others, as Sir John Urrey and Lord Frendraught, were made prisoners; and the rout became complete. The Great Marquis himself received more than one wound, and his horse was killed under him. Seeing the day irretrievably lost, he fled from the field, in company with the Earl of Kinnoul, having flung aside his cloak, on which was embroidered the star of his newly-gained Garter, and which, with his George, was afterwards found hidden at the root of a tree, and carried in triumph to Edinburgh. He escaped into the wild mountain district of Assynt; and his further adventures, hitherto but slightly known, will appear from the following extract of the MS. Memoir which we have already quoted:—

“The wanderings of the unfortunate Marquis after his flight from the field of his defeat, and the incidents attendant on his capture in Assynt, and on his removal out of the county, have been, in several particulars, imperfectly stated in the accounts of his life hitherto published. Without singling out these omissions and inaccuracies, the following details convey such information as is considered to be correct, and which, in part, is not generally known, connected with the reverses that befel that intrepid leader after his defeat, until he was conducted out of Sutherland.

“Montrose, and the very few adherents who joined him in his flight, being compelled, by the boggy and broken high ground in which they obtained temporary safety, to relinquish the horses that carried them from the field of battle, and judging that all the surrounding inhabitants were opposed to them, wandered into the most desolate and retired parts of the wide, extended, and mountainous region that separates Assynt from the Kyle of Sutherland; their object being to pass through the hills into the Reay country, then possessed by Lord Reay and the cadets of the Mackay family, who were friendly towards the Marquis and the cause in which he suffered. The privations of food, and the distress and fatigue endured by these strangers in their wanderings, soon became insupportable; and by the evening of the second day after the battle, Montrose’s companions, with the exception of the Earl of Kinnoul and Major Sinclair, left him and returned to the eastward, preferring the certainty of being taken prisoners to the risk of perishing in the wilderness. On the morning of the third day, Lord Kinnoul became so faint, and his strength was so exhausted by hunger, cold, and fatigue, that he could move no farther. He was therefore necessarily left by his distracted and enfeebled companions, without shelter or protection of any kind, on the exposed heath; but Major Sinclair volunteered to go in search of and to return with assistance, while Montrose still moving westward, and now alone, endeavoured to effect his escape to the Reay country.

“In the course of the same day he came in sight of a small hut, occasionally occupied for dairy purposes by one of the Laird of Assynt’s tenants, at a grazing farm, known by the name of Glaschyle. Before leaving Drumcarbisdale, the Marquis disguised himself in the coarse woollen short coat or jacket of a countryman; and now, pressed with hunger, he ventured to approach the solitary hut before him, with the view of obtaining, if possible, some food, and of being directed in his proper course to the Reay country.

“The tenant of the farm chanced to be there alone; and the tradition still is, that Montrose very modestly asked if a stranger who had lost his way among the hills could be supplied with food of any description; and that the countryman viewed him, without any suspicion of his rank, as a respectable and civil stranger. This temporary place of residence was almost destitute of provisions; but its owner had a supply of whiskey in his possession, of which he gave some to the Marquis.”

We pass over in this place a strange supposition of Mr. George Taylor, that Montrose during all his Highland campaigns might never yet have seen or tasted whiskey! Such an idea, as it seems to us, can only be matched from ‘The Rejected Addresses,’ when we are told of a great traveller returning home:

“At dinner fair Adelaide brought up a chicken,
A bird that he never had met with before!”

But let us proceed with the Memoir.

“The Marquis asked for a second supply of the spirit, and then appearing active and vigorous, made inquiry as to the proper direction towards the Reay country through the mountain passes to the north. The course to be taken was pointed out to him; and in answer to a remark that no stranger could find out the most accessible openings through the mountains without a guide, he said he regretted that he was too poor a man to pay any guide.

“The countryman’s curiosity and suspicions were, however, roused by this time; for while Montrose had been drinking the whiskey, the breast of his coat, opening partially, displayed to the astonished eyes of the countryman the glitter either of a star or of rich metallic embroidery on the waistcoat. Montrose proceeded in a north-west direction from Glaschyle, followed at a little distance by his recent host, who seemed disposed to become better acquainted with the mysterious stranger. But as Montrose was ascending a hill situated a few miles to the north of Glaschyle, he was met by a servant or scout sent by the Laird of Assynt to learn if any strangers were wandering through that part of the country. When he observed this man, Montrose endeavoured to proceed in another direction; but finding it impossible to escape, he sat down until both the men overtook him, having previously scattered all the money in his possession among the heather, a few coins of which are said to have been picked up within the last ten years.

“Niel MacLeod, the Laird of Assynt, then resided at Ardvrack Castle, situated on a peninsula in Loch Assynt, in the interior of the parish. He was married to a daughter of Colonel John Monro of Lumlair, a military officer of some repute in the north of Scotland, and commander of a Sutherland regiment of foot, and who had acquired the character of a stern and cruel man. He was nicknamed, and is still spoken of by the country-people as *Ian Dhu na Cìoch* (Black John of the Breast), in consequence of having been accessory to a barbarous mutilation of some women. He and his son, Captain Andrew Monro, served under Strachan at the battle of Drumcarbisdale; and the ambuscade so successfully resorted to was effected through the intimate knowledge possessed by these officers of the localities of the ground. Immediately after the engagement, Colonel Monro forwarded an express to his son-in-law, MacLeod of Assynt, and directed him to secure such strangers as might escape to the west coast; and the servant who fell in with Montrose near Glaschyle was one of the men despatched accordingly to watch the different passes into Assynt.

“In answer to questions by MacLeod’s servant, Montrose said that he was going into the Reay country, but had lost his way, and begged to be conducted there; to this request both the men seemed to agree, and promised to conduct him there; but instead of doing so they conveyed him to MacLeod’s castle of Ardvreck, distant about nine miles from the place where they met him. When he came in sight of the castle, its peculiar situation on a peninsula, so nearly surrounded with water as to appear to be what old chroniclers call it, ‘The Isle of Assynt,’ and of which Montrose had previously heard, convinced him that he was betrayed, and was now in the power of MacLeod of Assynt. He anxiously inquired if it was Ardvreck Castle to which he was conducted; when his guides acknowledged that it was, and that he might observe MacLeod’s lady at its gate waiting to receive him. He hurriedly asked her father’s name, and was told, as if to inspire terror, that she was the daughter of Black John of the Breast. Tradition bears that Montrose, on receiving this information, stood for awhile motionless and aghast; and then exclaimed that his destiny was fulfilled and his fate certain.”

After reciting a wild legend of an old beldame’s warning to Montrose in his youth, to beware of a black lake and the daughter of a black-visaged man, the Memoir thus proceeds:—

“There is a small dark lake at Drumcarbisdale, where Montrose’s army was defeated, and MacLeod’s lady turns out to be the person alluded to by the sorceress; and it is thus the country-people account for the despondency of Montrose when led into MacLeod’s castle. His fears, however, are easily to be traced to his knowledge of the lady’s father and brother being actively engaged in the ranks of his enemies; and that MacLeod was also opposed to the neighbouring families and clans of Mackenzies and Mackays, who befriended the Royal cause. The deceit resorted to by his guides in conducting him to Assynt, while they pretended to lead him to the Reay country, was also ominous of evil.

“On his arrival within the castle, the unfortunate Montrose was compelled to rest his weary limbs, and to ponder over his situation, in one of the strong vaulted cellars still to be seen in the ruins of the building. Here he was closely confined and constantly watched, and notice of his capture instantly forwarded to Strachan. He, however, used every exertion to induce MacLeod to consent to his liberation, by the promise of great rewards and the countenance of the King, if he would be permitted to retire to the Reay country or to Orkney. It appears that MacLeod never served under Montrose in his previous campaigns, although the contrary is sometimes asserted.

“ This Niel MacLeod is said to have been a man of no great decision, but his lady is represented by the country-people as having inherited the stern, unrelenting disposition of her father, and as the active person who kept Montrose in close confinement, and delivered him up to his opponents; and it is even supposed that had MacLeod not been influenced by her, he would have permitted the Marquis to escape. Major Sinclair was also found traversing the hills, and was conducted to the prison of his leader; but as no accurate directions could be given by them to where the Earl of Kinnoul had been left, that nobleman, whose body was never discovered, must have perished miserably in some solitary recess among the mountains.

“ Montrose was shortly afterwards conveyed from Assynt, and escorted to the south by a body of military, under the command of a Major-General Holbourn. He and the troops halted for two days at Skibo Castle, and there, notwithstanding his misfortunes, Montrose experienced a degree of attention and respect which he said more than counterbalanced the harsh treatment he complained of while at Ardvrack. A dowager lady then occupied Skibo; and on the arrival of the Marquis and his guards, she prepared a suitable entertainment for them. She presided at the dinner table, at the head of which, and immediately before her, was a leg of roasted mutton. When Montrose entered the room he was introduced to her by the officers who escorted him, and she requested him to be seated next to her; but Holbourn, still retaining the strict military order he observed in his march, placed the Marquis between himself and another officer, and thus he sat down at Lady Skibo's right hand, and above his noble prisoner, before the lady was aware of the alteration. She no sooner observed this arrangement than she flew into a violent passion, seized the leg of roasted mutton by the shank, and hit Holbourn such a notable blow on the head with the flank part of the hot juicy mutton as knocked him off his seat, and completely soiled his uniform. The officers took alarm, dreading an attempt to rescue the prisoner; but the lady, still in great wrath, and brandishing the leg of mutton, reminded them that she received them as guests; that as such, and as gentlemen, they must accommodate themselves to such an adjustment of place at her table as she considered to be correct; that although the Marquis of Montrose was a prisoner, she was more resolved to support his rank when unfortunate than if he had been victorious; and, consequently, that no person of inferior rank could, at her table, be permitted to take precedence of him. Order being restored, and the mutton replaced on the table, every possible civility was thereafter directed by all present towards the Marquis, who remained the following day at Skibo, the troops being fatigued with their laborious march from Assynt. On the third day Montrose was

removed to Brahan Castle, and while passing farther south another lady interested herself more decidedly in his behalf—for he nearly effected his escape by a stratagem of the Laird of Grange's wife."

The incident thus referred to is told as follows by Mr. Napier:—

"The good lady (of Grange) plied the guards with intoxicating cheer until they were all fast asleep, and then she dressed the Marquis in her own clothes, hoping to save him as his friend Lord Ogilvie had been saved. In this disguise he passed all the sentinels, and was on the point of escaping, when a soldier, just sober enough to mark what was passing, gave the alarm, and he was again secured."*

We may also add to this narrative that the wretched Laird of Assynt appears to have been rewarded by the Covenanters for giving up Montrose with a present of four hundred bolls of meal. On the other hand, he was tried for his treachery after the Restoration, and narrowly escaped the punishment which he deserved.

In Montrose's way to the southward, the illustrious captive was exposed to every form of reproach and outrage from his ungenerous enemies, who showed what their terror had been by what their insults were. Thus he was not allowed any change of dress, but was paraded with mean triumph from place to place in the same countryman's habit in which he had disguised himself. The townsmen of Dundee, greatly as they had suffered from his arms, were the first who, much to their honour, provided him with clothes and other necessaries suited to his rank. The religious authority of the Kirk was violently strained not only against Montrose himself, but against those who pitied him. The Records of the Presbytery of St. Andrew's were printed only a few years since for the Abbotsford Club; and in this document we find recorded as offences, with their respective punishments, the "having drunk drinks to James Graham;" or, in the case of a minister, the not having "spoken enough for our deliverance from James Graham!"

Even before he arrived at Edinburgh, his doom had been there decided. The form of a trial was dispensed with, as with such judges it well might; and it was resolved to proceed against him

* *Life and Times*, p. 471.

on an Act of Attainder passed at the close of 1644, whilst he was ravaging the country of Argyle. His barbarous sentence was, that he should be hanged for three hours on a gibbet thirty feet high; that his head should be affixed to an iron spike at the summit of the Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh, and his limbs to the gates of the four principal towns in Scotland—Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Glasgow; and that his body (unless he had showed signs of penitence, and been released from the censures of the Kirk) should be interred among the common felons in unconsecrated ground. That no form of insult might be wanting, it was further resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus, on Saturday the 18th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis, placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. The Marquis of Argyle had abstained from taking any public part in the sentence, his own resentment against Montrose being too open and notorious, but he could not deny himself the delight of gazing on his captive enemy on the way to an ignominious death. Thus he appeared at a balcony as Montrose was dragged along, as did also his son Lord Lorne, and the wife (a daughter of the Earl of Moray) whom Lord Lorne had espoused only the Monday before. This striking scene, well worthy of a poet or a painter—the rancorous exulting persecutors, the vanquished hero, and the pale and shrinking bride—has, we observe, only a few weeks since, called forth an historical ballad of much spirit and feeling from Lord John Manners:—

“’Tis pleasant sure in merrie May
To sit at eventide,
And gaze down from your balcony,
With beauty by your side.

By sorry steeds, in servile cart,
A high-backed chair is borne—
The sitter, he hath turned his face—
Why start you, young Lord Lorne?

Good sooth, in yon poor captive dies
The dreadest of your foes—
But chained and tied to hangman's cart,
Ye dare not meet Montrose !”

It is alleged in a contemporary record that “the reason of his being tied to the cart was in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face.”* If such was indeed the hope of the tyrants, it was baffled by the demeanour of the victim. For as the same record assures us :—

“In all the way there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even those women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were hired to stone him, were upon the sight of him so astonished and moved that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers ; so next day all the ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him.”

It is added, that of the many thousand spectators only one—Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington—was heard to scoff and laugh aloud. Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest, “for,” said he, “the compliment you put on me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing !”

The Sunday was indeed allowed the sufferer as an intermission from insults ; for in that age the same minds which thought murder meritorious would have shrunk with horror at any hint of Sabbath-breaking. But at eight o'clock on Monday morning some ministers, appointed for that purpose by the General Assembly, entered his cell. They began by admonishing Montrose on his natural temper, which, they said, was too “aspiring and lofty,” and on his personal vices, meaning, as they expressed it, “his being given to women.” On these points Montrose replied to them with much humility ; but when they proceeded to arraign his public conduct in the King's service, they found his con-

* Wigtoun MS., as quoted by Mr. Napier, ‘Life and Times,’ p. 480 ; see also p. 198.

science clear and his resolution firm. He ended the conference with these words :—

“ I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the Church of Scotland, and I would with all my heart be reconciled to the same. But since I cannot obtain it on any other terms—unless I call that my sin which I account to have been my duty—I cannot, for all the reason and conscience in the world.”

This conference over, Montrose was summoned before the Parliament to hear his sentence read. He was first placed in the criminals' seat, and, according to some contemporary notes, “ looked somewhat pale, lank-faced, and hairy.”* Next, the Chancellor, the Earl of Loudoun, in a long speech, upbraided him for his violation of the Covenant, his introduction of the sanguinary Irish soldiers, and his invasion of Scotland during a treaty with the King. Montrose, finding himself permitted to reply, spoke with equal courage, temper, and dignity. He declared that it was only on account of the King's condescending to acknowledge the Estates by treaty that he submitted to appear uncovered before them ; and he then proceeded to vindicate his conduct

“ as a good Christian and loyal subject. I did engage in the first Covenant, and was faithful to it. . . . For the League, I thank God, I was never in it, and so could not break it. How far religion has been advanced by it, and what sad consequences followed on it, these poor distressed kingdoms can witness. . . . His late Majesty gave commission to me to come into this kingdom to make a diversion of those forces which were going from home against him. I acknowledge the command ; it was most just, and I conceived myself bound in conscience and duty to obey it. What my carriage was in that country many of you may bear witness. Disorders in arms cannot be prevented, but they were no sooner known than punished. Never was any man's blood spilt but in battle, and even then many thousand lives have I preserved ; and I dare here avow that never a hair of Scotsman's head that I could save fell to the ground. And as I came in upon his Majesty's warrant, so upon his letters did I lay aside all interests (of my own) and retire. And as for my coming at this time, it was by his Majesty's just commands, in order to the accelerating of the treaty betwixt him and you,

* Sir James Balfour's Notes, ‘ Life and Times,’ p. 487. It appears that the permission to shave had been refused to Montrose.

his Majesty knowing that whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call. . . . And therefore I desire you to lay aside prejudice, and consider me as a Christian, in relation to the justice of my cause—as a subject, in relation to my Royal Master's command—and as your neighbour, in relation to the many of your lives I have preserved in battle!”

To this address the Lord Chancellor rejoined, with much heat and many hard names: “proving,” says his admiring friend, Sir James Balfour, “Montrose to be a person most infamous, perjured, treacherous, and of all that ever this land brought forth the most cruel and inhuman butcher and murderer of his nation!” After this invective, so unbecoming a high judicial functionary, Montrose was compelled to kneel while his sentence was read; he heard it with an unmoved countenance, and was then conducted back to prison. There he found another deputation of preachers ready to contend with him. But in vain did they endeavour to shake his constancy by descanting on all the horrors of his sentence. He told them that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison than that his picture should hang in the King's bed-chamber; and that, far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished that he had limbs enough to send to every city in Christendom as testimonies of his unshaken attachment to the cause in which he suffered. He drew aside the Reverend Robert Baillie, and conversed with him for some time in a corner of the room; but, says one of the other preachers, “Mr. Baillie afterwards told us that what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned.”* When, however, the other preachers continued to urge upon him the heinousness of his crime in maintaining the cause of his sovereign, and attempted to draw from him some expressions of repentance for his guilt, he at last turned away from them with the words, “I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace!”

That very evening, when left alone—for no access from either friends or kinsmen was allowed him—Montrose wrote, with a

* MS. Journal by the Rev. R. Trail, as quoted by Mr. Napier, ‘Life and Times,’ p. 490. It is remarkable that Baillie's own Letters and Journals, voluminous as they are, contain no notice whatever of Montrose's end.

diamond, it is said, on his prison window, the well-known and affecting lines :—

“ Let them bestow on every *airth** a limb,
Then open all my veins,—that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake—
Then place my purboiled head upon a stake ;
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air ;—
Lord ! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I ’m hopeful thou ’lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou ’lt raise me with the just.”

The next day—Tuesday, May 21—was fixed for the execution ; it had been hastened for the purpose of anticipating any intercession or remonstrance from the King. Early in the morning, Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, then Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner’s cell, and found him employed in combing the long curled hair, which he wore according to the custom of the Cavaliers. “ Why is James Graham so careful of his locks ? ” muttered the Puritan. Montrose replied with a smile, “ While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it ; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please.”

All preparations being now complete, and the guards in attendance, Montrose walked on foot from the prison to the Grassmarket, the common place of execution for the meanest malefactors, in the midst of which arose, conspicuous from afar, the dismal gallows, thirty feet high, and covered with black cloth. We have been gazing at the spot on the very day on which we write these lines, and but few of its permanent objects seem altered since there fell upon them the last look of Montrose. Scarce one new edifice—nay, scarce even a trace of modern architecture, breaks their gloom. There are still the same antique houses of dark massy stone, with their manifold rows of windows and their gable roofs—yonder still towers the old castle on its beetling precipice—yonder the same low portals open to the same dusky *closes* and *wynd*s. Montrose, as proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, had clad himself in rich attire—“ more becoming a bridegroom,” says one of his enemies, “ than a criminal going to the gallows ! ” † As he walked along and beheld the instrument of his doom,

* Point of the compass.

† Diary of John Nicholl, Notary-public and Writer to the Signet, as printed for the Bannatyne Club.

his step was not seen to falter nor his eye to quail; to the last he bore himself with such stedfast courage, such calm dignity, as have been seldom equalled and never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits, and his own Manifesto, to hang around his neck; but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and, smiling at this new token of his enemies' malice, merely said, "I did not feel more honoured when his Majesty sent me the Garter!" He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time with his hat before his eyes. Two of the preachers, Trail and Law, were present according to the order of the General Assembly:—

"But," as the former complains in his Diary, "he did not at all desire to be released from excommunication in the name of the Kirk—yea, did not look towards that place in the scaffold where we stood; only he drew apart some of the magistrates and spake awhile with them, and then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold and asked, 'How long shall I hang here?' When my colleague and I saw him casten over the ladder we returned to the Commission, and related the matter as it was."*

We may add, as the final act of this tragedy, that within a few days Montrose was followed to the scaffold by his principal officers. Colonel Sibbald, one of his attendants from England—Sir John Urry, by turns his antagonist and his confederate—and

* It is remarkable that Mr. Napier, who inserts this passage from Mr. Trail's 'Diary,' also inserts (without in either case expressing any doubt) an "admirable speech," addressed by Montrose to those around him on the scaffold, as "taken in short-hand by one appointed for that purpose, and as circulated at the time." Surely Mr. Napier must have overlooked the phrase in Mr. Trail's account, that "Montrose never spoke a word." This witness was standing close by, and could have had no imaginable motive for suppressing in his private diary the fact that Montrose had made a speech. On the other hand there is an evident reason why the Royalist party at Edinburgh should devise and circulate some last words of the hero as honourable and advantageous to their cause; and accordingly, on examining the speech itself, several expressions appear drawn up with that view, as when Montrose is made to say—"For His Majesty now living, never people, I believe, might be more happy in a King. His commands to me were most just. In nothing that he promiseth will he fail!" This speech, if publicly circulated at the time by the Royalists (perhaps in a broadside or printed sheet), might be, without further inquiry, admitted by Sir James Balfour into his notes.

Spottiswoode, a grandson of the Primate—were beheaded by the “Maiden;” for thus jocular was the name of the seldom-rusting Scottish guillotine.

According to his sentence, the legs and arms of Montrose were cut off and sent as trophies to the four principal towns of Scotland, while his head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tol-booth. There it remained, a ghastly spectacle, during ten years. But on the Restoration it was taken down in the presence of many of his kinsmen and friends, as his grand-nephew, then Lord Napier, and his former host in Athol, Graham of Inchbrakie: the scattered limbs were reassembled, and interred with due honours in hallowed ground. Immediately after the execution Montrose’s severed trunk had been carried out and carelessly flung into a hole on the Borough-Moor. But—here again we quote the very words of a contemporary record—

“Two days after the murder the heart of this great hero, in spite of all the traitors, was, by conveyance of some adventurous spirits appointed by that noble and honourable lady, the Lady Napier, taken out and embalmed in the most costly manner by that skilful chirurgeon and apothecary, Mr. James Callender, and then put in a rich case of gold.”*

The further fortunes of this doleful relic are traced in a letter from the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, which is dated July 1, 1836, and printed in Mr. Napier’s Appendix. Although the evidence is for the most part of a hearsay and traditionary character, we see no reason whatever for distrusting the main facts. We are told, then, that the gold filagree box containing Montrose’s heart was in the possession of Francis the fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston, and by him given on his death-bed to his eldest and favourite daughter, who afterwards became Mrs. Johnston and Sir Alexander’s mother. She accompanied her husband to India, and during the voyage the gold box was struck by a splinter in action with a French frigate.

“When in India,” continues Sir Alexander, “my mother’s anxiety

* ‘Relation of the True Funerals of the Great Lord Marquis of Montrose, in the year 1661.’—See ‘Montrose and the Covenanters,’ vol. i. p. 115, and vol. ii. p. 552. The same statement is made in the ‘Mercurius Caledonius’ of the day (January 7, 1661); indeed, in the obsequies of 1661, the remains of the trunk appear to have been identified mainly by the absence of the heart, as well as of the limbs.

about it gave rise to a report amongst the natives of the country that it was a talisman, and that whoever possessed it would never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner. Owing to this report it was stolen from her, and for some time it was not known what had become of it. At last she learnt that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had purchased it for a large sum of money."

This chief was the Pollygar or captain of Pandlum-Courchy, a fort and district in the neighbourhood of Madura. Sir Alexander, as a very young man, happened to pay him a visit, and induced him to restore the stolen property. It was again lost by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at Boulogne during the French Revolution, and was never recovered by them. But whatever may have been its final destination, we can scarcely conceive a stranger turn of fate than that the same nerves and sinews which had throbbed to the eager pulses of a Scottish hero in the Highlands, should a century afterwards come to be worshipped as a talisman on an Indian idol shrine!

In examining the character and exploits of Montrose, we must always bear in mind that when he was put to death he was only thirty-seven years old. Several men of the highest powers—as Raphael, Pascal, Burns, Byron—have died at that very age, and left behind them great works of imperishable fame; but such eminence is less surprising when, as in these cases, it depends on imagination and genius rather than on teaching and experience. If, on the contrary, we look to warriors and statesmen, we shall find that they often pass the *mezzo cammin di nostra vita*—as Dante calls thirty-five—before they are enabled to achieve things worthy of renown. Had Marlborough, for example, died at forty, or even fifty years of age, he would now be remembered only for his early amour with the Duchess of Cleveland, and his signal treachery to James II. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to conclude that, had the life of Montrose been spared and his career prolonged, he might, through many a well-fought field, have led other and greater armies to victory. For partisan warfare he had already displayed the highest talents, and wanted perhaps only opportunity to earn similar distinction in a regular campaign. Undoubtedly, he possessed beyond most men the high and rare gift of energy—that resolute will which makes light of obstacles, and, by boldly confronting, so often overcomes them. He believed himself reserved for great enterprises,

and in his designs might sometimes be accused of preferring the vast, the romantic, the soaring, to the more prudent and more practicable.

That Montrose was, as drawn by the master-hand of Clarendon, impatient of control and jealous of rivalry, may be readily admitted, and seems to follow from other parts of his character. For the cruelties which are alleged in his conduct, they can neither be denied nor defended; it can only be pleaded as some extenuation, that they were the faults of his country and his age; and that, on the change of fortune, his enemies showed full as little of mercy and forbearance. But as to the reproach of treachery, which even to this day is urged against him, we can discover no valid grounds for it; and we have, as we hope, explained and vindicated that secession from the Covenanters on which, as we suppose, the charge proceeds.

But certainly the point in Montrose's character, at least in his riper years, which has given most offence on the one side, and attracted most admiration on the other, was his ardent zeal for upholding the Crown. In present times there is, of course, far less scope for such a feeling. Where the Crown seems perfectly secure—where no danger assails or threatens it—there can be of course no honour, no merit, in defending it. Yet still, after making every such allowance, there is, to our mind at least, an indescribable charm in reverting (as who does not sometimes?) from all the changeful politics and uncertain friendships of our own day, to that stedfast and undying flame of loyalty which glowed in the breast of the ancient Cavaliers. How lofty seem such characters as Ormond's, of whom Charles II. used to say, that ill-treat that man as he might, he never could make him his enemy! Like a poet of his period, he felt—

“Loyalty is still the same,
If it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon!”

And how touching that meditation on the virtues of Charles I., which could cheer the captive loyalist through all his dungeon's gloom!—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage.

.

When linnet-like, confined I
 With shriller note shall sing,
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my King,
 When I shall voyce aloud how good
 He is, how great should be ;
 Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
 Know no such libertie !”

In those times loyalty was no mere effect of reasoning—no cold result from the proof that monarchy is the happiest form of government for the people ;—loyalty was then something more and better. It was then an impulse, an instinct, a natural affection like that which binds a child to a parent, and calling as little for any previous proofs of exalted merit. Yet did not the loyalty of those days imply any undue subservience ; as with a parent, there were no cases of guilt or error put beforehand, but had either the King or the father bid the subject or the son do wrong, the command would have been in either case reverently but sturdily withstood. Such was the feeling, which even when most sorely tried—on battle-fields and scaffolds—amidst lingering imprisonment or unfriended exile—used to animate the gentlemen of England, which filled their hearts, and which may even now be read underneath their shields—as in the *LOYAULTÉ N’A HONTE* of Clinton—or the *UNG JE SERVIRAY* of Herbert !

Delighting then, as we do, to trace either a chivalrous character or a loyal zeal, and finding both united in Montrose—a champion worthy the cause and a cause worthy the champion—we have lingered too long perhaps on our sketch of his achievements. Sure we are, however, that no duty of a critic is more binding upon him than the endeavour to clear away the mists of calumny from the deeds of the departed great. And proud shall we feel if in what we have said we have tended, not indeed to dissemble the failings and errors of Montrose, but to portray those great services to his King and country, which in the eyes of those who maligned him were held as his principal error—if we have been able to weave another leaf into his chaplet, or, according to the former superstition of his own country, to cast another stone upon his *cairn* !

LAST YEARS OF FREDERICK THE SECOND.

[QU. REV., No. 163. December, 1847.] 82:1

1. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand, Roi de Prusse.* Nouvelle Edition. Berlin : chez Rodolphe Decker, Imprimeur du Roi, vols. i., ii., et iii. 1846.
2. *Friedrich der Grosse: eine Lebens-Geschichte.* Von J. D. E. Preuss. Berlin, 4 vols. 1832.
3. *Urkunden-buch zur Lebens-Geschichte.* Von J. D. E. Preuss. Berlin, 5 vols. 1834.

IN a Convocation held at Oxford on the 1st of July, 1847, "it was proposed and agreed that the University Seal should be affixed to a Letter of Thanks to His Majesty the King of Prussia for his Majesty's gracious present of the three first volumes of a magnificent edition of the Works of King Frederick the Great." We have no doubt that the good taste of the Royal Donor will limit his gift to the earlier volumes, which comprise such writings as the *Mémoires de Brandebourg* and *L'Histoire de Mon Temps*. Were his Majesty to send the complete collection, with what feelings could the Reverend Heads of Houses be expected to read—or with what expressions to acknowledge—the *Commentaire Théologique sur Barbe Bleue*, or the Ode, in the style of Petronius, on the French fugitives after Rosbach !*

This new edition comes forth with a splendour well befitting, if not the value of the works, yet certainly the rank of the author. No expense has been spared on the paper or the types; and the editor, Dr. Preuss, is eminently qualified for the task from his most full and valuable, and on the whole impartial and discriminating, Life of King Frederick which appeared in 1832.

We shall not be tempted, however, by this opportunity to enter into any minute discussion of the writings of the Prussian monarch. On his general demerits as an author, the department of letter-writing alone excepted, his imperfect mastery of the French in

* Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonnelliers, *Œuvres Posthumes*, vol. xv. p. 217.

which he chose to write, and his peculiar tediousness both in his prose and verse, or rather in his two kinds of prose, the rhymed and unrhymed—we imagine that all critics of all countries (unless possibly his own) are entirely agreed. Nor do we propose to descant either upon the freaks of his youth or the glories of his wars. Both are sufficiently well known—the former through his own sister, the Margravine de Bareith, and his favourite, Voltaire;—the latter from the pages of more than one historian. But it seems to us that his system of administration in peace has by no means received the same degree of attention as his military exploits. Nor are the habits of his declining age so familiar to us as those of his early manhood. It is therefore to these—the life of Frederick public and private since the Peace of Hubertsburg—that we now desire to apply ourselves. For this investigation the biography of Dr. Preuss, with his five volumes of appended documents, will supply our best, though by no means our only, materials.

From the Peace of Hubertsburg in 1763 until his death in 1786, Frederick may be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted peace. For although a declaration of war was called forth by the Bavarian Succession in 1778, it was merely, as he might have termed it in his adopted language, *une levée de boucliers*; it led scarcely even to a skirmish, far less to a battle or a siege. But these twenty-three years of public peace were to the King himself very far from years of repose. A slight sketch of his daily life at Potsdam or Sans Souci will best portray his unremitting activity.

The value of early hours had been felt by Frederick in his campaigns, especially when opposed to indolent and luxurious courtiers like the Prince de Soubise. “I can well believe,” says Voltaire, 30th March, 1759—(he is addressing Frederick and alluding to Soubise)—“that the man who draws on his boots at four o’clock in the morning has a great advantage in the game of life over him who at noon steps into his coach.” These early habits of Frederick were continued in his years of peace. In summer he usually rose at three, seldom ever after four; in winter he was scarcely an hour later. During the prime of his manhood five or six hours of sleep sufficed him; but in his old age the term was extended to seven or eight. His ablutions, when performed at all,

were slight and few. While still in the hands of his hair-dresser he opened his first packet of letters from Berlin; this packet contained only such letters as, either by their seals or by Post-office notices, were known to come from Prussian nobles. All other letters from subjects not of noble birth were opened by some one of the four Cabinet-Secretaries. How would his Prussian Majesty, thus nice in matters of epistolary etiquette, have stared at Sir Robert Walpole, of whom it is recorded that, whenever a batch of letters reached him from the country, that from his game-keeper was always the first which he perused!

The King next proceeded to dress himself, and put on his hat, which he wore almost constantly within doors, and took off only during interviews with persons of high birth and at dinner time. His strict economy was manifest in his dress, for his uniforms were usually patched and threadbare, while his boots from age and want of blacking appeared of a tawny red. Two of the Cabinet-Secretaries now laid before him extracts of the letters which they had opened, together with various petitions and memorials. The Adjutant of the Royal Guard brought a Report of all strangers who had either arrived at or departed from Potsdam the day before. A similar report as to Berlin had already reached the King, inclosed in the first packet of letters. Next came the Adjutant-General, with whom Frederick was wont day by day to discuss and decide all the affairs of the army.

Having despatched these affairs, Frederick passed into his writing-room, where he began by drinking off several glasses of cold water flavoured with fennel-leaves, and employed himself with replies to his letters and notes on his memorials. At intervals he used to sip several cups of coffee, which, in the last twenty years of his life, were always mingled with mustard. Not unfrequently, also, he indulged in a little fruit which stood ready on the side-table; of stone-fruit, above all, he was passionately fond. Parsimonious as he seemed on most occasions, he would buy the earliest forced cherries in the months of December and January for his private eating at the rate of two dollars each.

It was the object of Frederick in this, as in other matters, to bring forward hidden merit. In a remote district an avenue of cherry-trees led, and still leads, from the village of Helmsdorf

to the village of Heiligenthal. It excited little notice until Frederick, on one of his journeys, having tasted the fruit, was struck with its peculiar richness of flavour; and gave orders that some basketfuls of it should be sent every summer to Potsdam.

While still in his writing-room Frederick allowed himself daily half an hour's relaxation with his flute. But even this short relaxation was by no means lost time so far as business was concerned. He once said to D'Alembert that during his musical exercises he was accustomed to turn over in his mind his affairs of state, and that several of his happiest thoughts for their administration had occurred to him at those times.

Between eight and ten o'clock the King received the Cabinet-Secretaries separately, and gave them his instructions. These men, though inferior both in rank and salary, were the chief instruments of his sovereign will: for it is not the least among the singularities of his government, that only by exception, and on special occasions, did Frederick ever see his own Ministers. It was in writing that they sent him their reports,—it was in writing that he sent them his commands.

After the Cabinet-Secretaries had been despatched, the occupations of Frederick until dinner were not so uniformly fixed as the preceding. Sometimes he attended the review of his guards at eleven; sometimes took a ride, sometimes a walk, sometimes read aloud to himself, and sometimes granted audiences. In these—at least with respect to his own subjects who were not of noble birth, nor admitted to his familiar intercourse—no Eastern Sultan ever maintained more haughty state. We have now lying before us two reports of interviews, as printed in the appendix to one of Dr. Preuss's volumes; the one from a President of the *Chambre des Domaines* at Cleves, the other from his colleague, a second President at Aurich; and it appears incidentally that although both of them parted from the King with full assurances of his approbation and favour, they were not admitted to kiss his hand, but only his coat!

But whatever might be the previous occupations, as the clock struck noon Frederick sat down to dinner. In his youth twelve had been the dinner-hour for all classes at Berlin; nay, his ancestor the Great Elector had always dined at eleven. But before the close of Frederick's reign the people of fashion

gradually extended the hour till two ; and ever since at Berlin, as elsewhere, it has become later and later. Well may a French novelist of our own time exclaim, “ *Tous les jours on dîne plus tard ; incessamment on ne dînera plus du tout !* ”

Since the close of the Seven Years' War Frederick had renounced suppers, and dinner became with him, as with Prince Talleyrand, his single daily meal. The King was a *gourmand* of the first water ; and had he survived till 1802, would no doubt have received the honorary presidency of the *Jury Dégustateur* ; or the dedication of Grimod de la Reynière's ‘ *Almanach*, ’ preferably even to the Second Consul Cambacérès. The bill of fare was daily laid before his Majesty, comprising not merely a list of the dishes, but the name of the cook by whom each dish was to be dressed ; and these bills of fare were always well considered, and often corrected and amended by the Royal hand. Sometimes, when they gave promise of some novel experiment or favourite dainty—as *polentas* and eel-pies—the King, in his eagerness, would order the dinner to be brought in ten or twelve minutes earlier than the appointed hour. After dinner he used to mark with a cross the names of those dishes which had afforded him particular pleasure. Of wine he drank sparingly ; his favourite vintage being from the banks of the Dordogne, and in general diluted with water.

The King's meals, however, were highly social as well as gastronomic. He frequently invited guests in numbers varying from seven to ten, and entertained them with a varied and never-failing flow of conversation. There was no limitation as to rank in those whom he invited, nor any arrogance of royalty in his behaviour towards them ; but they suffered unmercifully from his wit, or as his butts, for he especially delighted in such jests as were most likely to give pain. Thus, then, came his guests, half pleased and half afraid :—

“ In quorum facie miseræ magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae.”

Politics, religion, and history, with anecdotes of Court and war, jocular and serious, were his favourite topics, and were always treated with entire freedom and unreserve. When the guests amused him, or when the conversation took a more than usually interesting turn, the sitting was sometimes protracted from

noon till past four o'clock ; in general, however, it ended much sooner.

On rising from table Frederick allowed himself another half hour with his flute ; after which the Cabinet-Secretaries brought in the letters which he had directed or dictated, and which now came before him again transcribed and ready for his signature. It was not unusual for the King when signing to enforce the object of the letter by adding to it a few clear sharp words. Many of these postscripts are still preserved. Thus, when he replied to an application for money, there are sometimes found appended in the Royal handwriting such phrases as " I cannot give a single *groschen*," or " I am now as poor as Job." Thus, when the celebrated singer Madame Mara sent him a long memorial against some intended arrangements at the Opera, the King's postscript is—" She is paid for singing, and not for scribbling."* Thus, again, when a veteran General had asked permission to retire, the official answer bids him reconsider his request, and there follows, *manu propriâ*, the significant remark—" The hens that will not lay I will not feed !"†

But, perhaps, the most curious of all is the following in five words to Baron Arnim, in which five words it will be seen that three languages are blended, and each of the three incorrectly :—" Scriptus est scriptus ; nicht raisoniren."‡

In some, though not numerous, cases the postscript seems to us utterly at variance with the letter. Thus when Colonel Philip Von Borcke wished to retire from the army and to live on his estates in Pomerania, the King (May 30, 1785) desired a letter to be drawn out for his Royal signature, stating " that the said Colonel has been always found faithful, brave, and irreproachable in times of war, and that his Majesty has been constantly satisfied with him ;" but in signing this document the King added with his own hand some German words to the following effect :—" *Abschied* for a Prussian who will not serve, and one ought therefore to thank God that one gets rid of him." Surely, whatever satisfaction or advantage the letter might be intended

* June 30, 1776.

† To General Von Lax-Dehnen, January 8, 1773. Two days afterwards the King (according to his hint) granted the General his retirement, but refused him his pension.

‡ Oct. 26, 1776—Urkunden-buch, vol. iii. p. 196.

to confer must have been turned into the very opposite by such an addition.

When this correspondence was completed, the King sometimes took a walk—out of doors if the weather was fine, or through his saloons if it rained. Sometimes he conversed with his friend Colonel Guichard, whom he had by patent new-named Quintus Icilius, or some other staff-officer; sometimes he received the artists who had executed his commissions, or who brought him their works to view. But whenever his leisure served, the hours between four and six, or what remained of them, were devoted to his literary labours. It was during this interval that he composed nearly all the volumes in prose and verse which are now to be reprinted. Numerous, indeed, they are. As Voltaire says of him, and to him (March 24, 1772), “*Il a fait plus de livres qu’aucun des princes contemporains n’a fait de bâtards !*”

It is very remarkable, however, and not easily explained, that though Frederick practised authorship for almost half a century—though every day he was reading and writing German for business and French for pleasure—yet he never in any degree mastered the spelling of either language. To the last we find the strangest errors even in the most common words. Thus he writes winter HIVERD, old VIEU, flesh CHER, actress ACC-TRISSE, and the word which in private life he most disliked, PEYER.

It is also singular that up to the close of May, 1737, his Majesty always signed his name in French according to the usual manner, FREDERIC, but ever afterwards FEDERIC.

From six till seven o’clock the King had usually a small concert, in which only musicians or a few amateurs of the highest rank were admitted, and in which he himself played the flute. By long practice he had acquired excellent skill with that instrument. In his very last years, however, the decay of his front teeth deprived him of this daily recreation. Thus losing the power to execute, he lost also the wish to hear, music; and from that time forward he seldom appeared at any concert.

During Frederick’s earlier years his suppers had become justly renowned from the wit of the guests whom he there gathered round him and from his own. Voltaire thus alludes to them in a sketch at that period of his Royal patron’s daily life :—

“ Il est grand Roi tout le matin,
Après dîner grand écrivain,
Tout le jour philosophe humain,
Et le soir convive divin ;
C'est un assez joli destin :—
Puisse-t-il n'avoir point de fin !”

But when, after 1763, the King discontinued his suppers, the void thus left in his evenings was supplied by still frequently receiving a circle of distinguished men, as some of his generals, the Marquis d'Argens, Lord Marischal, and Lucchesini. His usual plan was to begin by reading aloud to them a passage from some book, which served as a kind of text for the lively conversation which ensued. During the rest of the evening, or for the whole of it when no visitors came, the King was read to by one or more *lecteurs*, selecting either original French works or translations into French of the Greek and Latin classics. At about nine o'clock he went to bed.

Such was the daily life of Frederick ; a life not at all varied on Sundays or other holydays, but diversified by annual reviews of his troops and journeys to his provinces. From his alternate toils in the field and labours in the administration, it might be supposed that he had in truth an iron frame ; on the contrary, however, his health from his childhood was delicate and variable. But the want of bodily strength was well supplied by his ardent and indomitable soul. The following are his own expressions in a letter to Voltaire of the 7th September, 1776 :—

“ As for my plan of not sparing myself, I continue it the same as before. The more one nurses oneself, the more feeble and delicate does the body become. My trade (*mon métier*) requires toil and activity, and both my body and mind must adapt themselves to this their duty. It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act. I have always found myself the better for this method. However, I do not prescribe it to any one else, and am content to practise it myself.”

It may be observed that the sketch of the King's daily life makes no reference whatever to a Queen Consort ; yet in 1733, under his father's dictation, Frederick had espoused the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, who survived not only through his whole reign of almost half a century, but even for eleven years afterwards, namely, till 1797. This Princess was of ex-

emplary character, filled with admiration for the great deeds of her husband, and grateful for the slightest token of his notice ; and so benevolent, that of the 41,000 dollars assigned her yearly she devoted no less than 24,000 to purposes of charity. Like Frederick she had a taste for literature ; but, unlike him, loved to encourage the German rather than the French ; and, unlike him also, she was imbued with a deep and fervent, though unostentatious, feeling of religion. For some years Frederick, dreading the resentment of his imperious and brutal father, had lived with her on apparently good terms ; but on his own accession to the throne he allotted to her the château of Schönhausen for her separate residence. To the end of her life she never even saw the new palaces at Potsdam. At Berlin, however, during winter, she had apartments in the Royal palace : the King used to dine with her in state three or four times every year, and on all occasions showed her, as her character deserved, marks of his high respect and esteem. But the union had been, from the first, a constrained one ; and he had little taste for hers, or indeed for any female, society ; men were, on all occasions, his chosen and favourite companions.

There are some points, however, real or alleged, in Frederick's private life, which we do not wish to discuss at large. We shall waive any further testimony, and merely insert without comment the following extract from a despatch of our own distinguished countryman, Lord Malmesbury, when Envoy at Berlin :—

“ At these moments when he (Frederick) lays aside the Monarch and indulges himself in every kind of debauchery, he never suffers the instruments or partakers of these excesses to have the smallest influence over him. Some few he has rewarded ; discarded several ; but left most of them in the same situation he found them.”*

The conduct of Frederick, as a master and in his household, cannot be held deserving of praise. Some of his warmest admirers, as Dr. Preuss, acknowledge that he was extremely harsh towards his servants, chary in wages or rewards to them ; but, on the other hand, liberal of sharp reproofs and of blows both with his fist and with his cane. These, however, were their lighter punishments : when their offences seemed more serious they were

* Despatch to the Earl of Suffolk, Berlin, March 18, 1776.

at once discarded, or sent to prison, or enlisted as common soldiers. Thus, for instance, one valet de chambre named Deesen or Deiss was thought to have embezzled some money, and had been ordered to enter the army as a drummer, when, on the 23rd of July, 1775, the unhappy man put a pistol to his head, and fell a corpse in Frederick's own ante-chamber. The King was startled at the noise, and asked what had happened; on being told, he only remarked, "I did not think that the fellow had so much courage."*

Frederick used to show especial anger and displeasure whenever any man-servant contracted either matrimony or a less legitimate connexion with the other sex. The same prejudice subsisted against the marriages of his familiar friends and associates, as D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, and Le Catt. It is said, however, that in the last few years of Frederick's life, and when himself probably conscious of decay, he had become in all respects less ungracious and exacting to his household.

But although gusts and sallies of passion were by no means uncommon with Frederick, we scarcely ever find them impel him in the transaction of state-business. A few cases to the contrary might be gathered from Dr. Preuss's volumes, but should be considered as only exceptions. Thus, on one occasion, a young man, a *Land-Rath* in Brandenburg, wrote to the King to state that a flight of locusts had appeared in his district. The King, in his answer, expressed his disbelief that any of the plagues of Egypt could have strayed so far north. Upon this the young *Land-Rath* sent to Court some of the locusts in a box with air-holes, which box was no sooner opened by Frederick than the locusts emerged and flew about the room, to his Majesty's great annoyance and ire. He immediately despatched a Cabinet order, which still exists, under the date of September 27, 1779, directing that in future no man shall be admitted a *Land-Rath* without being at least thirty-five years of age—his Majesty, it adds, being determined to have henceforth no "children nor pert young fellows" † in office.

Another curious point in Frederick's private life was his pas-

* Compare Preuss, *Lebens-Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 424, note, with the despatch of Lord Malmesbury of July 29, 1775, giving a milder version of the King's reply.

† *Kinder und junge nase-weise.*

sion for snuff and for lap-dogs. Of the former, Lord Malmesbury speaks as follows:—

“The King is a great taker of snuff. I could not even get a sight of his snuff-boxes, of which he has a most magnificent collection. That he carries is of an enormous size; and he takes it not by pinches, but by handfuls. It is difficult to approach him without sneezing. They pretend that the perquisite that comes to the *valets de chambre* from the snuff they get by drying his handkerchiefs is very considerable.”*

With respect to his four-footed favourites, the King had always about him several small English greyhounds; but of these only one was in favour at a time, the others being taken merely as companions and playmates to the fondling. Thus the others were carried out at night and brought in again in the morning, while the chosen one slept in his Majesty's own bed, and by day was allowed a special chair, well cushioned, and close at his side. All of them, however, had licence as they pleased to jump over or to sprawl upon the most costly articles of furniture; and stuffed leather balls, as playthings for them, were provided in the same apartments. Even during his campaigns Frederick went attended by these canine companions. Thus, on the 8th of December, 1760, when the Marquis d'Argens entered the King's quarters at Leipsick, he found Frederick seated on the floor with the dogs around, and a dish of fricasseed chicken before him, out of which his Majesty with a stick was pushing the most dainty morsels to his favourite. As these greyhounds died they were buried on the terrace of Sans Souci, with the name of each on a gravestone; and Frederick in his will expressed his desire that his own remains might be interred by their side—a parting token of his attachment to them, and of his contempt for mankind! On this point, however, his wishes have not been complied with.

Of fine horses also, Frederick, like most eminent commanders, was fond. Several chargers which he rode were killed or wounded under him during his wars. Many of them bore the names of celebrated and contemporary ministers, as Choiseul, Brühl, Kaunitz, Pitt, and Bute, not as being gifts from these statesmen, but as a compliment to them. But poor Bute's was a hard fate. When his namesake, the Scottish peer, forsook the alliance with

* Diaries, vol. i. p. 6.

Prussia, and concluded a separate peace with France, Bute, the thorough-bred steed, was in requital condemned to be yoked with a mule, and employed in drawing to and fro the orange-trees on the terraces at Potsdam.

During the last ten years of his life, Frederick's favourite horse for his own riding was called Condé. Almost every day he was brought before his Royal master, and fed with his own hand with sugar, figs, and melons.

The strict economy of Frederick had been at first enforced from the straits in which his father left him : it was afterwards recommended by the poverty of his provinces. From such provinces it was no light matter to raise the sinews of war against Austria, Russia, and France combined. From such provinces, even during the later years of peace, it was no easy task to maintain the largest standing army in Europe, and to accumulate as treasure in reserve several millions of dollars in the vaults of Magdeburg. Yet still this great virtue of economy, to which, next to his military genius, Frederick owed his triumphs, when it came to be extended to trifles, or applied to points where splendour is one element of usefulness, seems to belong to the domain of Molière, and grow into the part of Harpagon. Thus, at the King's own table, not a bottle of champagne was to be opened without his own special command. Thus, again, as we are told by Müller, the historian of Switzerland, Frederick on one occasion, when examining the budget of his principality of Neuchatel, detected and exposed an error of only three *sous*. Thus, also, to the very close of his reign, he never enabled the Prussian Envoys at foreign Courts to assume a state at all commensurate to the importance which their country had acquired, but condemned them to languish in obscurity on most inadequate stipends, as during his father's reign. The tragic fate of Luicius, who had been the Prussian Envoy at the Hague in the time of Frederick William I., is told by Voltaire with much humour, and no doubt some exaggeration. During a severe winter this poor man had no money to buy fuel, and ventured to cut down for fire-wood some trees in the garden of his official residence ; but the fact came to the ears of his Royal Master, who by return of post sent him a reprimand, and told him that he should be mulcted on that account a whole year's pay ! Upon this, says Voltaire, " Luicius,

in utter despair, proceeded to cut his throat with his only razor. An old *valet-de-chambre* came to his aid, and unhappily for him saved his life!"

There were only two of the King's tastes in which he ever allowed himself to step beyond the bounds of the most exact economy—in eating and in building. As to the former, we have shown already that he belonged to the Apician school. But even there he closely weighed the cost. He might sometimes, though rarely, be extravagant beforehand, but when once the dainties were devoured he would often murmur at the bill. Here is an instance. On the 9th of November, 1784, there were several additional dishes at his table, and an account of the extra expenses then incurred was next day presented to him. It amounted to 25 *thalers* 10 *groschen* and 1½ *pfennigs*. But his Majesty, with his own hand, wrote upon the margin: "A robbery; for there were at table about an hundred oysters, which would cost 4 *thalers*; the cakes, 2 *thalers*; the quab's liver, 1 *thaler*; the cakes of Russian fashion, 2 *thalers*: altogether it might be, perhaps, 11 *thalers*; the rest a robbery. To-day there was one extra dish; herrings with pease; it may cost 1 *thaler*; therefore everything above 12 *thalers* is an impertinent robbery.

(Signed) FREDERICK."

As to building—if we observe the passion for it, whenever it is once engaged in, it may perhaps deserve to be ranked among the highest and most engrossing of human pleasures. The case of Frederick was no exception to this rule. He took an ever fresh delight in the construction of new palaces, and in the adornment of the old. In this department, as in most others, he had by his indomitable application acquired both knowledge and skill, and was able, though not always quite successfully, to direct his architects. There commonly lay at his side the volumes of Palladio and Piranesi, from which he would give designs, or suggest ideas, for any of the new constructions in progress. He never issued any order for a building without a previous estimate of its expense. Yet, notwithstanding this wise precaution, when his palace of Sans Souci came to be completed, he was himself startled at the cost, and ordered that the accounts should be burned, so that no exact knowledge of them might reach posterity.

The correspondence of Frederick was most multifarious, ex-

tending not only to ministers and statesmen, but to many eminent authors and familiar friends. On business his letters were always clear, brief, and to the point, and frequently deserve the praise of an humane and benevolent spirit greatly in advance of his age. Thus, when one of his subjects, in 1782, applied for the use of the Prussian flag in carrying on the slave trade, the King replies as follows :—

“ The traffic in negroes has always seemed to me a disgrace to human nature, and I will never either authorise or favour it by any deed of mine. Besides, your plan is, it seems, to buy and equip your ship in France, and on your return to unload your cargoes of merchandise in any European port you please ; this is another reason why I should refuse you the use of my flag. However, if this traffic has so many charms in your eyes, you need only go back to France, and there gratify your taste as you will. And now, I pray God, &c.—FEDERIC.”*

To estimate the full merit of this letter, let it be remembered how far in the rear was still the feeling of England on this subject at this date of 1782. How large a majority amongst ourselves were still firmly determined to maintain that infamous traffic ! How many years of unrewarded toil were still in store for Wilberforce and Clarkson !

The letters of Frederick to his friends, personal and literary, seem to us greatly superior in merit and interest to any of his other writings. Though sometimes to our misfortune studded with his own mawkish verses, they are often instructive and almost always entertaining. The following may serve as a short but agreeable specimen of his lighter style. It is addressed to one of his Chamberlains, the veteran Baron Pöllnitz, who had just presented him with an unusual dainty—a turkey fattened upon walnuts.

“ Monsieur le Baron,—The turkey which your Serenity was so good as to send me was served up at my table this day at noon. So large and fine a bird was he, that he was mistaken for an ostrich : his flavour proved to be excellent, and all my guests agreed with me in saying that you are born to show skill in whatever you choose to undertake. I should be sorry, Monsieur le Baron, to remain in arrear with you, and not to think of your kitchen as you have kindly thought of mine ; but

* Potsdam, April 18, 1782. Urkunden-buch, vol. iv. p. 296.

as among all the fowls of the air there is no creature which seemed to me large enough and worthy to be offered you, I betook myself to quadrupeds. I assure you that if I could have found a white elephant like those of the Shah of Persia, I should have sent it you with pleasure. Failing this, I have had recourse to a well-fed ox. I said to myself, the ox is a useful, a laborious, a heavy animal; he is an emblem of myself. Age, which undermines me, makes me heavier every day. I would fain be laborious and useful; and that I may in some degree be useful to you at least, be pleased, Monsieur le Baron, to accept the little piece of farm-yard furniture which I take the liberty of offering you, and which, not trusting to my own skill, I have had chosen at the most expert of all our graziers. And now, Monsieur le Baron, I pray God, &c.

“FEDERIC.

“*Potsdam, February 6, 1765.*”

We will subjoin the Baron's reply:—

“Sire,—I most humbly beseech your Majesty to accept my most humble thanks for the ox which you have deigned to send me. If I have not worshipped him like the god Apis of old, I have at least received him with all the veneration due to his respectable appearance. A crowd of people admired him as he stood at my door, hoping that I might regale them with him; and they were full of envy when they saw him led away to my stable, from which he will only stir again to be offered up in sacrifice to the greatest of all monarchs—a ceremony that will be attended with heartfelt cries of *Vive le Roi!* Your Majesty will, I hope, allow me to conclude my letter with that exclamation, which throughout my life I shall join to the feeling of profound respect with which I am, &c.

“PÖLLNITZ.*

“*Berlin, February 7, 1765.*”

But the favourite correspondence of Frederick at the time, as the most interesting to us now, was with Voltaire. Considering the violent and public breach between them in 1753—the contumelious arrest on one side, and the biting pleasantries on the other—it might have been supposed that these two eminent men would have ever thenceforth stood asunder; but the King's admiration for his late prisoner at Frankfort was most ardent and sincere. He thoroughly believed, as he says in more than one passage of his writings, that Voltaire as an epic poet surpassed Homer, as a tragic poet Sophocles, and as a philosopher Plato. He never doubted that the author of the ‘*Henriade*,’ and of the ‘*Annales de l'Empire*,’ would be the main dispenser of fame for his own day. On the other hand, Voltaire was by no means

* Urkunden-buch, vol. iii. pp. 134, 135.

insensible to the honour of numbering a monarch amongst the imitators of his versification and the pupils of his philosophy. Nor can any man who writes history be insensible to the higher merits of him who makes it—who, instead of merely commemorating, performs great deeds. Thus, even in the midst of their quarrel, the seeds of reconciliation remained; and within a very brief period there again arose between them a regular correspondence, and an exchange of graceful compliments. In 1775, for example, the King sent to Ferney a bust of Voltaire in Berlin porcelain, with the motto *IMMORTALI*; and Voltaire replied in the following lines:—

“ Je dis à ce héros, dont la main Souveraine
Me donne l’immortalité,
Vous m’accordez, grand homme, avec trop de bonté,
Des terres dans votre domaine !”

“ To have lived in the age of Voltaire—that is enough for me !” * exclaims the King. “ I shall die,” cries the philosopher, “ with the sorrow of not having ended my days by the side of the greatest man of Europe, whom I presume to love as much as I admire.” † The two friends, however, while thus exchanging laurel crowns, knew each other well; and whenever they wrote or spoke to third parties were far from gentle in their epithets. Sir Andrew Mitchell, for many years our Envoy at Berlin, informs us: “ What surprises me is, that whenever Voltaire’s name is mentioned, his Prussian Majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and greatest rascal now living; and yet with all this he continues to correspond with him !” ‡ Voltaire, on his part, handled the character of Frederick with more wit, but equal rancour. In his secret correspondence with D’Alembert and others he often—besides other bitter jests—gives the King a covert nickname intended to convey a most foul reproach. And whenever during the Seven Years’ War any disaster befell the Prussian arms, there went forth two sets of letters from Ferney—the one to Frederick expressing his sympathy and sorrow—the other to some minister or general on the opposite side, urging the Allies to pursue their victory and to complete the ruin of his friend.

* To Voltaire, July 24, 1775.

† To the King of Prussia, February 11, 1775.

‡ See the Chatham Papers, vol. ii. p. 30.

The rich flow of Frederick's conversation is acknowledged and praised by all who had approached him, and chiefly by those who had themselves a similar skill. In that respect there can be no higher testimony than the following from the Prince de Ligne :

“ His tone of voice was sweet, rather low, and as pleasant to hear as the movement of his lips, which had an inexpressible grace, was to behold. For these reasons it was, I think, that people did not perceive the King to be, like Homer's heroes, a little too talkative (*un peu babillard*), although sublime. Certainly it would have been impossible to find any man who was a greater talker than the King, but one felt delighted that he should be so.”

It is plain, however, that the King, who was, as we shall presently see, a warm partisan of monopolies in commerce, used to extend the same system to his conversation. The Prince de Ligne, in the same account of his interview, adds with much *naïveté*: “ After all, thought I to myself, I must find a moment to slip in a word !” *

With his own dependents Frederick loved to season his conversation with practical jests. Thus, finding that the Marquis d'Argens was a hypochondriac as to health, he was wont sometimes in their interviews to interrupt himself with an exclamation on the ill-looks of his friend, upon which the poor Marquis used to hurry home in affright and keep his bed for the twenty-four hours following ! Thus again, one day with the Baron de Pöllnitz, who was always in want of money, and who had already changed his religion, the King slyly threw out some hints as to a rich canonry in Silesia then vacant and ready for a friend, upon which Pöllnitz, as Frederick had foreseen, swallowed the bait, and that very evening publicly abjured the Protestant for the Roman Catholic faith. But when next day he hastened back to Court to announce his conversion and to claim the benefice, he was told by Frederick to his great dismay, that the prize had just before been granted to another candidate. His Majesty added with a bitter taunt, though with affected sympathy, “ What can I do for you now ? Oh ! I recollect that I have still a place of Rabbi to dispose of—do you turn Jew, and you shall have it.” †

* Lettres du Maréchal Prince de Ligne, vol. i. p. 46, ed. 1809.

† Thiebault, Souvenirs de Berlin, vol. iii. p. 84, ed. 1804.

With strangers, on the contrary, or with those whom he wished to please, Frederick knew how to pay a compliment with inimitable taste and skill. How graceful, for example, his exclamation to General Laudohn, the most able of all his adversaries, during the interviews with the Emperor's Court in 1770, when he saw the General seated on the other side of the table: "Pray, Sir, take a place at my side; I do not like to have you opposite!"

In his correspondence, as in his conversation, the King seldom referred to the Christian faith without a scoff or a sneer. Having entirely made up his mind against its truth, he seems to have considered it unworthy of serious argument or even of reverent mention. He alludes with peculiar, and we must add most revolting, contempt to the piety of the poorer classes: "That peasant," says he in one passage, "who spoke of the Lord God with idiotic reverence (*une vénération idiote*)!"* But there were several points of philosophy or natural religion which Frederick loved to discuss and to hear discussed in his presence. Foremost among these was the immortality of the soul. It is not easy to say to which side of that great question his own belief inclined. Passages on both sides might be cited from his writings. Nay, there is one letter to Voltaire which, as it seems to us, assumes each opinion by turns in the course of the same sentence:—

"My health grows worse and worse, and it is not unlikely that ere long I may go to converse on the 'Henriade' with Virgil, and descend to that region where our sorrows, our pleasures, and our hopes do not follow us; where your fine intellect will be reduced to the same level as a shoe-boy's; where, in short, we shall find ourselves in the same state as before we were born." (October 31, 1760.)

Now, if, as the latter part of the sentence intimates, Frederick really held the gloomy faith of the ancient Roman:

"Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent"—

—it is plain that there could be no prospect, as in the first part of the sentence, of communing with the spirit of Virgil or with any other. So inconsistent with itself is infidelity!

The private life of Frederick in his later years as we have now

* To Voltaire, February 3, 1742.

portrayed it, without, as we believe, either exaggeration or concealment, contains beyond all question much that is harsh and strange, many things which may be laughed at, and many which must be lamented. With such a life it seems at first sight incredible how even the interested adulation of the French philosophers could award him the epithet of "Great." Perhaps, too, our satisfaction at this epithet will hardly increase when we are told how freely it was adopted by himself,—how frequently the words "FRIDERICVS MAGNVS" appear on his own inscriptions. But how changed the scene when we come to view the same character from another aspect—as a statesman or a warrior! The injustice of all his wars—since all arose in fact from his robbery of Silesia in the first year of his reign, with no other right than the right of the stronger, and no better plea than the wolf in the fable gives the lamb—this injustice, great and grievous though it be, can scarcely dim the lustre of his victories. Who could forget that immortal strife of Seven Years, when, with no other ally than England, Frederick stood firm against all the chief powers of the Continent combined? Who could fail to admire that self-taught skill with which he overthrew his enemies, or that lofty spirit with which he bore, and at last retrieved, reverses? How heroic he appears at Rosbach when scattering far and wide the threefold numbers of France! How heroic when, after that battle, which as he said himself had merely gained him leisure to fight another battle elsewhere (so closely was he then beset with foes), he marched against the Austrians in Silesia, disregarded their strong position, contemned the winter season, and declared that he was resolved to assail them even though they had intrenched themselves on the church-steeple of Breslau! How glorious the day of Leuthen which followed, and which Napoleon has pronounced a master-piece in war! How not less glorious in the succeeding summer the day of Zorndorf, when Frederick looked down on the heaps of Russian slain, and beheld the Czarina's army destroyed rather than defeated by his arms!

Nor, again, is the honour slight of having maintained in perfect discipline, and with unimpaired renown, during twenty-three years of peace, an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. To the last, while Frederick lived, the well-earned military fame

of Prussia was worthily upheld. Twenty years after his death, on the field of Jena, it was clearly proved how much the high merit of that army depended on his own. When at St. Helena, Napoleon was asked which were the best troops that the world had ever seen, he answered—(not perhaps without some injustice both to himself and to his adversary at Waterloo)—“The Carthaginians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick!”*

Yet even this discipline had its dark side. In our own times experience has proved that the due obedience of soldiers does not depend on their ill-treatment. But far different maxims prevailed in Frederick's age, and the good order of his troops was maintained by a large amount of individual suffering. In the first place, the non-commissioned officers plied the cane without stint or mercy on the common men. If we were required to draw an emblematic picture of a Prussian soldier of those days, we should portray him covered with scars in front from his enemy, and covered with scars behind from his corporal! A veteran of Frederick's army, who was still alive in 1833, recently described the dreadful effect of those cruelties which he witnessed in Silesia—how many poor soldiers were flogged to desertion, how many to suicide, how many to madness!† Amongst the Prussian peasants, such was the horror of entering the army that it became necessary to promulgate an edict against those who had cut off their own thumbs, hoping by such mutilation to disqualify themselves for the service! We may observe in passing, that, according to Saumaise and Horne Tooke, a similar practice gave rise to the French word *poltron* (quasi *pollice truncatus*).

Among the officers the grievances were different, but scarcely less. Noble birth was in nearly all cases held indispensable for promotion. On any vacancy occurring in a regiment, the Colonel was required by the rules to recommend to his Majesty for appointment the most deserving subaltern, provided only that he was noble. In several instances, even foreign noblemen were, avowedly on the ground of their birth, preferred for officers' places to native plebeians. In like manner, none but youths of good

* Mémorial de St. Hélène, par le Comte de Las Cases, vol. vi. p. 6.

† Schlesische Provincial-blätter, ix. p. 241, as quoted by Preuss.

family were allowed admission into the College of Cadets. So late as 1784 we find Frederick directing the expulsion of three brothers named Stephani as being deficient in this essential qualification—"not of true and right nobility,"* says the King himself. Celibacy, though recommended in most services, has never yet been so rigidly enforced in any other; as an instance, it is mentioned that when in 1778 the Baireuth regiment of dragoons was reviewed by the King, it contained seventy-four officers, and of these not one—from the commander, General Bülow, down to the youngest ensign—was a married man! In other respects the duties were very severe, and the least departures from them punished by long arrests, while the pay was extremely small, and leave of absence seldom granted.

Scanty, however, as were the allowances of the Prussian army, they absorbed the larger share of the revenues of the state. In 1740, just before the accession of Frederick, it is stated that from a total income of 7,137,000 dollars, not less than 5,977,000 were devoted to the military department. At Frederick's decease in 1786, when the provinces had more than doubled in extent and population, and much more than doubled in productive industry, the income was twenty-two millions, and the expenses of the army thirteen. Yet notwithstanding this constant and enormous drain on his resources, such was the wise economy of Frederick, that he never seemed to want money whenever any object of public utility seemed to need assistance. We have already noticed his taste for building as shown in his costly palaces, but it would be doing him great injustice to suppose that it was confined to them; not only his capital, but his principal cities, such as Breslau, owed him the construction of libraries, theatres, and other stately public edifices, besides new streets and squares for private houses. In one of his letters of 1773 he is able to boast with just pride that he had that very year begun to rebuild some towns in Prussian Poland, which had lain in ruins ever since the pestilence of 1709.† In the same year he made arrangements for founding sixty new villages among the waste lands of Upper Silesia, and for rebuilding two towns in the same district, which had been destroyed by con-

* *Von wahren und rechten Adel.*

† To Voltaire, Oct. 24, 1773.

flagration : “they were of wood,” says he, “but they shall now be of brick or of stone from the neighbouring quarries which we have opened.” In 1775 we find him establish and endow at once an hundred and eighty schools in his new Polish province—some of the Protestant, and others of the Roman Catholic communion.* Were there any veins of metal discovered in the mountains—did any district suffer either from drought or inundation in the plains—did any new manufacture call for bounties—was there any attempt to produce at home instead of importing from abroad—in all these, and many other such cases, and without distinction of province or of creed, the succouring hand of Frederick was extended. His subjects found that he would not give alms to compassion, but only aids to restoration or improvement; he would help them whenever they would bestir themselves. On his yearly journeys through his states he was always on the watch for old abuses to correct, or new works of public benefit to commence. His questions were ever: Why not drain yonder marshes? why should that range of hills remain bare? might not this sheltered hollow bear fruit-trees? should not a new bridge span that river, or a new road pierce that forest? Nor were these mere vague recommendations: they became the first germ of speedy plans and estimates, and when the King passed by in the ensuing year, or summoned his provincial officers to Potsdam, he insisted on ascertaining what real progress had been made. Activity of any kind is rare, when great wealth and means of indolence exist; but how much rarer still to find it thus well-directed and steady in its aim! We had once the high honour of being for a short time in the company of a prince, whose mind struck us as a curious contrast to Frederick’s; he asked nearly the same questions, but seldom paused to hear the answer, or cried, “Right—quite right—exactly so”—whatever the answer might be!

To show more clearly how close and minute was Frederick’s superintendence of his provincial affairs, we will give an account of one of his “Ministers’ Reviews,” as they were termed—that is, a conference which he held every summer with the principal holders of office. Of the one which took place at Sans Souci on

* Letter to D’Alembert, June 19, 1775.

the 1st of June, 1770, a summary was drawn up by the Minister of State, Von Derschau, for the information of an absent colleague :—

“ His Majesty received us with a most gracious countenance, and said, ‘ Gentlemen, I have caused you to come that we might examine our household affairs together.’ We replied that we had duly prepared ourselves for this investigation : upon which he proceeded to say that he had himself inspected in the Oder-bruch the district which had suffered this year by the inundations of the Oder, and had found the damage by no means so great as it had been represented to him. ‘ One ought not,’ he added, ‘ to be too much dismayed by such calamities of Nature, however frightful they seem at first ; since Nature is apt herself to repair, and at no long interval, the havoc she has made.’ At Freienwalde there were only two small breaches in the dam, and only about twenty-five houses slightly damaged, so that the whole real loss of the inhabitants would be scarcely more than a few cartloads of hay and the growing crops on the ground. His Majesty then proceeded : ‘ I do not therefore see the necessity of such large sums as you have proposed to me to grant in remission of taxes and compensations for losses. However, I will allow 60,000 dollars. When the water shall have flowed off again, the Minister of State Von Hagen shall go to the spot and examine everything more exactly. But I cannot conceal from you how much I was dissatisfied at finding the new church in the Oder-bruch not yet completed. I desire that you will again send a sharp order to Lieut.-Colonel Petri to take measures for having the church ready soon, or it shall be the worse for him!’

“ Upon this his Majesty took up the account of the sums proposed to be allotted, and said, 1. That as to the funds for repairing the Oder-dam, they were already assigned. 2. That in addition he would gladly grant the 13,000 dollars proposed for the new sluice at Plauen. 3. That he would undertake the cost of the stables for the Cuirassiers’ horses at Kyritz, and of the hospital and orphan-asylum at Belgard, since these expenses were both needful and useful. 4. That he would refer to the Board of General Direction the charges required for the harbours of Rügenwald and Colberg.

“ When this was over, the King looked through with a keen eye the accounts of the *Chambre des Domaines* and of the *Caisse Militaire*, and signed them respectively. He then opened his desk, drew out a paper, and read to us a statement of the considerable sums which he intends this year, as far as he finds it possible, to devote to the benefit of his dominions. Among these sums we especially noticed 300,000 dollars for the nobility of Pomerania, 20,000 for the province of Hohnstein,

and 30,000 on account to restore the towns in the March of Brandenburg. On the first item the King observed—‘Gentlemen, I recommend to you especially the upholding and supporting my nobility. I lay great stress upon that order, for I require it both for my army and my civil administration. You know how many valuable men I have already drawn from it, and what I have been able to do by its means.’

“Before dinner the King spoke to us on sundry other matters, and said, amongst the rest, that it gave him pleasure whenever any of his subjects travelled into foreign states with views of improvement, and brought back useful knowledge to their native country. He added, that during his last journey through Pomerania he had seen at Colbatz the *Ober-Amtman* Sydow, who, together with his son, had been lately in England, and had studied the English system of husbandry. They understand how to grow lucerne, and what are termed TURNIPS (a white root for fodder, of which nine or ten often reach an hundredweight); and experiments in the culture of both have been made in Pomerania with excellent success. His Majesty wishes that the same may be done in Brandenburg. We are, therefore, to put ourselves in correspondence with these gentlemen, and receive from them the necessary instructions; and we are, also, to send some sensible *Wirthschafts-Schreiber* from various *Amter* in Brandenburg to Colbatz, to observe and afterwards adopt at home the cultivation not only of these turnips and lucerne, but also of the hops, which last his Majesty has recommended to us in the most pressing terms. The King observes that the country-people in Brandenburg are still too stubborn and prejudiced against any new discovery, however good and useful it may be. Therefore, says his Majesty, the men in office should always make a beginning with whatever promises well; and if it answers, then the lower classes will be sure to follow. ‘You would not think,’ added his Majesty with much animation, ‘how eager I feel to make the people advance in knowledge and welfare; but you must have often experienced, as I have, how much contradiction and thwarting one meets with, even where one has the best intentions.’”

Our limits warn us to carry no further the report of this remarkable interview. We will therefore omit, though reluctantly, the King’s remarks and directions as to the better manuring of pasture-lands—the reclaiming of several sandy spots near Löwenberg, Strausberg, Alt-Landsberg, and Werneuchen which he had noticed on his last journey—the draining of the great marshes at Stendal, and with the profits bringing over to the spot a colony

of Dutchmen—the encouragement of bee-hives and silk-worms, for which last large plantations of mulberry-trees had been made several years before—the establishment of extensive nursery-gardens near Berlin, to be manured from the sweepings of the streets and drains in that city—the planting of fruit-trees in other places likewise, so as to check the importation of dried fruit every year from Saxony, and “to keep,” the King added, “our money at home”—the working of the cobalt and coal-mines in Silesia, and how the coals should be transported, and how applied in bleaching-grounds, tile-kilns, and lime-kilns. After so many and such manifold orders this “Ministers’ Review” ended, we may observe, in a manner more agreeable than most Cabinet-Councils in England—by a general invitation to the Royal table that same day. “During the repast,” adds our reporter, “his Majesty was especially condescending and gay, made a great number of jests, and then bade us go—highly delighted at his gracious reception.”

In thus considering the administration of Frederick we must always bear in mind that his authority over his people was entirely and in all respects uncontrolled. Not only the treaties with foreign powers and the systems of foreign policy, the army, the ordnance, the shipping, the questions of trade and protecting duties, the imposition or remission of new taxes, and the application of the revenue received, were subject to his despotic sway, but even the decisions of the courts of law, which most other tyrannies hold sacred. Nay more, even beyond the frontiers of the state, personal freedom was so far controlled that no Prussian subject could travel without special permission from the King, and even when that permission was granted there was a Royal Ordinance of October 29, 1766, fixing the amount of pocket-money which he might take with him: if a nobleman or an officer, 400 dollars; if neither, 250. The government was, in fact, one of those which, when well administered, as was Frederick’s, are called by friends Patriarchal or Paternal, which leave little to individual choice or enterprise, but direct every man to the path in which he should go.

It is remarkable that Frederick, who not only possessed but actively wielded this uncontrolled authority, and who never to his dying day manifested the slightest idea of relaxing it, yet in many

of his writings expresses the most ardent aspirations for freedom. Thus in his epistle to the Marquis d'Argens :—

“ Vous de la liberté héros que je révère,
O Mânes de Caton, o Mânes de Brutus !”

Or when he thus upbraids *Hermothême* :—

“ Votre esprit est imbu des préjugés vulgaires,
Vos parchemins usés ne sont que des chimères.”

We remember that in ‘*Émile*’ Rousseau points an eloquent invective against those mock-philanthropists who profess unbounded zeal for the Tartars, but who will never help a poor neighbour at the door. In like manner we confess that we feel small reverence for those Kings who never part with one iota of their inherited despotism, who give a subject the hem of their garment to kiss, who bound their promotions to nobles, and who leave their peasantry serfs, and yet with all this love to prate of republicans and regicides—provided only that these lived very far away, and many hundred years ago !

It is certainly true that Frederick, upon the whole, administered his despotic power with enlightened views and with public spirit for the good of his subjects, and it may perhaps be argued, as Montesquieu has done, that despotic power while thus administered is the best of all forms of government. Take any Prussian town or district during the peaceful years of Frederick, and it will, we believe, appear that amidst very many cases of individual grievance and hardship the general progress of prosperity was rapid and unceasing. No instance can be stronger than that of Silesia. Here was a province won without a shadow of real right from Maria Theresa—a sovereign who, besides her legitimate title, had all the claims to her subjects’ sympathy which womanhood, youth, and beauty can bestow. Here were nobles of high lineage and loyalty compelled to acknowledge an usurping conqueror ; here was a people of bigoted Catholicism ruled over for the first time by a Protestant prince. Under such circumstances what else could be expected than that Silesia should become to Prussia what Ireland has been to England—a perennial fountain of bitterness—an object to all statesmen of anxious solicitude, and to nearly all of afflicting disappointment—a battle-field of ever recurring political and religious animosities, and, like other

battle-fields, laid waste by the contention ! Yet so prompt and so prudent were the measures of Frederick in behalf of his new conquest—neither neglecting the interests of his subjects, as, for instance, Joseph I., nor yet wounding their prejudices, like Joseph II.—that within a few years' space Silesia became as firmly bound to him as Brandenburg, and that Maria Theresa, in her later attempts to recover the province, found no effective or general assistance from the Silesians themselves.

We must confess, however, that this praise of the general result of Frederick's government is not easily borne out on examining the particular steps of the process. Wide as are the differences amongst ourselves on questions of trade and taxation, we do not suppose that one man could now be found to vindicate the former system in Prussia. Severe Government monopolies laid on main articles of consumption, and farmed out to speculators from a foreign country, form perhaps the very worst system of finance which human ingenuity has yet devised. And such was Frederick's—as a short review of the items will show.

On meat there was established an excise-duty of one *pfennig* per pound ; and moreover varying but always considerable *Droits d' Octroi* at the gates of towns on cattle and sheep. Thus at Berlin there was demanded for each ox one *thaler* thirteen *groschen* of entrance-excise, and ten *groschen* more of market-excise ; besides which there was another duty on the hide and another on the tallow. Bread was not excised ; but the *Octroi* on wheat and on flour amounted to four and six *pfennigs* the bushel respectively : the effect being, of course, to make bread dearer in the towns than in the villages or open country. On brandy there was an excise of one *groschen* the quart ; on beer of eighteen *groschen* the barrel. Coffee, tobacco, and salt were not merely excised, but administered by and for the state as monopolies. For the most part the coffee was only sold ready roasted for use—the right of roasting it being reserved as a special favour for certain privileged classes, as the nobles, the officers of the army, and the clergy in towns. The duty retained by the Government was at first four *groschen* the pound ; but, in 1772, was increased to six *groschen* and two *pfennigs*. It was calculated, that, deducting the duty, a pound of coffee could not possibly be sold by the fair trader at less than four *groschen* and

three-quarters; yet the price of the pound of coffee at Berlin in the retail trade never exceeded ten *groschen*; a clear proof of the prevalence and success of smuggling. Redoubled vigilance and severity on the part of the French revenue-officers in this department—the “coffee-smellers” (*Kaffee-Riecher*), as the mob called them—were wholly unavailing, except to increase the animosity against themselves. Thus, in 1784, the King found it necessary to reduce the amount of the duty by one half, and it is remarkable that the revenue derived from it almost immediately doubled. In the preceding year this revenue had been only 300,000 dollars; in the subsequent year it rose to 574,000.* It must, however, be observed that the King’s object in the higher rate was perhaps not so much financial as prohibitory. When the *Land-Stände* of Pomerania ventured to remonstrate against the increased duties on coffee and wines, his Majesty’s views were explained in his own Royal Rescript of August 27, 1779:—

“The great point,” says that Rescript (which is written in the style of familiar conversation), “is to put some limits to the dreadful amount of consumption. It is quite horrible how far the consumption of coffee goes—to say nothing of other articles! The reason is, that every peasant and common fellow is accustoming himself to the use of coffee, as being now so easily procured in the open country. If this be a little bit checked, the people must take again to beer, and that is surely for the good of their own breweries, as more beer would then be sold. Here then is the object—that so much money may not go to foreign parts for coffee; and if but 60,000 dollars went yearly, that is quite enough. As to the right of search which the *Land-Stände* object to, it is needful to keep order, especially among their own domestics; and, as good subjects to the King, they should not even say a word against it. Besides, his Majesty’s own Royal person was reared in childhood upon beer-soups (ale-berry), and why not then just as well the people down yonder? It is much wholesomer than coffee. The *Land-Stände* may therefore set their minds at rest on the matter, especially since all noblemen residing on their own estates shall continue to have free of duty as much coffee and wine as they require for their own and their families’ consumption; only care must be taken that this their privilege be guarded from abuse, and that no contraband traffic be carried on under their names. That cannot possibly be winked at for the future.”

* De Launay, *Justification du Système*, p. 30.

Bad as was this system of impost, with the like monopoly of tobacco and salt, Frederick may be reproached for introducing another still worse. In 1763 there were first established in Prussia Government lotteries. At first the annual profits from this source were small, only 60,000 dollars, but they gradually increased, both during Frederick's reign and after it. The net proceeds in 1829 are stated at 684,000 dollars.

No mode of administration, as we conceive, could have made the main Government monopolies welcome to the people. But certainly they were much aggravated in practice by the system which the King selected. Three years after the peace of Hubertsburg, Frederick summoned over from Paris several French farmers-general, the chief of whom was La Haye de Launay, and by them exclusively he administered his principal monopolies, as tobacco and coffee. This system, under the name of *La Régie*, was steadily maintained for twenty years, that is, during the remainder of Frederick's reign, but was immediately afterwards cancelled by his successor.

Nor was the French importation limited to the principal contractors; they drew over in their train several hundred of their countrymen, who were forthwith distributed over the Prussian states as men in office, with various grades and denominations: *Directeurs, Inspecteurs, Vérificateurs, Contrôleurs, Visiteurs, Commis plombeurs, Contrôleurs ambulants, Jaugeurs, Commis rats de cave*, and above all, *Anti-contrebandiers à pied et à cheval*! To these were adjoined also a great number of Germans, but always in a subaltern situation to the French. The whole establishment was far too numerous and costly, Frederick himself being the judge: for when, in 1783, he came to revise its details, he found himself able to suppress no less than 834 *employés*, and to effect a saving of 150,000 dollars yearly. Nor was the general financial result satisfactory. It has been ably shown by Dr. Preuss that the average annual receipts since the French financiers came in exceeded the former ones by only 857,000 dollars; a result not at all commensurate to the additional taxes imposed, nor to the growing population and prosperity of the Prussian states.

Undoubtedly, however, the main fault of the system was the deep humiliation of the Prussians at finding themselves thus

excluded from the administration of their own finances, and declared incapable of filling the best employments in their native country. It may likewise be imagined that ignorant or careless as were many of the French excisemen of any foreign language, the collisions between them and the native population were both frequent and angry. We are far from disputing the financial merits of our nearest neighbours whenever employed at home; but we really doubt whether even the Egyptian locusts, whose appearance so greatly irritated Frederick, could have proved a worse plague to his subjects than these French excisemen. It will be observed that they (although the excise itself was of long standing) were not appointed until some years after the Seven Years' War. Had they been at work previously, we are strongly of opinion that the King would have felt their ill effect from the anger and alienation of at least his Silesian subjects.

Passing to another branch we may observe, that in many parts of the Prussian monarchy the peasants continued to be feudal serfs—*ascripti glebæ*. Such Frederick found them at his accession—such he left them at his death. It is due to him, however, to observe that he issued several edicts to secure them as far as possible from any wanton ill-usage of their masters. With regard to these, the proprietors of the soil, there was a wide distinction maintained between those who were and those who were not of noble birth. None of the former class were allowed to alienate their lands to the latter without a special Royal licence; and this licence, for which we find many applications in Frederick's correspondence, was almost invariably refused; the object being, that if even some noblemen should be ruined, the estates of the nobles as a class should undergo no diminution.

This system, however irreconcilable with the French philosophy of Frederick, was no doubt in accordance with the temper and feelings at that time of his principal subjects. But it is difficult to understand what prejudice was gratified, or what advantage beyond facility of taxation it was expected to secure, by another system not less rigidly adhered to—the confinement of all manufacturing industry within town walls. By an Edict of June 4, 1718, which was not repealed till 1810, no kind of handicraftsmen were allowed to ply in the villages or open country, except these six: smiths, wheelwrights, carpenters,

masons, weavers, and tailors. There were certain exemptions for breweries and distilleries, especially in the provinces between the Oder and the Vistula, but the general rule stood as we have just described it. Thus the many new manufactories and branches of industry which Frederick loved to found or foster had to struggle against both the confined space and the larger expenses of the towns.

All such new manufactories, however, during Frederick's reign, were not only guarded by protective duties against their foreign rivals, but propped and encouraged by bounties. Large sums were often and readily devoted to this end. Some points, however, in Frederick's commercial policy, as in his financial, would be in the present day universally condemned. Thus, wishing to secure to the woollen manufactures of Prussia a cheap and constant supply of their raw material, he absolutely prohibited the export of wool from his dominions; nay, more, by an Edict of April 3, 1774, he decreed that the export of wool or fleece should thenceforward be a capital offence!

The corn-laws of Frederick were also, to say the least of them, rather stringent. There was a general order issued at the very outset of his reign, that whenever in any district or at any season the land-owners were unwilling to dispose of their stocks of grain, it might be seized by the Government officers and forcibly sold by auction. He also insisted that in common years his granaries and garrisons should be supplied at a low fixed price as named by himself. On the other hand, however, these granaries were always opened in a year of scarcity, and their contents being sold at moderate prices tended in no small degree to counteract the prevailing dearth.

"For universities and schools," says Dr. Preuss, "Frederick did much less than might have been expected from so warm a friend of civilisation and knowledge." On one occasion indeed, as we have elsewhere mentioned, he founded nearly 200 schools for his new province of West Prussia; but in general he supplied for the schools in his dominions only his advice, and not his money, of which they stood in urgent need. The office of village schoolmasters was so wretchedly paid that of course it was wretchedly filled; most of them, as the King informs us, being tailors! Still far worse, however, grew the state of things when

Frederick, in 1779, hit upon this expedient for providing, without expense to himself, for his invalided soldiers. The veterans thus turned into pedagogues were found for the most part wholly unequal to the task, as many of them frankly owned ; nay, we are even assured that in the better-conducted schools the new master appeared to know much less than his pupils. Wretched, however, as must have been such attempts at teaching, the subjects of Frederick had no choice or option in resorting to them. It was enjoined on every Prussian of the lower class to send his sons to these, and no other, schools. In like manner Frederick attempted to prop up his defective Universities by his favourite expedient—monopoly. He had issued a Decree that any Prussian subject educated abroad or passing less than two years at a Prussian University, should be held disqualified for any civil or ecclesiastical appointment in his service.

But though in the Prussian states one form of education was thus made imperative, every form of religion was left perfectly free. Viewing, as did Frederick, all sects of Christianity with most impartial contempt, it cost him of course no effort to treat them all alike. Every zealot in exile or under persecution—from the Jesuit down to the materialist, like La Metrie, to whom indeed he granted a pension—found in his states a cordial welcome and a quiet refuge. With equal readiness did he apply himself to provide churches for the Lutherans at Breslau, and a Cathedral for the Roman Catholics at Berlin. It may, however, be observed that he made no attempt to conciliate the goodwill of the latter by increasing their endowments or remitting their taxation. From all the convents and religious houses of Silesia he claimed the payment of 50 per cent. from their net incomes, and on the partition of Poland we find him establish the same scale in his new province of West Prussia.

We may likewise remark that, in corresponding with clergymen, of whatever persuasion, Frederick was not led by any views of policy to refrain from his customary scoffs and sneers. He loved especially to taunt them with texts of Scripture misapplied. Once, he was building arcades around the windows of the town-church at Potsdam, and received a remonstrance from its clergy, entreating his Majesty to suspend the work, for that otherwise they would not be able to see. The King answered, “Blessed

are they which have not seen and yet have believed!" On another occasion the Pastor Pels of Bernau, finding that he could not subsist on his yearly stipend of less than 40*l.* English, applied for some augmentation—a request which, in England at least, would not be thought unreasonable; but he received the following as the Royal reply:—"The Apostles did not thirst after lucre. They have preached in vain, for Herr Pels has no Apostolic soul!"—It is surprising that such mockeries do not seem at that time to have stirred up any of the religious resentment and indignation, which would undoubtedly be found to result from them at present.

The tolerant maxims of Frederick scarcely extended to the Jews. He appears to have felt a prepossession against that race; founded, perhaps, on their real or supposed unaptness for war. Alone among his subjects they were liable to an ignominious poll-tax, like so many heads of cattle—a tax not abolished until 1787, the year after Frederick's death. Many branches of trade were prohibited to them, as breweries and distilleries, or the sale of any article of food, except amongst themselves. Several towns, as Ruppín, were confirmed in the privilege, as they deemed it, that no Jew should ever sleep within their walls. In all other towns, the number of Jewish families, as once settled, was on no account to be exceeded—(a rule, however, relaxed in practice); and these families were held liable collectively for the imposts due by any one of them. And such were the shackles in Prussia even on the more privileged, or, as called by courtesy, the "protected Jews" (*Schutz-Juden*); and, heavy as they seem, yet lighter than those borne by that people in many other parts of Germany! Even down to 1833, as we learn from Dr. Preuss, and as we believe even to the present year, no Jew, though of the highest character, was considered in the Prussian courts of law as what they term *testis omni exceptione major*; nor can his testimony ever be held fully equivalent to a Christian's!* Surely the resisting any further political concessions to that race is by no means incompatible with the denouncing such civil restraints upon them as most oppressive and unjust.

* We find, however, from the *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung* of August 7, 1847, that a *Projet de Loi*, to remedy most of the remaining grievances of the Jews, has been recently submitted by the Government to the States, and in part adopted.

Nor can it be said that these restraints and hardships in the Prussian states under Frederick's reign were lightened by any peculiar gentleness of manner in his Majesty. Thus in November, 1764, we find him issue an angry order against the presumption of certain Jews who had taken cows on hire. And when Benjamin Meyer, of Magdeburg, in 1765, applied for equal rights with the Christian tradesmen of that town, the Royal reply was as follows:—"Let the Jew immediately take himself away from Magdeburg, or the Commandant shall kick him out!"

In Prussia, as in other German states at that period, the press was far from free; there was both a censorship before publication, and after it at any time a power of seizure. Frederick was not a man to bear any attacks upon his policy, if by such attacks that policy could be thwarted or endangered; but when his own person and character only were concerned, he displayed the most magnanimous forbearance. During his whole reign libels against him might be circulated, and libellers go free. Thus, in 1761, a little pasquinade, whose venom may be discovered even in its title, *La Laïs Philosophe*, was sold without obstruction in the Prussian capital. Frederick himself with a lofty spirit declared, "It is for me to do my duty, and to let the wicked talk on." In the same tone he writes to Voltaire, on March 2, 1775:—

"Of such satires I think as Epictetus did: 'If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it!' By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse; I go through my appointed daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road."

In 1784 a severer trial awaited the King's magnanimity from Voltaire himself, when there came forth the witty and scandalous *Vie Privée*—that Parthian arrow which Voltaire had drawn on his flight from Berlin in 1753, but had concealed until his own death. Yet of this *Vie Privée*, teeming as it does with every topic of invective and ridicule upon the King, a whole edition was leisurely disposed of by Pitra, the King's own bookseller, at Berlin!

Caricatures upon Frederick were treated by him with the same lofty unconcern. One day, as he was riding along the *Jäger-Strasse* at Berlin, he observed a crowd pressing forward and staring at a paper stuck high upon the wall. As he drew near, he perceived that it was a satirical representation of himself, as

engaged in the coffee-monopoly, with one of his hands turning a coffee-mill, and with the other greedily picking up a single bean which had fallen to the ground. Frederick turned coolly round to the Heyduke who attended him, and said, "Take down that paper and hang it lower, so that the people may not strain their necks in looking at it." And this the Heyduke was proceeding to do, when the people, struck at their King's magnanimity, broke into loud huzzas, and tore the injurious portrait into a thousand pieces.

It was once observed by Dr. Johnson, with his usual admirable sense, that "no man was ever written down, except by himself;" and certainly it was not from the publications of others, but from his own, that King Frederick suffered both in fame and fortunes. To this day his leaden volumes of poetry, of that kind of mediocrity, not, as Horace says, to be borne by Gods or men, form a counterpoise to his military glories and administrative skill. And during his lifetime it was truly surprising to find a prince so provident and wary on any other affair, beyond all measure rash and reckless in his satirical attacks on Madame de Pompadour at the height of her favour, and on the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. There is no doubt that the biting verses, imprudently written, and still more imprudently promulgated, on the private life of both these ladies, were among the main causes of the greatest danger which he ever ran—of that all but irresistible confederacy formed against him in the Seven Years' War.

At other times, however, Frederick, versed as he was in the secrets of the press, made use of them for his own objects in a manner seldom tried by princes. Thus, in 1767, the King found the public at Berlin inclined to tattle on the chance of another war. To turn their attention he immediately composed and sent to the newspapers a full account of a wonderful hail-storm stated, though without the smallest foundation in fact, to have taken place at Potsdam on the 27th of February in that year. Not only did this imaginary narrative engross for some time, as he desired, the public conversation, but it gave rise to some grave philosophical treatises on the supposed phenomenon!

Over the administration of Justice, Frederick, as we have already said, held despotic sway. Whenever he found fault with the decision of a Court of Law, he thought himself entitled not

only to reverse the sentence, but to punish the judges. But it is due to him to add that he never exercised this authority on any grounds of powerful influence or personal regard. His state-papers and correspondence teem with applications from persons of the first rank in the Prussian monarchy, entreating him to suspend some decree of the courts which they found inconvenient ; but the King invariably refuses, “ since,” as he often adds, “ the laws must govern all alike.” It was his maxim, that before a judicial court a prince and a peasant should be entirely equal ; and this was not, like some of his others, a mere holiday maxim, to be paraded in a French poem or a French pamphlet, and never thought of afterwards ; but again and again did he press it on his Chancellor and judges, both urging it in words, and enforcing it in action.

In explanation of this last point it is to be observed, that although Frederick would never consent to reverse a judgment from motives of friendship or favour, he was prompt to do so whenever he thought that the poor had been injured or despoiled by the rich. Nor was it merely such a case of oppression, real or supposed, which roused him : his keen eye discerned how frequently a delay is equivalent to a denial of justice. Sometimes, therefore, he would interfere to simplify and shorten the wearisome forms of jurisprudence, and cut through, as it were, with his sword those Gordian knots which lawyers love to weave. Of the technicalities in other countries he spoke with caustic disdain. Thus he writes to Voltaire, January 27, 1775, on the case of a French officer preparing to enter his service and perplexed by a law-suit at home :—

“ As the practice goes, his law-suit may drag its slow length along for another year at least. People write me word that highly important forms require these delays, and that it is only by dint of patience that one can reach the point of losing a law-suit before the Parliament of Paris. I hear these fine things with amazement, and without at all comprehending them.”

It must be owned, however, that Frederick did not join to his horror of injustice sufficient thought and care, and that he sometimes caused the very evil which he dreaded. The story of the miller Arnold has been often told. The King, believing that here a poor man had been wronged through the undue influence

of a nobleman his neighbour, took up the affair most warmly, discarded his Chancellor, sent three of his Judges to Spandau, and forcibly reinstated Arnold in possession of the mill. It was afterwards proved by incontrovertible documents, and is now universally acknowledged, that the miller was a knave; that the Chancellor had taken no part in the business; and, above all, that the Judges had decided according to right, and were therefore punished without reason. Nay more, we are assured that the King himself admitted his error to one of his familiar attendants, but added, that the mistake being already made, could not, without loss of dignity, be recalled. Such painful cases imply (for really the arguments here lie upon the surface) great want of care and attention in the Royal arbitrator. They also prove that no prince should ever in any country be invested with a despotic power above the laws. But while we deprecate despotic power, and while we demand vigilant care, we must, even in the teeth of such cases, express our sympathy in any endeavours to clear from rubbish and to open wider the portals of the Temple of Justice. In our own Court of Chancery we may perceive how, by never swerving from established forms, a most faulty system may consist with the most upright intentions, and with the most learned men. Our Lord Chancellors for the last century and upwards have been above all suspicion and reproach. We had lately Lord Lyndhurst, eminent as a judge, orator, and statesman. We have now Lord Cottenham, eminent as a judge. Every legal decision of either would command implicit and deserved respect. Yet in the courts over which they presided or preside, how often are old technicalities more powerful than they; how often are large fortunes lavished to secure the clearest right; how often is the clearest right relinquished or forborne rather than be asserted at such cost and time! Surely, even a "killing Decree," as poor Aubrey called it in Lord Bacon's time, would weigh more lightly on the suitors than the prospect of no decree at all—the prospect that by the time the suit has grown to years, and the solicitor's bill to thousands, they should still be met by some fresh *Demurrer* or some renewed *Reference to the Master*!

We ask pardon of our readers for this digression, and are warned by it to forbear from entering upon other topics—as of

Frederick's foreign policy—which might lead us too far. The partition of Poland especially is so momentous an episode that it cannot be disposed of in a single paragraph. Yet, perhaps, not merely that transaction, but the whole foreign policy of Frederick was once aptly described by some Polish borderers in a single word. When they saw displayed on the flagstaff of the newly gained frontier the Prussian Eagle, with the motto *SUUM CUIQUE*, they slyly wrote beneath *RAPUIT!* These questions, however, we shall for the present pass by, and proceed to relate the circumstances of Frederick's last illness and death.

During many years he had sustained periodical fits of gout, and also frequent stomach disorders, the result of his errors or excesses at table. Still, however, by early hours and regular exercise, his constitution had since his early youth gained much in vital strength, and enabled him to recover promptly and completely from such attacks. When sick, he invariably became far more gentle and forbearing to all around him; and thus also, as we are told by his chief valet-de-chambre, Schöning, the surest sign of his convalescence was his ill treatment of those with whom he had seemed well satisfied during his sickness. In August, 1785, when the King was directing the annual review in Silesia, in the presence of many foreign generals and princes, the weather became cold and stormy, and he was earnestly entreated to forbear from appearing on the ground. But Frederick was determined never until the last necessity to relax from a single one of his kingly duties; accordingly he sat on horseback to see the troops defile during six hours of heavy rain, and on his return home was seized with fever and ague. These for the time he shook off; but, through the whole of the ensuing winter, his health grew subject to daily variation; many slight attacks soon recovered from, but ever again recurring.

It is probable, however, that his life might have been prolonged during several years, had he been only willing to use some degree of prudence and restraint in his diet; but on this most tender subject he would hearken to no counsel. Thus, for instance, while at Breslau after his short campaign of 1778, he was suffering severely from colic and indigestion; and his physician, Dr. Möhsen, ventured to intimate, with the utmost deference and humility, that it might be better for his Majesty

to abstain from Parmesan cheese in his favourite *polentas* until after his Majesty's stomach had by proper remedies recovered its tone. "*Alle Teufel!*" cried the King, with a loud and angry voice, "are you reprimanding me? Get you gone, I have no further occasion for you!" Poor Dr. Möhsen hastened back to Berlin with all precipitation, and greatly discomfited. Nearly in the same way it fared with his successor, Dr. Selle, at the commencement of the King's last illness. In other respects likewise he was a far from tractable patient. As in state affairs he would take nothing on trust, but required to have everything made clear to his own perception; and he expected from any medicine some decisive and speedy effects—otherwise, the medicine itself was soon discarded.

Under these circumstances the King grew worse and worse in the first months of 1786. He was often sleepless at nights, but, on the other hand, would fall into short and uneasy slumbers by day. His strength was so far reduced that he could only ride occasionally, and when lifted on his horse. A short dry cough set in, and his breathing became so difficult that he could not lie down in bed, but only sit through the twenty-four hours bending forwards on the same arm-chair. Symptoms of dropsy also began to show themselves both in his body and his limbs.

With all this, however, the King's activity and zeal in transacting business never for one moment abated. He continued to read every despatch and memorial, to dictate and sign his answers, and to carry on all the current business for the public good with the same punctuality and clearness as ever. Such was the intention which he had long ago expressed in his '*Epître au Maréchal Keith*:'—

"Oui, finissons sans trouble, et mourons sans regrets,
En laissant l'univers comblé de nos bienfaits ;
Ainsi l'astre du jour au bout de sa carrière
Répand sur l'horizon une douce lumière,
Et ses derniers rayons qu'il darde dans les airs,
Sont ses derniers soupirs qu'il donne à l'univers."

This is the only piece of poetry by Frederick with which we intend to trouble our readers, and we think that they will be inclined to forgive its poverty of versification and confusion of metaphor (sunbeams turned into sighs!) for the sake of its noble

and lofty sentiment—a sentiment, be it observed, not merely put forth in high health thirty years before, but courageously fulfilled and carried through when there came the hour of trial.

Nor yet, amidst all his suffering, did his gaiety and love of jest forsake him. When the Duke of Courland came to see him at this period, the King asked him whether he stood in need of a good watchman, “for if so,” added his Majesty, “allow me to offer myself, being well qualified for such a post by my sleeplessness at nights.”

Finding little benefit from medicine, and unwilling to try abstinence, Frederick placed his own hopes on the return of fine weather, and as the spring advanced often caused himself to be set in a chair on the sunny side of the palace to inhale the balmy air. But no real improvement having ensued, the King, in the course of June, wrote to summon from Hanover the celebrated Swiss physician, Dr. Zimmermann. Accordingly Zimmermann came, and on a careful consideration of the symptoms, prescribed as a stomachic the daily use of the Extract of *Taraxicum*—the common meadow Dandelion. But he heard with dismay, from the valet-de-chambre Schöning, how great continued to be the King’s errors of diet. “The most indigestible dishes,” said Schöning, “are the favourites with his Majesty; and whenever he is prevailed upon by a physician to try any medicine, he does not on that account put any restraint on his immoderate eating.” The truth of such accounts was soon apparent to Dr. Zimmermann from his own observation. We will give in his very words his report of the King’s dinner on the 30th of June:—

“This day the King took a very large quantity of soup, and this consisted, as usual with him, of the very strongest and most highly spiced ingredients; yet, spiced as it was already, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of pounded ginger and mace. His Majesty then ate a good piece of *bœuf à la Russe*—beef which had been steeped in half a quart of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, which is made half of Indian corn and half of Parmesan cheese; to this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This, one of the King’s most darling dishes, is named *Polenta*. At last,” continues Zimmermann, “the King having expressed his satisfaction at the excellent appetite which the Dandelion gave him, closed the scene with a whole plateful of eel-pie, which was so hot and fiery that it seemed as though it had

been baked in Hell! Even before leaving the table on this occasion he fell into a doze, and was seized with convulsions. At other times again," adds the Doctor, "the King would eat a large quantity of chilling and unwholesome fruits, especially melons, and then again a vast number of sweetmeats."

With such irregularities on the part of a septuagenary invalid—still persevered in, notwithstanding all Dr. Zimmermann's warnings—our readers will not be surprised to learn that his ailments during the month of July became greatly aggravated, and that every hope of amendment, or even alleviation to them, disappeared. The last time that he mounted Condé was on the 4th of July, when he was with great difficulty lifted into his saddle, and after a short gallop manifested extreme exhaustion.

Through the whole of his long illness there was no word or deed of the King which referred to religious feelings, or betokened any idea of a future state. All his thoughts apparently were of this earth—to fulfil his Royal duties and also enjoy his personal pleasures to the last. On one occasion when he received a letter from some zealous persons urging his conversion, he handed the letter to one of his Secretaries for reply, merely saying with unusual gentleness, "They should be answered kindly, for they mean well!"

Frederick does not appear, during his last illness, to have seen or wished to see any member of his family; but almost every evening he received as usual his circle of literary friends. He never wearied them with complaints of his painful state, nor even mentioned it, but conversed cheerfully on the events of the day, and on various points of history and horticulture, literature and philosophy. He also continued both to read himself and be read to. The last works which he perused were a 'History of Henry IV. of France;' the 'Siècle de Louis XV.' by Voltaire; and the 'Twelve Cæsars' of Suetonius as translated by La Harpe.

Conscious as was Frederick of his daily declining health, and hopeless as his state had now become, it is not clear how far he was himself aware of his near approaching dissolution. On the 10th of August he wrote as follows to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick:—

“ My adorable Sister,—The Hanoverian Doctor* wished to keep up his importance with you, my good sister ; but the truth is that he was of no use to me. Old people must make way for young, so that each generation may find its place in the world ; and when one comes really to examine what is life, one finds that it is only to see one’s contemporaries die and be born.† Meanwhile I find myself a little relieved within these few days. My heart remains inviolably attached to you, my good sister.—With the highest consideration, I am, &c., FEDERIC.”

Next day, however, we find the King, as if in expectation of a longer life, dictate a letter to the bookseller Pitra, for a supply of new publications to his library in the ensuing year.

To the last, Frederick displayed the same unconquerable application, the same ardent zeal for the improvement of his states. Thus, on the 1st of August, we may observe that he dictated both instructions and inquiries as the first step towards the reclaiming of a large morass near Tilsit. To the last, also, there continued the same care and thought for the gratification of his palate. Some of the daily bills of fare laid before him within a fortnight of his death, and corrected by his own hand, are still preserved. Thus, on the 4th of August, one of the dishes proposed to him was *Des gâteaux à la Rothenbourg*, to be executed by one of his culinary artists with the classic name of Dionysius ; but on reflection his Majesty deemed it better to substitute another dish and another cook, named Gosset, to dress it. Accordingly he effaced the names which we have just quoted, and wrote upon the margin : “ *Gosset—Filet de Poulets au Basilic ; mais que la sauce ne soit pas trop épaisse !*”

Of the following day, the 5th of August, the entire bill of fare was as follows. The crosses which appear against some of the dishes were marked by the King’s own hand, to denote, as we have already explained, those of which he had both eaten and approved :—

+ *Soupe aux choux à la Fouqué, avec perdrix et petit lard.*

+ *Du bœuf au pannais et carottes.*

Des poulets au cannelon aux concombres farcis au blanc à l’An-

* Zimmermann.

† We translate literally *mourir et naître* ; most writers would probably have transposed the words.

glaise. (This dish had been struck out by the King, and he wrote instead of it): *Des côtelettes dans du papier.*

Des petits pâtés à la Romaine.

+ *Du saumon à la Dessau.*

Filets de volaille à la Pompadour, avec langue de bœuf et croquets.

Dès gâteaux à la Portugaise. (This dish had been struck out by the King, and he wrote instead of it): + *Des gaufres.*

+ (In German) *Green peas.*

+ (Ditto) *Fresh herrings.*

(Ditto) *Pickled cucumbers.*

On the morning of the 15th, Frederick, far contrary to his usual habit, dozed till eleven o'clock; then, however, he received his Cabinet-Secretaries, and gave them directions with a feeble voice, but with his customary clearness. He also drew out for General von Rohdich, the Commandant of Potsdam, a plan of some manœuvres which he wished the garrison to execute on the morrow—a plan perfectly accurate, and well adapted to the ground. At dinner he ate half a lobster, the last food which passed his lips. In the afternoon he fell into a kind of stupor, which continued more or less through the night. Early on the 16th a rattle was heard in his throat, and he seemed at the very point of death. When it was announced to him, as usual, that the Cabinet-Secretaries had come, and were ready in the ante-chamber, he could scarcely gasp out words to desire that they should wait, and that he would see them presently. They remained outside, but in the course of the morning General Von Rohdich entered his room. As that officer appeared before him, it was painful to observe how the dying Monarch strove to collect his failing energy and fulfil his daily task; how he laboured, but all in vain, to raise his drooping head from the corner of his chair, to fix his glassy eye, and to move his speechless tongue. The General put up his papers, and withdrew in silence, with a handkerchief before his face. When, in the afternoon, at the desire of the Prince of Prussia, Dr. Selle came from Berlin, he found that his Royal Patient had slightly rallied, being able to stir a few steps, and articulate a few words;—but for the first time during his long reign, he never mentioned, and seemed to have forgotten, the current business, not yet despatched, of the day—a surer symptom than any other, observed Dr. Selle, of his

close approaching dissolution. About seven o'clock the King had a short but quiet and refreshing interval of sleep. As the clock placed above his head struck eleven, he inquired the hour, and on being told, he added, "At four o'clock I will rise." About midnight his Majesty observed that his favourite dog had sprung from the allotted cushion by his side, upon which he inquired where he was, and desired that he might be put back again. These were the last words he spoke. Soon after the rattle in his throat returned, his breathing grew fainter and fainter, and at twenty minutes past two, on the morning of the 17th of August, he expired. He was seventy-four years and six months of age.

It is remarkable that during all this time—so strict was the discipline in the Royal Household—the King's imminent danger remained a secret not only to most of the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, but also to most members of the Royal Family. Even on the 16th, when the King was at the last extremity, the Queen gave an afternoon party at Schönhausen. Mirabeau, who had just returned from a visit to Prince Henry at Rheinsberg, was present, and states that the Envoy of France was by no means aware of the crisis being so near at hand, and that the Queen herself was equally unconscious. In Mirabeau's own words, "Her Majesty had no idea of it: she spoke to me of nothing but the coat which I wore, of Rheinsberg, and of the happiness which she had there enjoyed while still Princess Royal."* Thus was her Majesty talking of her honeymoon in the last hours of her married life!

In the portrait which we have now endeavoured to draw of Frederick's private character in old age and his system of administration in peace, we are conscious that many of the features may appear scarcely consistent with each other, or as appertaining to one and the same mind. As in the giant figure of Dante's vision:—

"Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio :

La sua testa è di fin' oro formata,
E puro argento son le braccia e 'l petto ;
Poi è di rame infino alla forcata ;

* *Histoire Secrète de Berlin*, vol. i. p. 84, ed. 1789.

Da indi in giuso è tutto ferro eletto,
 Salvo che 'l destro piede è terra cotta,
 E sta 'n su quel, più che 'n nell' altro eretto :
 Ciascuna parte, fuor che l'oro, è rotta ! ”*

Thus also in King Frederick the clay was strangely blended with the gold ; it is impossible to deny with truth the presence of either, and it remains only to assign precisely the different proportions.

Mr. Macaulay, in a most able sketch of Frederick's early life and campaigns—a sketch which has appeared in the pages of a contemporary journal,† but not as yet among his own collected Essays—calls his Prussian Majesty “the greatest King that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.” With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, we must here however dissent from his conclusion. Several Royal and legitimate names occur to us as deserving to stand higher on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in our hero, we should prefer to Frederick, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation we should assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first King of his race ; to that King, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality ! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed, as a warrior to have equalled, Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus ! The victory gained by the Prussian King at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish King at Leipzig on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two Monarchs were alike in the action ; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the

* Inferno, Canto xiv.

† Edinburgh Review, No. 151, April, 1842.

well-fought day ! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory ! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode !

The character of Frederick is now, we rejoice to think, viewed by his own countrymen in a fair and discriminating spirit. On the one hand there is, and there ought to be, the greatest admiration for his military genius and renown ; on the other hand there is no leaning to his infidel philosophy, or to his iron despotism, or to his fantastic notions of finance. The French language is not now preferred to the German by the Germans themselves, nor is the literature of Berlin any longer the pale reflex of that of Paris. On the contrary, there appears to grow on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine the inclination to a careful study of the kindred tongue—to a generous emulation with the kindred race, of England. Even now such names as Humboldt and Hallam, as Eastlake and Cornelius, may worthily stand side by side. Nor, we hope, is the day far distant when the progress of Prussia in her constitutional rights shall enable her statesmen to vie with ours in the principles of free institutions, and in that manly and unpremeditated eloquence which free institutions alone can produce or preserve.

LETTERS BETWEEN MR. PITT AND THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

[QU. REV., No. 140. September, 1842.]

70:289

Correspondence between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1781—1787. (Privately printed.) London, 1842. pp. 174.

It has been laid down as a rule by a great orator of ancient times, that writing well is the best and surest preparation for speaking well. *Stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister* are the words of Cicero.* On the other hand, it seems natural to suppose that a man able and ready with his tongue should be still more able and ready with his pen. If he can without premeditation pour forth acute arguments in eloquent language, surely the advantages of leisure will supply the same acuteness and the same eloquence in at least equal perfection.

Neither of these conclusions, however, is entirely borne out by experience. Burke, whose writings will delight and instruct the latest posterity, often delivered his harangues to empty benches or a yawning audience, and was known to his contemporaries by the nickname of “the Dinner-Bell.”

“ Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining ;
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ! ”

Fox, so pre-eminent as a debater, appears with small distinction in his authorship. Nay more, even the high skill of the Reporters' Gallery fails to give any just idea of the real merits of a speech as well or ill-adapted to its hearers. Every one must have frequently felt surprise at his inability to discover—with the ‘Times’ or the ‘Chronicle’ in his hand—any good points in the speech which the night before has made the whole House ring with enthusiastic cheers ; or, on the contrary, has wondered at

* De Oratore, lib. i. c. 33.

the slight effect produced at the time, by what he afterwards reads with so much pleasure. We have heard a most eminent living statesman observe how very erroneous an idea, as to the comparative estimation of our public characters, would be formed by a foreigner who was unacquainted with our history, and who judged only from Hansard's 'Debates.' Who, for instance, now remembers the name of Mr. Charles Marsh? Yet one of the most pointed and vigorous philippics which we have read in any language stands in the name of Mr. Marsh, under the date of the 1st of July, 1813.

It has, therefore, always been a subject of doubt and discussion, notwithstanding the oratorical eminence of Mr. Pitt, whether he likewise excelled in written composition. Up to this time the general impression, we believe, is, that he did not. This impression has, in part perhaps, proceeded from the example of his father, the great Lord Chatham, whose style in his correspondence appears by no means worthy of such a mind—swelling, empty, cumbrous—and, even to his own family, seeking metaphors and epithets instead of precision and clearness. Another cause of that impression may have been, that Mr. Pitt, whenever it was possible, preferred transacting business in personal interviews rather than in writing.

Of this usual course in Mr. Pitt a strong proof came under our own observation. Once, when the writer of this article was on a visit at Lowther Castle, the venerable Earl, who amidst advancing years never wearies in acts of courtesy and kindness to all around him, indulged his friend's curiosity with a large packet of letters addressed by Mr. Pitt to himself, and to his kinsman Sir James. These letters had been most properly preserved as autographs; but, with one or two remarkable exceptions, they were very short, and nearly in the following strain:—"Dear Lowther, Pray call on me in the course of the morning."—"Dear Lowther, Let me see you at the Treasury as soon as you can."—"Dear Lowther, When shall you be next in town, as I wish to speak to you?"—in short, referring almost every subject to conversation instead of correspondence.

But whatever doubts may have been entertained as to Mr. Pitt's abilities for writing, are now, as we conceive, set at rest

by a fortunate discovery in the House of Rutland. It may be recollected, that the late Duke was appointed by Mr. Pitt, in 1784, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died as such, in 1787, at the early age of thirty-three. The Duchess, his widow, survived till 1831. Not long since, as their eldest son, the present Duke, was arranging Her Grace's papers, he unexpectedly lighted upon a long series of confidential communications between Downing Street and Dublin Castle. In this case it was manifestly impossible for the Prime Minister to hold personal interviews with the Lord-Lieutenant: in this case, therefore, Mr. Pitt wrote, and wrote most fully and freely. The greater part of the letters are marked "private," "most private," "secret," "most secret," and are evidently composed, not merely as between official colleagues, but familiar friends. The value of these documents to illustrate the history of the times and the character of Mr. Pitt could not fail to be apparent; and although there might be some ground against their publication at present, the Duke of Rutland has in the most liberal manner consented that a certain number should be printed for the gratification of his friends.

Of the letters thus printed in the course of the present summer, we have had the honour to receive a copy, and we feel no hesitation in saying that—written though many of them were, in the very height of the session, or the utmost hurry of business—they appear to us models in that kind of composition. We can scarcely praise them more highly than by saying that they rival Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated diplomatic correspondence, of which, as we know from other sources, Mr. Pitt was a warm admirer. They never strain at any of those rhetorical ornaments which, when real business is concerned, become only obstructions, but are endowed with a natural grace and dignity—a happy choice of words, and a constant clearness of thought. Although in the MS. seldom divided into paragraphs, they display neither confusion, nor yet abrupt transition of subjects, but flow on, as it were, in an even and continuous stream.

Of these merits, however, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Here, for example, is a confidential inquiry, which was addressed to the Duke of Rut-

land as to some faults imputed to his secretary, Mr. Orde,* and which, as it seems to us, most justly combines a zeal for the public service with a tenderness for personal feelings :—

“ Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

“ [Secret.]

“ Brighthelmstone, Oct. 28, 1785.

“ My dear Duke,—I would not break in upon you in the course of your tour, if the business I wish to bring under your consideration was less pressing and important than it is. You will be so good to understand what I have to say upon it as being in the most entire confidence and secrecy, as indeed the subject itself sufficiently implies.

“ Various accounts have reached me from persons connected with Ireland, too material to the interest of your government, and consequently to us both, to make it possible for me to delay communicating the substance immediately to you, and desiring such farther information and advice as you alone can give. While all quarters agree in eulogiums, which do not surprise me, on every part of your own conduct, and on the prudence, spirit, and firmness of your government, the picture they give of the first instrument of your administration is very different. They state that Mr. Orde has incurred the imputation of irresolution and timidity, and a suspicion even of duplicity, still more prejudicial than his want of decision ; and that if the management of the House of Commons, and the duties of secretary, are left in his hands, it will be impossible to answer what may be the consequences to Government even in the next session.

“ This information you may imagine does not come directly to me ; and I neither know how far it is to be depended upon, nor have any means myself of ascertaining it but by stating it to you, who may be able to do so. I receive every such intimation with great allowance for a thousand prejudices or secret motives in which it may originate ; but I still think it too serious to be wholly disregarded. From all I have had an opportunity of seeing, I give Mr. Orde credit for considerable abilities and industry, and for perfect good intention. I am, therefore, inclined to think such representations as I have mentioned at least greatly exaggerated. But I am sensible that his manners do not lead him to be direct and explicit in doing business, and that his temper is not decisive. This may make him not distinct enough in his dealings

* The Right Hon. Thomas Orde. He had been Secretary of the Treasury in 1782. In 1797 he was created Lord Bolton, and died in 1807.

with men or personal objects, and content, without knowing as distinctly as he ought, on the other hand, what he has to trust to from them; and these circumstances will sometimes have the appearance, and generally the bad effect, of the qualities imputed to him.

“It is stated particularly, that when the commercial bill was brought forward, he had neither taken sufficient pains to ascertain who were the friends of Government, nor to collect those who were certainly so, but had trusted to vague assurances and general expectations, which produced the consequences we saw. This I am more apt to believe, because I think, even now, after that session, he is not prepared to give any clear and satisfactory statement of the support on which Government may rely.

“I do not mention what passed on the commercial question as a thing to be lamented in the event: on the contrary, if the effect of more exertion in Mr. Orde had been to procure twenty or thirty more votes in the House of Commons, it would, as events have proved, perhaps have been a misfortune; but occasions might arise in which the same want of address or vigour might be fatal.

“Upon the whole, if there is any reasonable ground for the suggestions I have mentioned, I think you will agree with me that it would be very desirable to open a retreat for Orde, and to endeavour to find some other person whom you would approve of to take his place. But, at the same time, this is not a resolution to be lightly taken, because, although the pledge for the continuance of the same system, and the main grounds of confidence, would still continue, where they have hitherto existed, in your own person, yet even the change of the Secretary must interrupt and derange for a time the machine of government in a way which ought to be avoided, if there is no strong necessity for hazarding it.

“All, therefore, that occurs to me, under these circumstances, is, first, what I have now done, to state the whole to you, and to desire the most confidential communication of your opinions and wishes concerning it. You may, perhaps, in your situation, find it difficult to obtain from the truest friends of Government their real sentiments on so delicate a point; you may have a difficulty in endeavouring to sound any of them; and I know not whether there are any whose integrity and good sense you would trust sufficiently to communicate with them on such points; but it is possible that you may find opportunities of doing so without committing yourself too far. At all events, you can compare what I have stated with the result of your own experience and observation of Mr. Orde's conduct, and you will be best able to judge whether there is any probability of its being founded. And, above all, you will have the goodness to tell me freely, whether, if from such materials as we

can collect the opinion here should incline to remove Mr. Orde, you feel in your own mind any objection, provided you can pitch upon a proper person to succeed him ; and be persuaded that the knowledge of your inclination in this respect will be decisive, both on my opinion and my wishes.

“ The only other way by which I can be enabled to judge farther on this subject is by calling on Mr. Orde himself, as may naturally be done in the present circumstances, to state, more precisely than he has hitherto done, the strength and reliance of Government, and the prospect he has of carrying through the public service in the House of Commons. By this means, one material part of the consideration may, I think, be ascertained with a good deal of accuracy.

“ It may seem premature to proceed already to talk of the person to succeed before the preliminary point is ascertained. In mentioning it, however, I do not mean to anticipate your decision on the prudence of making the change, in which my own opinion is in no degree settled, but I wish, in order to avoid delay, whatever may be the final result, that the whole subject should be at once before you. I need hardly say, that, if the change should take place, any person whom you could select for this trust would be sure to be at once acquiesced in here. But from what has passed formerly I must doubt whether you have any one to name, Fitzherbert* being, from his situation, so far out of the question.

“ Only three names have occurred to me, which I mention to you that you may turn them in your mind. The first is W. Grenville ;† I do not know that he would take it, and rather suppose that he would not. I think, too, that his near connexion with Lord Buckingham is itself perhaps a sufficient objection, though in temper and disposition he is much the reverse of his brother, and in good sense and habits of business very fit for such a situation.

“ The second I have to name is Steele :‡ I know as little whether he would take it, having never hinted a syllable to him on the subject, and I could very ill spare him from his present situation at the Treasury ; but if no other good arrangement could be found, I believe I should make the sacrifice, for such it would be. He has exceeding good abilities, great clearness and discretion, the most manly disposition, the best temper, and most agreeable manners possible, and speaks well in public.

* Alleyne Fitzherbert. He became Secretary for Ireland under the Duke of Rutland's successor, and in 1801 was created Lord St. Helen's.

† William Wyndham Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

‡ The Right Hon. Thomas Steele, for many years Secretary of the Treasury.

“The third person is Faulkener, whom I believe you know quite as well as I do. He has the reputation of uncommon cleverness, is very accomplished, and seems a man of spirit. I have had some opportunity of seeing him in business at the Privy Council, on occasions which tried his abilities, and have from thence been led to rate him very high. He is, however, reckoned to be of a bad temper; but you would not be exposed to the inconvenience of it, and I should hope he would have sense enough to control it in public. I have now unbosomed myself of everything, and need not repeat, that, as I have written without a shadow of reserve, all I have said is for yourself only. Have the goodness to return me an answer as speedily as you can, after revolving all this in your mind, as the season of the year requires that, one way or other, the business should be soon decided.

“I have many other things to write to you upon, but this letter is too long already. I cannot conclude without telling you the pride and satisfaction I take in the credit and honour which, under all the difficulties and disappointments of the time, has resulted to yourself, and which will, I trust, be increased and confirmed in every hour of your government.

“Believe me ever,

“My dear Duke,

“Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

“W. PITT.

“P.S.—I must just add (though foreign from the subject of this letter) that the situation of our finances here proves flourishing beyond almost what could be expected. We are in possession, from the existing taxes, of a surplus of about 800,000*l.* for sinking fund already, and it is advancing fast to a clear million.

“I should have stated, that, if the change should take place, every management would be had for Orde’s feelings, and it might be made to appear an act of choice in him.”

No copy of the Duke’s reply to this letter is preserved among his papers, but it appears to have entirely acquitted Mr. Orde from blame, since Mr. Pitt, in his next communication (Nov. 13, 1785), thus rejoins:—

“I am, be assured, infinitely happy at finding the suggestions I had thought myself obliged to communicate to you, to so great a degree contradicted. Every idea of Mr. Orde’s retirement will be totally laid aside in my mind.”

It may easily be supposed that—the scene being laid at Dublin—there is no lack of applications for place and promotion.

These the Lord-Lieutenant, as was his duty, transmits to the Prime Minister. In one communication (June 16, 1784) he observes:—"You are so unused to receive letters which contain no application, that if it were for form's sake only I must recommend"—and then follows the name of "*a friend*." Foremost among such as these come demands for Irish Marquisates or English Baronies, from noblemen of large Parliamentary interest at Dublin. But to such requests Mr. Pitt states a strong objection (July 19, 1786):—

"I am certainly very anxious to forward anything you think material for the ease and success of your government, and extremely inclined to concur in showing a marked attention to its stedfast supporters; but I have no difficulty in stating fairly to you, that a variety of circumstances have unavoidably led me to recommend a larger addition to the British peerage than I like, or than I think quite creditable, and that I am on that account very desirous not to increase it now farther than is absolutely necessary."

It is remarkable that the large multiplication of honours which has been charged against Mr. Pitt's administration took place at a subsequent period. We may therefore conclude that in advising or acceding to it, Mr. Pitt consulted rather the growing difficulties of the times than the natural dictates of his judgment.

We may remark, also—not merely as to the point of patronage or promotion, but as to every other subject treated in these pages—how pure appears the mind, how lofty the view of the Great Minister. There is never the least approach—not even on the congenial soil of Ireland—to *a job*. While he shows every anxiety to gratify his colleagues, or to serve his friends, all his determinations, all his expressions, bear the stamp of the noblest public spirit.

Among the few persons for whose employment Mr. Pitt himself expresses a wish in these pages, it is interesting to trace the name of one who has since attained such high renown in the public service, and who still survives in a green and honoured old age—the then Earl of Mornington, the present Marquess Wellesley. In a letter of August 9th, 1784 (Lord Mornington being then but twenty-four years of age) Mr. Pitt says:—

"The immediate object I have in writing at this moment is to state to you some circumstances relative to Lord Mornington, and to beg you

to let me know how far the ideas I have conceived on the subject correspond with yours. I find he considers himself as entitled, from the assurances he received both from you and me, either personally or through Lord Temple, before you went to Ireland, to expect the earliest mark of the favour of Government in that country which its circumstances could admit of. He expresses a full disposition to have made every allowance for the exigencies of a new government, at so critical a time; but I think he seems to imagine that there was an appearance of his pretensions being postponed, either without sufficient grounds, or without their being so confidentially stated to him as he supposed he had a claim to. He seems at the same time to feel a real zeal for the interests and credit of your government, and a strong sense of the marks of your personal friendship. I am very anxious, for all our sakes, that there should be no misapprehension on the subject, both from a high opinion of him, and from feeling (as I am sure you will) a great desire that any thing like an engagement, or even a reasonable expectation, should not be disappointed."

And on the 15th of August following the Duke of Rutland thus replies :—

" I can have no hesitation in saying that Lord Mornington shall have the first office which may fall worthy of his acceptance. His merits are very great, which I am sure I am one of the first men to allow Lord Mornington, as I have always stated to him, stands first for whatever may offer. I have his interest much at heart, as well from private regard as from a conviction of his powers to render the public essential service."

One of the most important and most difficult subjects which engaged the Duke's attention was that of Irish tithes, on which we find him (September 13th, 1786) refer to Mr. Pitt for direction :—

" The question of the tithes, with the commotions of the Whiteboys, will, I am apprehensive, form business for a very tedious session. A Parliamentary investigation into the causes of their complaints will certainly take place, and is indeed become necessary. It is of the utmost consequence to prevent this question from falling into the hands of Opposition, who would employ it to the most mischievous purposes, and who might raise a storm which it would not be easy to direct. This business is of extreme delicacy and complication. We have the most rooted prejudices to contend with. The Episcopal part of the clergy consider any settlement as a direct attack on their most ancient rights, and as a

commencement of the ruin of their establishment ; whereas many individual clergymen, who foresee no prospect of receiving any property at all under the present system, are extremely desirous of a fair adjustment. The Established Church, with legions of Papists on one side and a violent Presbytery on the other, must be supported, however, decidedly, as the principle that combinations are to compel measures must be exterminated out of the country and from the public mind ; at the same time the country must not be permitted to continue in a state little less than war, when a substantial grievance is alleged to be the cause. The majority of the laity, who are at all times ready to oppose tithes, are likewise strong advocates for some settlement. On the whole it forms a most involved and difficult question ; on all hands it is agreed that it ought to be investigated : but then it is problematical whether any effectual remedy can be applied without endangering the Establishment, which must be guarded ; and next, whether any arrangement could be suggested which the Church (who must be consulted) would agree to, adequate to the nature and extent of the evil complained of. In short, it involves a great political settlement, worthy of the decision of your clear and incomparable judgment."

The letter of Mr. Pitt in reply is perhaps the most remarkable of this whole collection. It is dated Burton Pynsent, November 7th, 1786 :—

"I have thought very much since I received your letter respecting the general state of Ireland, on the subjects suggested in that and your official letters to Lord Sydney. The question which arises is a nice and difficult one. On the one hand, the discontent seems general and rooted, and both that circumstance and most of the accounts I hear seem to indicate that there is some real grievance at bottom, which must be removed before any durable tranquillity can be secured. On the other hand, it is certainly a delicate thing to meddle with the Church Establishment in the present situation of Ireland ; and anything like concession to the dangerous spirit which has shown itself is not without objection. But on the whole, being persuaded that Government ought not to be afraid of incurring the imputation of weakness, by yielding in reasonable points, and can never make its stand effectually till it gets upon right ground, I think the great object ought to be, to ascertain fairly the true causes of complaint, to hold out a sincere disposition to give just redress, and a firm determination to do no more, taking care in the interval to hold up vigorously the execution of the law *as it stands* till altered by Parliament, and to punish severely (if the means can be found) any tumultuous attempt to violate it.

"I certainly think the institution of tithe, especially if rigorously en-

forced, is a great obstacle to the improvement and prosperity of any country. Many circumstances in practice have made it less so here ; but even here it is felt ; and there are a variety of causes to make it sit much heavier on Ireland.

“ I believe, too, that it is as much for the real interest of the Church as for that of the land to adopt, if practicable, some other mode of provision. If from any cause the Church falls into general odium, Government will be more likely to risk its own interests than to save those of the Church by any efforts in its favour. If, therefore, those who are at the head of the clergy will look at it soberly and dispassionately, they will see how incumbent it is upon them, in every point of view, to propose some temperate accommodation ; and even the appearance of concession, which might be awkward in Government, could not be unbecoming if it originated with them.

“ The thing to be aimed at, therefore, seems, as far as I can judge of it, to find out a way of removing the grievances arising out of a tithe, or, perhaps, to substitute some new provision in lieu of it ; to have such a plan cautiously digested (which may require much time), and, above all, to make the Church itself the quarter to bring forward whatever is proposed.

“ How far this is practicable must depend upon many circumstances, of which you can form a nearer and better judgment, particularly on the temper of the leading men among the clergy. I apprehend you may have a good deal of difficulty with the Archbishop of Cashel ;* the Primate † is, I imagine, a man to listen to temperate advice ; but it is surely desirable that you should have as speedily as possible a full communication with both of them ; and if you feel the subject in the same light that I do, that, while you state to them the full determination of Government to give them all just and honourable support, you should impress them seriously with the apprehension of their risking everything if they do not in time abandon ground that is ultimately untenable.

“ To suggest the precise plan of commutation which might be adopted is more than I am equal to, and is premature ; but in general I have never seen any good reason why a fair valuation should not be made of the present amount of every living, and a rent in corn to that amount to be raised by a pound rate on the several tenements in the parish, nearly according to the proportion in which they now contribute to tithe. When I say a rent in corn, I do not actually mean paid in corn, but a rent in money regulated by the average value from time to time of

* Dr. Charles Agar, afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In 1795 he was created Lord Somerton, and in 1806 Earl of Normanton.

† Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh. He had been, in 1777, created Lord Rokeby.

whatever number of bushels is at present equal to the fair value of the living. This would effectually prevent the Church from suffering by the fluctuations in the value of money, and it is a mode which was adopted in all college leases, in consequence, I believe, of an act of Parliament in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

"I need not say that I throw out these ideas in personal confidence to yourself ; and I shall wish much to know what you think of them, and whether you can make anything of your prelates, before any measure is officially suggested. It seems material that there should be the utmost secrecy till our line is decided upon, and it must be decided upon completely before Parliament meets.

"Yours faithfully and sincerely,

"W. PITT."

We have been greatly struck at observing how closely the proposal thus hastily thrown out resembles the plan on which the English Tithe Commutation Act was recently framed. What deep heart-burnings—what violent collisions—might have been spared had Mr. Pitt's enlightened policy prevailed fifty years before !

Other questions of paramount importance that are discussed between the Duke and the Minister refer to the celebrated commercial propositions. We may trace in these letters their gradual growth and development in the mind of Mr. Pitt. He states his first impressions as follows :—

"*Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.*

"[*Private.*]

"Putney Heath, Oct. 7, 1784.

"My dear Duke,—I have been intending every day for some time past to trouble you with a letter ; though in many respects I cannot write so fully as the important subjects in question require, till I receive materials of information which I expect from the result of Mr. Orde's inquiries, and from the various questions I have persecuted him with. I am in hopes now that your situation is such as to allow a little more respite from the incessant calls of the day, and to furnish leisure for going forward in the great and complicated questions we have to settle before the meeting of Parliament. I have desultorily, at different times, stated in my letters to him the ideas floating in my mind, as the subjects in question carried me to them ; and I have not troubled you with any repetition of them, because I knew you would be acquainted with them as far as they were worth it, and they certainly were neither distinct nor digested enough to deserve being written twice.

“ I feel, however, notwithstanding the difficulty of deciding upon many of the delicate considerations which present themselves in the arduous business you have in your hands, that a plan must be concerted on all the points, and as far as possible adapted to all the contingencies that may happen, before the meeting of Parliament. The commercial points of discussion, though numerous and comprehensive, may certainly be ascertained and reduced to clear principles by diligent investigation.

“ The internal question of Parliamentary reform, though simpler, is perhaps more difficult and hazardous ; and the line of future permanent connexion between the two countries must be the result of both the preceding questions, and of such arrangements as must accompany a settlement of them. I am revolving these in every shape in my mind ; and when I have had the information which I hope to receive in Mr. Orde’s next packets, I trust I shall be able to send you the best result of my judgment, which I shall wish to submit to your private consideration, in order to learn confidentially the extent of your ideas on the whole plan to be pursued, before it is formally brought under the consideration of the Cabinet here.

“ I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is, to give Ireland an almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit, and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the empire ; and—having, by holding out this, removed, I trust, every temptation to Ireland to consider her interest as separate from England—to be ready, while we discountenance wild and unconstitutional attempts, which strike at the root of all authority, to give real efficacy and popularity to Government by acceding (if such a line can be found) to a prudent and temperate reform of Parliament, which may guard against or gradually cure real defects and mischiefs, may show a sufficient regard to the interests and even prejudices of individuals who are concerned, and may unite the Protestant interest in excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government of the country.”

Neither on Parliamentary reform, nor on the contribution to be expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, did the Duke of Rutland take altogether the same view as his friend in Downing Street. Mr. Pitt accordingly reverts to both questions. Of reform in Parliament he writes (October 8, 1784):—

“ What I venture to suggest for your consideration is, whether it be possible for you to gain any authentic knowledge (without committing

yourself) of the extent of the numbers who are really zealous for reform, and of the ideas that would content them. By all I hear accidentally, the Protestant reformers are alarmed at the pretensions of the Catholics, and for that very reason would stop very short of the extreme speculative notions of universal suffrage. Could there be any way of your confidentially sounding Lord Charlemont without any danger from the consequences?"

And again (December 4, 1784):—

"Parliamentary reform, I am still sure, after considering all you have stated, must sooner or later be carried in both countries. If it is well done, the sooner the better. I will write to you, by as early an opportunity as I can, the full result of all my reflections on the subject. For God's sake, do not persuade yourself, in the mean time, that the measure, if properly managed, and separated from every ingredient of faction (which I believe it may be), is inconsistent with either the dignity or the tranquillity and facility of government. On the contrary, I believe they ultimately depend upon it. And if such a settlement is practicable, it is the only system worth the hazard and trouble which belongs to every system that can be thought of. I write in great haste, and under a strong impression of these sentiments. You will perceive that this is merely a confidential and personal communication between you and myself, and therefore I need add no apology for stating so plainly what is floating in my mind on these subjects."

To the contribution which was expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, Mr. Pitt applies himself in several letters before the meeting of Parliament with great warmth and earnestness. The longest of these letters we shall here insert, without any apology for its length, since, notwithstanding the haste with which, as the postscript mentions, it was written, we think that the reader will agree with us when we call it a masterly argument:—

"Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

"[Secret.]

"Downing Street, Jan. 6, 1785.

"My dear Duke,—You will receive by the messenger from Lord Sydney the official communication of the unanimous opinion of the cabinet on the subject of the important settlement to be proposed as final and conclusive between Great Britain and Ireland. The objects have been considered with all possible attention; and though minuter inquiry may still be necessary, with regard to some few points included in the propositions, we are so fully satisfied with the general principles

on which they rest, that they are without hesitation transmitted to your Grace, as containing the substance of a system from which it appears wholly impossible for us to depart.

“ I am confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Foster* and Mr. Beresford, as well as Mr. Orde, that the complete liberty and equality in matters of trade which will by this plan be given to Ireland ought to give the fullest satisfaction on that subject; and if that opinion is enforced and supported by all the arguments it admits, and vigorous exertions used to circulate it, I trust your Grace will meet with less difficulty than has been imagined in obtaining from Ireland those measures on their part which are indispensable to accompany it, in order to make the advantage reciprocal, and of course to make the system either consistent or durable.

“ I am not sanguine enough to suppose that any plan could at once be accepted with universal approbation. No great settlement of this extent was ever carried without meeting some, perhaps, strong objections, and without requiring much management and perseverance to accomplish it: but these will, I am sure, not be wanting on your part; and considering the strength of Government in Parliament, and all the circumstances of the country, it is impossible to believe that your friends and supporters should have really any hesitation, if they once understand, what they must know sooner or later, that the settlement between the two kingdoms, and of course the giving tranquillity to Ireland, and security to any interest they have at stake, must turn on this fundamental and essential point, of reciprocity in the final compact to be now formed. If the point is secured in Parliament, which I cannot allow myself to doubt, I do not apprehend much additional clamour or discontent without doors. It will be difficult for malice and faction to find many topics calculated to catch the mind of the public, if the nature of the measure is fairly stated, and sufficiently explained in its true light.

“ I am unwilling to trouble you at present very much at length, and have myself little time to spare; but yet I have the success of this whole arrangement so much at heart, from every personal and public feeling, knowing that your credit and my own are equally concerned with the interest of both countries, and the future prosperity of the empire, that you will, I am sure, forgive me, if I call your attention more particularly to what strikes me as the true state of what it is which we propose to give, and what we require in return. If it appears to you in the same light as it does to me, I trust you will feel the impossibility of our reconciling our minds to waive so essential an object. I assure you there is scarce a man whom I have here consulted who does not feel it at least as strongly as I do.

* The Right Hon. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, was at the time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

“ The general tenor of our propositions not only gives a full equality to Ireland, but extends that principle to many points where it would be easy to have urged just exceptions, and in many other points possibly turns the scale in her favour, at a risk, perhaps a remote one, of considerable local disadvantages to many great interests of this country. I do not say that in practice I apprehend the effect on our trade and manufactures will be such as it will perhaps be industriously represented ; but I am persuaded, whatever may be the event, that, by the additions now proposed to former concessions, we open to Ireland the chance of a competition with ourselves on terms of more than equality, and we give her advantages which make it impossible she should ever have anything to fear from the jealousy or restrictive policy of this country in future. Such an arrangement is defensible only on the idea of relinquishing local prejudices and partial advantages, in order to consult uniformly and without distinction the general benefit of the empire. This cannot be done but by making England and Ireland one country in effect, though for local concerns under distinct legislatures ; one in the communication of advantages, and of course in the participation of burdens. If their unity is broken, or rendered absolutely precarious, in either of these points, the system is defective, and there is an end of the whole.

“ The two capital points are, the construction of the Navigation Act, and the system of duties on the importation into either country of the manufactures of the other. With regard to the Navigation Act, it has been claimed by the advocates for Ireland as a matter of justice, on the ground that the same Act of Parliament must bear the same construction in its operation on Ireland as on Great Britain. Even on the narrow ground of mere construction, it may well be argued as at least doubtful whether the provisoes in the Act of 14 and 15 C. II. (by which it was in effect adopted by authority of the Irish Parliament) do not plainly do away that restriction on imports of colony produce from England to Ireland which is not done away by any proviso or otherwise with regard to the same importation from Ireland into England. On such a supposition it might be very consistent that the Act of Navigation should be enforced here (as it was by subsequent Acts of Parliament) in its original strictness, and in Ireland with those exceptions in favour of colony produce imported from hence which the provisoes I allude to seem to have admitted ; and the practice of more than a hundred years has been conformable to this distinction.

“ But this is on the mere point of construction. The question is, not merely what has been or ought to be the construction of the existing law, but what is really fair in the relative situation of the two countries. Here, I think, it is universally allowed, that, however just the claim of

Ireland is not to have her own trade fettered and restricted, she can have no claim to any share beyond what we please to give her in the trade of our colonies. They belong (unless by favour or by compact we make it otherwise) exclusively to this country. The suffering Ireland to send anything to those colonies, or to bring anything directly from thence, is itself a favour ; and is a deviation, too, for the sake of favour to Ireland, from the general and almost uniform policy of all nations with regard to the trade of their colonies. But the present claim of Ireland has gone further : it is not merely to carry produce thither, or to bring it from thence, but it is to supply us, through Ireland, with the produce of our own colonies, in prejudice, as far as it goes, of the direct trade between those colonies and this country. Can it be said that Ireland has any right to have the liberty of thus carrying for us, because we have the liberty of carrying for them, unless the colonies with whom the trade subsists are as much their colonies as they are ours ? It may be true that the favour granted by former concessions in this respect is in some measure compensated by their securing in favour of our colonies a monopoly of their consumption ; though it may well be doubted whether on any possible supposition they could be supplied from the colonies of any other country on terms of similar indulgence. But the liberty to be now given stands on a separate ground, and is a mere and absolute favour, if ever there was anything that could be called so. It is a sacrifice, too, which cannot fail to be magnified here, even beyond its true value, as a departure from the principles of the Act of Navigation, which has been so long idolized in this country.

“ But what I principally state this for is to prove the liberal and conciliating spirit which induces us to agree to the proposal. I do not wish to exaggerate its probable effects. I do not expect that in practice it will materially interfere with the trade of this country ; but it is unquestionably true that, even though we should not immediately lose by it, yet Ireland will be considerably benefited, by opening so near a market, which will encourage her merchants to a freer speculation, and enable them to avail themselves more than they have hitherto done of the advantages they are already possessed of. Some persons here may, perhaps, even apprehend that the liberty of supplying our market may gradually enable them to lay in a stock for the supply of other markets also, which perhaps they could not do otherwise ; and if that should be the effect, not only they will be gainers, but we shall be losers in the same proportion.

“ On the whole, however, I am fully reconciled to the measure, because, even supposing it not to produce these effects, it must be remembered that it is a liberty which Ireland has strongly solicited, and on which she appears to set a high value. As such, it is the strongest proof of

cordiality to grant it, in spite of prevailing and perhaps formidable prejudices ; and in truth it establishes in favour of Ireland so intimate a connexion and so equal a participation with this country, even in those points where we have the fullest right to exclusive advantage, that it gives them an interest in the protection of our colonies and the support of our trade equal in proportion to our own.

“ I come now to the system of duties between the two countries ; and here, too, I think Ireland has not less reason to be satisfied and to be grateful. By lowering our duties to the standard of Ireland, we put her in possession of absolute equality, on the face of the arrangement ; but I think in truth we put her in possession of something more. If, however, it were bare equality, we are departing, in order to effect it, from the policy of prohibiting duties so long established in this country. In doing so we are perhaps to encounter the prejudices of our manufacturing [interest] in every corner of the kingdom. We are admitting to this competition a country whose labour is cheap, and whose resources are unexhausted ; ourselves burdened with accumulated taxes, which are felt in the price of every necessary of life, and of course enter into the cost of every article of manufacture.

“ It is, indeed, stated on the other hand, that Ireland has neither the skill, the industry, nor the capital of this country ; but it is difficult to assign any good reason why she should not gradually, with such strong encouragement, imitate and rival us in both the former, and in both more rapidly from time as she grows possessed of a large capital, which, with all the temptations for it, may perhaps to some degree be transferred to her from hence, but which will, at all events, be increased, if her commerce receives any extension, and will as it increases necessarily extend that commerce still farther.

“ But there is another important consideration which makes the system of duties more favourable to Ireland than she could expect on the ground of perfect equality. It is this : although the duties taken separately on the importation of each article will be the same in the two countries, it is to be remembered that there are some articles which may pass from one to the other perfectly free ; consequently, if the articles which in the actual state of the trade we are able to send to Ireland are those which pay some duty, if the articles which she principally sends to us are articles which pay no duty, can anything be plainer than that, although upon each article taken separately there is an appearance of impartiality and equality, the result of the whole is manifestly to a great degree more favourable to Ireland than to this country ?

“ The case I have just stated will actually exist with regard to the woollen and linen trades. We send you a considerable quantity of woollen, subject to some duty ; you send us linen to an immense amount,

subject to none. This single circumstance of the linen would have been a fair and full answer (even without any reduction of duties on the import of other articles) to the clamour for protecting duties. The whole amount of the British manufacture which Ireland actually takes from England, under a low duty, and on which she has threatened prohibitory duties, does not amount to so much as the single article of linen, which we are content to take from you, under no duty at all. I have stated all this to show that this part of the arrangement is in the same spirit with the other.

“What is it, then, that can reconcile this country to such concessions under these circumstances? It is perhaps true that with regard to some of the articles of manufacture there are particular considerations which make the danger to us less than it might be imagined. In the great article of the woollen, if we confine the raw material to ourselves, and let Ireland do the same, perhaps the produce of Ireland, and what she can import from other places, can never enable her to supplant us to a great extent in this article. This undoubtedly must be our policy, and it makes part of the resolutions proposed: it can never, in my opinion, be thought any exception to the general freedom of trade; nor do I believe any man could seriously entertain any expectation of the contrary line being adopted. If each country is at liberty to make the most of its own natural advantages, it could not be supposed that we should part with a material indispensable to our staple manufacture. If there is any other similar prohibition on the export of raw material now in force in Ireland, it would be equally fair that it should be continued; but, on the other hand, it is essential that no new one should be hereafter imposed in either country, as this part of the system should, like the rest, be finally settled, and not left open to future discussion.

“But this consideration affects only the particular article of woollen. The fundamental principle, and the only one on which the whole plan can be justified, is that I mentioned in the beginning of my letter—that for the future the two countries will be to the most essential purposes united. On this ground the wealth and prosperity of the whole is the object; from what local sources they arise is indifferent. We trust to various circumstances in believing that no branch of trade or manufacture will shift so suddenly as not to allow time, in every instance as it arises, for the industry of this country gradually to take another direction; and confident that there will be markets sufficient to exercise the industry of both countries, to whatever pitch either can carry it, we are not afraid in this liberal view to encourage a competition which will ultimately prove for the common benefit of the empire, by giving to each country the possession of whatever branch of trade or article of manu-

facture it is best adapted to, and therefore likely to carry on with the most advantage.

“ These are the ideas I entertain of what we give to Ireland, and of the principles on which it is given.

“ The unavoidable consequence of these principles brings me back to that which I set out with—the indispensable necessity of some fixed mode of contribution on the part of Ireland, in proportion to her growing means, to the general defence. That in fact she ought to contribute in that proportion I have never heard any man question as a principle. Indeed without that expectation the conduct of this country would be an example of rashness and folly not to be paralleled.

“ But we are desirous to content ourselves with the strongest general pledge that can be obtained of the intention of Ireland, without requiring anything specific at present. I must fairly say that such a measure neither can nor ought to give satisfaction. In the first place, it is making everything take place immediately on our part, and leaving everything uncertain on that of Ireland, which would render the whole system so lame and imperfect as to be totally indefensible. It would reserve this essential point as a perpetual source of jealous discussion, and that even in time of peace, when, with no objects to encourage exertion, men will be much more disposed to object than to give liberally; and we should have nothing but a vague and perhaps a fallacious hope in answer to the clamours and apprehensions of all the descriptions of men who lose, or think they lose, by the arrangement. If it is indispensable, therefore, that the contribution should be in some degree ascertained at present, it is equally clear, on the other hand, that the quantum of it must not be fixed to any stated sum, which of necessity would either be too great at present, or in a little time hence too small. The only thing that seems reasonable is to appropriate a certain fund towards supporting the general expenses of the empire in time of peace, and leave it, as it must be left, to the zeal of Ireland to provide for extraordinary emergencies in time of war as they arise. The fund which seems the best, and indeed the only one that has been pointed out for this purpose, is the hereditary revenue. Though the effect will not be immediate, our object will be attained if the future surplus of this revenue beyond its present produce, estimated at the medium of the four or five last years, is applied in the manner we wish.

“ Such a fund, from the nature of the articles of which it is composed, must have a direct relation to the wealth, the commerce, and the population of Ireland. It will increase with their extension, and cannot even begin to exist without it. Towards this country it will be more acceptable than a much larger contribution in any other way, because, if in fact the commerce of Ireland should be increased at our expense by our

manufactures and trade being transferred in any degree thither, the compensation will arise in the same proportion. It has this further inestimable advantage, from being fixed according to a standard which will apply to all the future circumstances of the two countries, that it will, from the very permanence of the principle, tend to unite them more closely and firmly to each other.

“ In Ireland it cannot escape consideration that this is a contribution not given beforehand for uncertain expectations, but which can only follow the actual possession and enjoyment of the benefits in return for which it is given. If Ireland does not grow richer and more populous, she will by this scheme contribute nothing. If she does grow richer by the participation of our trade, surely she ought to contribute, and the measure of that contribution cannot, with equal justice, be fixed in any other proportion. It can never be contended that the increase of the hereditary revenue ought to be left to Ireland as the means of gradually diminishing her other taxes, unless it can be argued that the whole of what Ireland now pays is a greater burden in proportion than the whole of what is paid by this country, and that therefore she ought, even if she grows richer, rather to diminish that burden on herself than give anything towards lightening ours.

“ Indeed, if this were argued, it would be an argument, not against this particular mode of contributing, but against any contribution at all. For if Ireland were to contribute voluntarily from time to time at the discretion of her Parliament, it would, if the contribution were real and effectual, equally prevent any diminution of her own burdens, only the mode and the proportion would be neither so certain nor so satisfactory. It is to be remembered that the very increase supposed to arise in the hereditary revenue cannot arise without a similar increase in many articles of the additional taxes; consequently, from that circumstance alone, though they part with the future increase of their hereditary revenue, their income will be upon the whole increased, without imposing any additional burdens. On the whole, therefore, if Ireland allows that she ought ever in time of peace to contribute at all, on which it is impossible to frame a doubt, I can conceive no plausible objection to the particular mode proposed.

“ I recollect but two or three topics that have been suggested as likely to be urged by those who wish to create difficulties.

“ The first, if it applies at all, applies as an argument against any contribution of any sort. It is that the wealth of Ireland is brought by absentees to be spent in this country. In the first place, the amount of this is indefinite, and the idea, I believe, greatly overrated. What this country gains by it I am sure is small. The way in which it must be supposed to injure Ireland is, by diminishing the capital in the country,

and by obstructing civilization and improvement. If this is true, what follows? That the effect of this, as far as it operates to prevent the increase of trade and riches, will prevent also the existence or the increase of the fund on which the contribution is to depend. Therefore this argument, giving it its utmost weight, does not affect the particular plan in question. Besides this, Ireland in its present state bears this evil, and under these circumstances supports her present burden. If she grows richer, will she not be able to support, out of that additional wealth, some addition of burden at least without any increase of hardship or difficulty? But if Ireland states the wealth we are supposed to draw from her by absentees on one hand, we may state what she draws from us by commerce on the other. Look at the trade between Great Britain and Ireland, and see how large a proportion of what we take from her is the produce of her soil or the manufactures of her inhabitants, which are the great sources of national riches—how small comparatively the proportion of similar articles which she takes from us. The consequence is obvious, that she is in this respect clearly more benefited than we are by the intercourse between us.

“The other topic is, that it is impolitic and odious that this arrangement should have the appearance of a bargain, and such an idea will render it unpopular with the public. If a permanent system is to be settled by the authority of two distinct legislatures, I do not know what there is more odious in a bargain between them than in a treaty between two separate crowns. If the bargain is unfair, if the terms of it are not for mutual benefit, it is not calculated for the situation of two countries connected as Great Britain and Ireland ought to be. But it is of the essence of such a settlement (whatever name is to be given to it) that both the advantage and the obligation should be reciprocal; one cannot be so without the other. This reciprocity, whether it is or is not to be called a bargain, is an inherent and necessary part of the new system to be established between the two countries.

“In the relations of Great Britain with Ireland there can subsist but two possible principles of connexion. The one, that which is exploded, of total subordination in Ireland, and of restrictions on her commerce for the benefit of this country, which was by this means enabled to bear the whole burden of the empire; the other is, what is now proposed to be confirmed and completed, that of an equal participation of all commercial advantages, and some proportion of the charge of protecting the general interest. If Ireland is at all connected with this country, and to remain a member of the empire, she must make her option between these two principles, and she has wisely and justly made it for the latter. But if she does think this system for her advantage as well as ours, and if she sets any value either on the confirmation and security

of what has been given her, or on the possession of what is now within her reach, she can attain neither without performing on her part what both reason and justice entitle us to expect.

“ The only remaining consideration is, for what service this contribution shall be granted, and in what manner it shall be applied. This seems a question of little difficulty. The great advantage that Ireland will derive is, from the equal participation of our trade, and of the benefits derived from our colonies. Nothing, therefore, is so natural as that she should contribute to the support of the navy, on which the protection of both depends. For the rest, it seems only necessary to provide some proper mode of ascertaining to the Parliament of Ireland that the surplus is annually paid over, to be applied together with other moneys voted here for naval services, and to be accounted for, together with them, to the Parliament of this country. There can be but *one navy* for the empire at large, and it must be administered by the executive power in this country. The particulars of the administration of it cannot be under the control of anything but the Parliament of this country. This principle, on the fullest consideration, seems one which must be held sacred. Nothing else can also prevent the supreme executive power, and with it the force of the empire, being distracted into different channels, and its energy and effect being consequently lost. As the sum to be received in this manner from Ireland can never be more than a part (I fear a small one) of the whole naval expense, as its amount from time to time will be notorious, and as it will go in diminution of the supplies to be granted here, the Parliament of this country will have both the means and the inducement to watch its expenditure as narrowly as if it was granted by themselves. Ireland, therefore, will have the same security that we have against any misapplication, and she will have the less reason to be jealous on the subject, because we have a common interest with her, and to a still greater extent, in the service which it is intended to support ; and if any deficiency arises from mismanagement, it will, according to this arrangement, fall, not upon them, but upon us, to make it good.

“ I have no more to add. I have troubled you with all this from an extreme anxiety to put you in possession of all that occurs to me on one of the most interesting subjects that can occupy our attention in the course of our lives. You will, I am sure, forgive my wearying you with so much detail. I release you from it, in the persuasion that you will feel how much depends upon this crisis for both countries, and in the certainty that your exertions and those of your friends will be proportioned to its importance. I will only add that difficulties may be started at first, but I think they must vanish on discussion. At all events, believe me, my dear Duke, it is indispensable to us all, and to the public,

that they should be overcome. By address and dexterity in the management of the business, and, above all, by firmness and a resolution to succeed, I have no doubt that it will be found both possible and easy. I shall then have to congratulate you on your having the happiness to accomplish a scheme which may lay the foundation of lasting tranquillity and reviving prosperity to both countries.

“ I am ever, with constant affection and attachment,

“ My dear Duke,

“ Your faithful and sincere friend,

“ W. PITT.

“ *Downing Street, Friday, Jan. 7, 1785,*

“ $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, P.M.

“ I need hardly tell you that I am obliged to send you these sheets as they are, without the leisure either to copy or revise them.”

The commercial propositions, as is well known, did not prosper in the Irish parliament. On the 4th of July, 1785, the Duke of Rutland reports—

“ I have seen Mr. Grattan, but found him impracticable in a degree scarcely credible. I desired to be apprised of his objections, and stated my reliance on your disposition to modify, as far as candour could require, those parts which were deemed exceptionable in Ireland; but his ideas of objection were such as to render them impossible to be obviated. He said that he could admit nothing which intrenched on old settlements; that it seemed an attempt to resume in peace concessions granted in war; that rendering the fourth proposition conditional was of but little avail; that everything should be left to national faith, and nothing covenanted.”

But the final blow, it will be seen, was struck in the month of August.

“ *The Duke of Rutland to Mr. Pitt.*

“ Dublin Castle, August 13, 1785.

“ My dear Pitt,—I am most extremely concerned to inform you that, after a tedious debate, which continued till past nine in the morning, the House came to a division, when the numbers for admitting the bill were 127 to 108. You may well imagine that so small a majority as nineteen on so strong a question as the admission of the bill affords no great hopes as to the ultimate fate of the measure. It will be an effort of our united strength to get the bill printed, that at least it may remain as a monument of the liberality of Great Britain, and of my desires to promote a system which promises such essential advantage to the empire. All my influence must likewise be exerted on Monday to defeat a motion from Mr. Flood,

to the purpose of declaring ‘ the four propositions, as passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, as destructive of the liberties and constitution of Ireland.’ Such a declaration is of a nature too hostile to be endured for a moment.

“ The speech of Mr. Grattan was, I understand, a display of the most beautiful eloquence perhaps ever heard, but it was seditious and inflammatory to a degree hardly credible. The theory and positions laid down both in his speech and that of Mr. Flood amounted to nothing less than war with England. This was distinctly told him in so many words by Mr. Pole.* The Attorney-General † supported me in the most honourable and manly manner, and has committed himself without reserve. Our only line left is to force, if possible, the bill to be read, and then to adjourn, that men may have time to return to their senses.

“ It grieves me to think that a system which held out so much advantage to the empire, and which was so fair between the two countries, should meet a fate so contrary to its deserts; and I may say Ireland will have reason to repent her folly if she persists in a conduct so dangerous, so destructive of her true interest, and repugnant to every principle of connexion between herself and Great Britain.

“ I have only to add that I still do not absolutely despond; but, be the event what it may, no alteration shall take place in my determination: I will never think of quitting my station while I can render an iota of strength to your government or to the great cause in which we are embarked. I will write more fully after Monday. I was up all last night, and am quite worn out.

“ Believe me to be ever yours,

“ **RUTLAND.**”

We will add Mr. Pitt’s reply:—

“ *Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.*

“ Putney Heath, Aug. 17, 1785.

“ My dear Duke,—I confess myself not a little disappointed and hurt in the account brought me to-day by your letter and Mr. Orde’s of the event of Friday. I had hoped that neither prejudice nor party could on such an occasion have made so many proselytes against the true interests of the country; but the die seems in a great measure to be cast, at least for the present. Whatever it leads to, we have the satisfaction of having proposed a system which, I believe, will not be discredited even by its failure, and we must wait times and seasons for carrying it into effect.

* Now Lord Maryborough.

† The Attorney-General for Ireland was then the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare.

“ I think you judge most wisely in making it your plan to give the interval of a long adjournment as soon as the bill has been read and printed. With so doubtful a majority, and with so much industry to raise a spirit of opposition without doors, this is not the moment for pressing farther. It will remain to be seen whether, by showing a firm and unalterable decision to abide by the system in its present shape, and by exerting every effort both to instruct and to influence the country at large into a just opinion of the advantages held out to them, a favourable change may be produced in the general current of opinion before the time comes for resuming the consideration of the bill.

“ I am not at all sanguine in my expectations of your division on the intended motion on Monday last. Though an Opposition frequently loses its advantage by attempting to push it too far, yet on such a question, and with the encouragement of so much success, I rather conclude that absurdity and faction will have gained a second triumph ; but I am very far from thinking it impossible that reflection and discussion may operate a great change before the time which your Parliament will probably meet after the adjournment. I very much wish you may at least have been just able to ward off Flood’s motion, lest its standing on the journals should be an obstacle to farther proceedings at a happier moment. It is still almost incomprehensible to me who can have been the deserters who reduced our force so low, and I wait with great impatience for a more particular account.

“ All I have to say, in the mean time, is very short: let us meet what has happened, or whatever may happen, with the coolness and determination of persons who may be defeated, but cannot be disgraced, and who know that those who obstruct them are greater sufferers than themselves. You have only to preserve the same spirit and temper you have shown throughout in the remainder of this difficult scene. Your own credit and fame will be safe, as well as that of your friends. I wish I could say the same of the country you have been labouring to serve. Our cause is on too firm a rock here to be materially shaken, even for a time, by this disappointment ; and when the experience of this fact has produced a little more wisdom in Ireland, I believe the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realized in both countries, and for the advantage of both. It may be sooner or later, as accident, or perhaps (for some time) malice, may direct ; but it will be right at last. We must spare no human exertion to bring forward the moment as early as possible ; but we must be prepared also to wait for it on one uniform and resolute ground, be it ever so late.

“ It will be no small consolation to you, in the doubtful state of this one important object, that every other part of the public scene affords the most encouraging and animating prospect ; and you have, above all,

the satisfaction of knowing that your government has made a more vigorous effort, whatever be its ultimate success, than I believe any other period of Irish history will produce, since the present train of government has been established. I write this as the first result of my feelings, and I write it to yourself alone.

“ Believe me ever

“ Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

“ W. PITT.”

In the extracts we have given relative to the commercial propositions there is one passage which at first sight may have excited the reader's surprise—where Mr. Pitt so emphatically declares his resolution “to exclude the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government.” Strong expressions from the same minister who, in 1801, resigned office on finding his Royal Master refuse to concede the Roman Catholic claims! The words of the letter may, we say, have excited surprise at first sight—but at first sight only; for on examination it will be found that the principles of Mr. Pitt, on both occasions, were perfectly uniform and constant. He held, that so long as Ireland was a separate kingdom, with a Parliament of its own, so long the Roman Catholics, forming a majority of the population, could not, with safety to the Established Church and Constitution, be admitted to a share—since their share would then be a large preponderance—in the representation: but that if the two nations were blended and mingled together by a legislative union, then the Roman Catholics, becoming only a minority of the population of the whole empire, might without danger be admitted to equal privileges. Such are the principles laid down by Mr. Pitt himself in the letter to the King, which is dated January 31, 1801, and which, in 1827, was first made public by Lord Kenyon.* We have no thoughts of here inflicting upon our readers any renewed discussion on the momentous question of the Roman Catholic claims; we are at present only concerned in showing that, whether Mr. Pitt's views upon this question be considered wise or unwise, salutary or pernicious, they were exactly the same in 1786 as in 1801, and were alike pursued with lofty firmness. For their sake he was equally ready in the first

* See Quart. Rev., vol. xxxvi. p. 290. Annual Register, 1827, vol. ii. p. 472.

year to hazard popularity, and in the latter year to sacrifice power.

We cannot leave the subject of Ireland without doing justice to the character and conduct of the Duke of Rutland.* Throughout this correspondence he appears to very great advantage, combining a frank and cordial spirit, and a delicate sense of honour, with good judgment, prudence, and vigilant attention to his duties. In reference to the very subject which we touched upon just now—the Irish Union—a prediction which he makes on the 16th of June, 1784, indicates surely no common degree of foresight and sagacity. He is speaking of the Irish volunteers:—

“The volunteer corps were reviewed in the Phoenix Park about a fortnight since. Their numbers were much diminished from the former year, in spite of all the exertions made use of to alarm and irritate; so that I am in hopes this self-appointed army may fall to the ground without the interposition of Government, which would prove a most fortunate circumstance. If some such event should not have effect, the period cannot be far distant when they must be spoken to in a peremptory and decisive manner. For the existence of a government is very precarious while an armed force, independent of and unconnected with the state, for the purpose of awing the legislature into all its wild and visionary schemes, is permitted to endure. The northern newspapers take notice of an intention in some of the corps to address the French King, and which they recommend as a very proper and spirited measure. No meeting for such a *laudable* purpose has yet taken place. I can scarcely believe it, though the madness of some of these armed legislators might go to anything. Were I to indulge a distant speculation, I should say that, without *an union*, Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer.”

Irish subjects are not the only ones treated in this correspondence—there are also frequent and interesting touches of English politics. We will give from Mr. Pitt's letters three extracts referring to these at three very different periods. The first when he and the Duke of Rutland were battling together in opposition, but with the prospect of power close before them; the second

* We may be pardoned for recalling to our readers the amiable impression of his Grace's private life and manners derived from the Memoirs of his much-respected *protégé*, Mr. Crabbe, who, on Mr. Burke's recommendation, became domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle in 1782, and owed all his later preferments to the kindness of the House of Rutland.

when Mr. Pitt, in power, had yet to struggle against an adverse and exasperated majority of the House of Commons; the third when Mr. Pitt, after appealing to the people, again met the House of Commons, and found himself as strong in parliamentary as in popular support.

The first is dated November 22, 1783 :—

“ We are in the midst of contest, and I think approaching to a crisis. The bill which Fox has brought in relative to India will be, one way or other, decisive for or against the Coalition. It is, I really think, the boldest and most unconstitutional measure ever attempted, transferring at one stroke, in spite of all charters and compacts, the immense patronage and influence of the East to *Charles Fox, in or out of office*. I think it will with difficulty, if at all, find its way through our House, and can never succeed in yours. Ministry trust all on this one die, and will probably fail. They have hurried on the bill so fast that we are to have the second reading on Thursday next, Nov. 27th. I think we shall be strong on that day, but much stronger in the subsequent stages. If you have any member within fifty or a hundred miles of you, who cares for the constitution or the country, pray send him to the House of Commons as quick as you can. I trust you see that this bill will not easily reach the House of Lords; but I must tell you that Ministry flatter themselves with carrying it through before Christmas.”

The second is of March 23, 1784 :—

“ The interesting circumstances of the present moment, though they are a double reason for my writing to you, hardly leave me the time to do it. *Per tot discrimina rerum*, we are at length arrived within sight of a dissolution. The Bill to continue the powers of regulating the intercourse with America to the 20th of June will pass the House of Lords to-day. That and the Mutiny Bill will receive the Royal Assent to-morrow, and the King will then make a short speech and dissolve the Parliament. Our calculations for the new elections are very favourable, and the spirit of the people seems still progressive in our favour. The new Parliament may meet about the 15th or 16th of May, and I hope we may so employ the interval as to have all the necessary business rapidly brought on, and make the session a short one.”

The 24th of the following May is the date of our third extract :—

“ I cannot let the messenger go without congratulating you on the prospect confirmed to us by the opening of the session. Our first battle was previous to the address, on the subject of the return for Westminster. The enemy chose to put themselves on bad ground, by moving that two

members ought to have been returned, without first hearing the High-Bailiff to explain the reasons of his conduct. We beat them on this, by 283 to 136. The High-Bailiff is to attend to-day, and it will depend upon the circumstances stated whether he will be ordered to proceed in the scrutiny, or immediately to make a double return, which will bring the question before a committee. In either case I have no doubt of Fox being thrown out, though in either there may be great delay, inconvenience, and expense, and the choice of the alternative is delicate. We afterwards proceeded to the address, in which nothing was objected to but the thanking the King expressly for the dissolution. Opposition argued everything weakly, and had the appearance of a vanquished party, which appeared still more in the division, when the numbers were 282 to 114. We can have little doubt that the progress of the session will furnish throughout a happy contrast to the last. We have indeed nothing to contend with but the heat of the weather and the delicacy of some of the subjects which must be brought forward."

We close this volume with the earnest hope that it may not be the only one of its class to come before us. Every succeeding day, as it bears us further from the era of Pitt and Fox, removes more and more of the few who yet lingered amongst us, the contemporaries and friends of those illustrious men. Only last year we saw depart the sole surviving cabinet colleague of Pitt in his first administration;* only last month the devoted widow of Fox. But Time should not all destroy; and while, on the one hand, it breaks the remaining links of living affection, so, on the other hand, it should cast aside the ties of official reserve—it should unlock the most secret scrutoire—it should draw forth the most hoarded papers. The words "private" and "most private" on the cover need be no longer spells to restrain us. We may now, without any breach of public duty—without any wound to personal feelings—explore the hidden thoughts, the inward workings of those two great minds which stood arrayed against each other during twenty-three stormy and eventful years. We may trace them in their boyhood, and inquire whether it was in part through careful training, or all by their endowments at birth, that each of them inherited his father's gift of genius—that rarest of all gifts to inherit from a parent—as if, according to the fine thought of Dante, the Great Giver had willed to show that it proceeds from himself alone:—

* The Earl of Westmoreland died December 12, 1841.

“Rade volte risurge per li rami
L’ umana probitade, e questo vuole
Quei che la da, perche da lui si chiami.” *

We may, perhaps, by the journal of some secretary or some trusted friend, pursue them in their country retirement, and their familiar conversation. We may walk by the side of Pitt along the avenue that he planted at Holwood, or sit with Fox beneath the wide-spreading cedar at St. Anne’s. We may see the blotted notes from whence grew the elaborate oration still perused with delight; we may trace in some hasty sketch the germ of some great enactment by which we continue to be ruled. We may follow the rival statesmen in their far divergent paths through life, until their final resting-place, under the same stately roof, and within a few paces of each other: and thus, while such stores of information as the present volume supplies come gradually to light, both Pitt and Fox will no doubt become far better known to the present generation than they could be to the great mass of those amongst whom their own life was cast.

* *Purgat.*, lib. vii., verse 121.

causes of the

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[QU. REV., No. 97. April, 1833.]

48:234
49:152

The following pages were the ground-work of the 8th Article of the 97th Number of the 'Quarterly Review.' But having there been incorporated with observations, in several of which the writer of the first does not concur, he thinks proper to print his own as he originally wrote them.

April, 1833.

In this Essay, which was written in 1832, and published in the spring of 1833 with the foregoing announcement, there was comprised much minute criticism on Lord John Russell's work, questioning his Lordship's accuracy on several points, though of small moment, in the French literature and language. All these remarks are now omitted. Whatever temporary interest they may ever have possessed must be considered as having passed away. Nor would their republication be consistent with the sincere respect felt even by a political opponent for the great ability which Lord John Russell has since displayed in public life, and for the high position which he at present fills.

November, 1848.

1. *Causes of the French Revolution.* London, 1832.
2. *Essay on Dumont's Souvenirs sur Mirabeau.* Edinburgh Review, No. 110.

THE first work of which the title is here transcribed is generally believed to be the production of Lord John Russell. Some years ago his Lordship undertook some historical 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht,' and of these he had already given two quarto volumes to the world. Being now, however, diverted from the prosecution of his task by his construction of the Reform Bill, and other political labours, he appears to have selected from his papers, for separate publication, some reflections on the most momentous revolution of modern times.

Of the second work which we have named, Mr. Macaulay, we understand, avows himself the author. It appeared last autumn in a contemporary journal. As such, it would seem at first to be no fit object for our animadversions. To review a review is

directly contrary to the laws of literary etiquette. But besides that in these reforming times we might justly plead the example of our betters for disregarding laws and precedents, we consider the article in question not so much a review of M. Dumont, as an essay on the French Revolution; and we are desirous of examining conjointly the opinions of two members of the same administration on the same great political event.

The essay of our noble Paymaster is pleasantly written, lively, and amusing; full of gossip and chit-chat, and carefully recording the current jests of the day. To such works as these we have no objection to make, as agreeable, nay, even in many cases as profitable reading, provided only that their titles do not lead us to form a different expectation of them. Now the words 'Causes of the French Revolution,' on the opening page, seem to indicate a much graver, or, if you will, a duller work, since they hold out, we think, a promise of many far-sighted views and statesman-like reflections. These, however, are scarcely to be found at all, and certainly do not predominate, in the essay now before us. In the first place, these 'Causes of the French Revolution' extend no further than the death of Louis XV. The two first chapters contain a just, but very high-coloured description of the misgovernment during the latter years of that monarch. But they contain no attempt to prove that such misgovernment existed either before or since. The third chapter (twice as long as the other two together) gives us an account of the lives and personal adventures of the principal writers of that period, and more especially Voltaire and Rousseau. No less than three dinners are minutely described in different passages. The first, we are told, comprised "good brown bread, made entirely of wheat;" "a ham that looked very tempting;" "a bottle of wine, the sight of which rejoiced the heart," and "a large omelette." The next, seventy pages afterwards, consists of "juicy vegetables and mutton of the valley, admirably roasted." Of the third dinner the dishes are not recorded, but we are told that it began between five and six; that it lasted nearly two hours, and was followed by "different children's games, and especially the Royal game of goose!" Surely such details, however curious or desirable, and however aptly introduced in mere sketches of biography, cannot be considered to form,

or even to harmonise with, the ‘Causes of the French Revolution.’

The text of Mr. Macaulay’s discourse—we mean the ‘*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*’ of M. Dumont—is, we think, the ablest and most important work that has yet appeared on the first stages of the French Revolution. We have lately read it a second time with attention. It has very much altered our previous opinions as to the abilities both of its author and of its object. It has made us think far better of Dumont’s—it has made us think far worse of Mirabeau’s. We had hitherto looked upon M. Dumont as hardly soaring above the tribe of commentators and translators—as another Boswell—content to pass his life in expounding what, notwithstanding the skill of the expositor, we must still be allowed to consider the gibberish of Mr. Bentham. We also considered M. Dumont as a man who had studied legislative bodies in theory rather than in practice, and had never really watched the secret workings of those great political machines. In both respects we have been undeceived by his last volume. It proves that his original powers of thinking were of the highest order, and made him as far superior to Boswell, as Dr. Johnson is superior to Mr. Bentham. It displays at the same time that sensitive and shrinking disposition, often attendant on real genius, which left him nearly indifferent to personal fame or distinction, and ready to give out his own ideas under the sanction of some other more aspiring name. His characters of Mirabeau and the other leading men of the French Revolution are drawn with the hand of a master, and disfigured neither by flattery nor satire. His views of that Revolution itself deserve still deeper attention. Above all, we must express our feelings of gratification at the justice which this eminent and clear-sighted writer has done to another writer still much more eminent and clear-sighted than himself—to one of the brightest names in the bright annals of this country—to Edmund Burke. He is far from being an unqualified admirer of Mr. Burke’s *Letters on the French Revolution*; he charges them with exaggeration and party tone, and at the time he even wrote a reply to them. Yet he owns, that “by directing the attention of governments and of men of property to the dangers of this new political religion, Mr. Burke was probably THE SAVIOUR OF EUROPE!”

Of Mirabeau himself we had always conceived that he must have been distinguished for powers of extemporaneous speaking and readiness of reply. It was to this that we ascribed his ascendancy over those six hundred schoolboy declaimers and shallow theorists called the National Assembly. It appears, on the contrary, that he could do nothing without previous preparation. His speeches were composed for him at home by dependents or friends, whom he had skilfully enlisted into his service, and he himself only gave them a few finishing and masterly touches. Dumont, one of his principal assistants, compares him to the jay with borrowed plumage in the fable. Any objections raised against his premeditated bursts of oratory used to disconcert him, and he commonly contrived to obtain an adjournment before his reply. It is true, that he sometimes shot forth at the moment expressive nicknames never afterwards forgotten ; or some single sentence—like that at the *Jeu de Paume*—which struck every ear as a thunderbolt, and passed into every mouth as a proverb. But such brilliant flashes, elicited by the collisions of party, belong rather to the talents of conversation than to those of oratory, and are epigrams, not speeches.

With every deduction, however, Mirabeau must have been a man of wonderful genius. As an extemporaneous orator he may, perhaps, be ranked low ; but in the aim and object of all oratory—leading the minds of others—he stood pre-eminent. If his plumage was borrowed, none at least knew better how to raise his flight and how to poise his wings. He had to elevate himself from the lowest depths. His private character was infamous. He was considered a low political hireling, so base, as to be always ready to betray his own party—so worthless, that he could seldom be of use to any other. The first announcement of his name in the National Assembly was received, says Dumont, with murmurs and hootings. A few months pass, and we find him the chief, the sovereign, the idol, of those very men who had been ashamed to admit him as their colleague. We find him become a sort of third power in the state ; we find him standing forth—in himself a personification of a whole house of peers—as a barrier between the Crown and the People, and a security to both. At that period, he might be hailed the arbiter of France ; and, as Dumont truly observes, he is the only man to whom we can do the honour

of believing, that, had he lived, the torrent of the Revolution might yet have been arrested.

The observations of M. Dumont are the best answer to the theories of Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay, and point out the true causes of that terrible tragedy—the French Revolution. We believe that many of those causes which are frequently ascribed, however plausible in theory, are not really founded on fact. Thus we find Lord John Russell, not indeed attempt to prove, but assume as proved, that the French Revolution was only the natural consequence of corruption and oppression in the higher classes—that public indignation had gradually gathered against a century of Royal despotism and aristocratical abuses, and at length broke forth in a defensive movement against them. Now all this we consider utterly opposed to contemporary evidence. It is very easy at present to cull out from the eventful annals of a century all the bad men or bad actions, to mould them into one mass of iniquity, and to blazon them forth as a heavy catalogue of grievances. It is very easy to say, that the French people in 1789 resented the pride of Louis XIV. or the profligacy of Louis XV. The real fact we believe to be, that the French people at that period were not even aware of half the acts of injustice which are now alleged as the motive and the excuse for their excesses. Wrongs are keenly felt, but not long remembered, by the multitude. Still less does one generation ever rise up to avenge the injuries of another. The people of Paris (we say Paris, for the rest of France until stirred from thence had comparatively little to do with the French Revolution) were impelled in 1789 by new theories rather than old grievances—by a jealousy of the kingly power, much more than by oppression under it.

We are not defending the government of the old French monarchy. Under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. it was little short of despotism. But still it must be borne in mind, that till the latter part of the latter reign this government was in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the nation. There was no demand for the States-General, still less for any new popular privileges. Exhausted with civil strife and bloodshed, the people gladly sought repose under the quiet shade of despotism. It is a common but a great mistake in modern political writers, to consider a government with reference, not to the public feelings of

its own time, but to the public feelings of ours. We know despotic power to be odious in France at present ; we are, therefore, apt to conclude that the despotic reign of Louis XIV. must have deeply galled the French people. But was this the real fact ? Look to the language of all the eminent writers of that Augustan era—their language, not merely in their public and avowed compositions, which might be influenced by fear or flattery, but in their private and unguarded letters which have more lately come to light. They all speak of the arbitrary power of the King as of his undoubted privilege—they consider it a thing of course—they have no idea of sharing it—they say little of practical grievances, and nothing of the freedom of their forefathers or the abstract rights of men. Far from dreaming of resistance, these leaders of the public mind never even dreamt of murmurs. No one, we believe, can have looked attentively at the literature of those times without being greatly struck at the submissive feeling we have mentioned. The truth is, that the nation at that time connected their own greatness and glory with that of the King, and in exalting *Le Grand Monarque*, believed that they were exalting themselves. Even the Parliaments, in their noble struggles against despotic registrations and Beds of Justice, had not always, nor strongly, the national feeling on their side. The same feeling continued through a great part of the reign of Louis XV. Lord Chesterfield, a keen observer surely, and one of the few who, at a later period, foresaw and foretold the Revolution, remarks, that a French soldier will venture his life with alacrity *pour l'honneur du Roi* ; but that if you were to change the object, and propose to him *le bien de la patrie*, he would probably run away.* And this might be true at that time. Thus also when, in 1744, the illness of Louis at Metz was considered desperate, the public grief was so excessive and so evident, that the surname of *Bien-aimé* was universally and not unjustly ascribed to him. Happy had it been for him had he then died with the tears of the people on his memory, instead of being, a few years afterwards, followed by their hootings and curses to his grave ! But with him, as once with Pompey,

“ *mœstæ urbes et publica vota*
Vicerunt.”

* Letter to his son, February 7, 1749.

He lived to bow under the yoke of the Duc d'Aiguillon and Madame du Barri—he lived to make his surname of *Bien-aimé* a byword and jest on a hated tyrant—he lived to bequeath to his successor an inheritance of danger and shame. But though his later years had raised up in France a new spirit of irritation against the kingly power, that feeling, had it stood alone, must quickly have yielded to the private worth and public disinterestedness of Louis XVI. That monarch was ready, at the slightest call, to strip his Crown of some of its most valuable prerogatives. He was more anxious to be a limited sovereign than his subjects were anxious to be a free people. While, therefore, we admit and condemn the despotism of the old monarchy, we do not believe that either the burthen or the recollection of this despotism are to be ranked among the great and efficient causes of the Revolution.

Nor is it true that during the whole reign of Louis XV. the people were in a state of progressive and increasing wretchedness. During the first half of it we believe that the very reverse was the case. On this point we will quote the testimony of that most acute observer, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. One of her letters from Paris in 1718 (Oct. 10), in giving an account of her journey from Lyons, describes the “miserable starved faces and thin tattered clothes” of the peasantry. Twenty years afterwards she travelled over the same road again. In a letter to her husband from Dijon, August 18, 1739, we find, “France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through twenty years ago. The roads are all mended. The French are more changed than their roads: instead of pale yellow faces, wrapped up in blankets, as we saw them, the villages are all filled with fresh-coloured lusty peasants, in good clothes and clean linen. It is incredible what an air of plenty and content is over the whole country.”

Still less can we assent to the sweeping charge of degeneracy and corruption which Lord John Russell brings forward against the nobility, the clergy, and the magistracy of France at that period. The two former were very numerous bodies, and as such comprised, of course, many worthless men. But these were well known as objects of the public reprobation, and in the latter years of Louis XV. as objects of the Royal favour, whilst the

unobtrusive virtues and retired lives of the greater number excited no especial attention. It is well observed by the author of 'Émile,' that we compute the worshippers of Baal, but take no note of the thousands who have never bowed down before the brazen image. We have seen the real qualities of the French nobility and clergy tried by the severest and truest of all tests—adversity. We have seen them during the Revolution dragged to the scaffold as victims, or thrust from their homes as beggars. They had to feel (in the words of another illustrious and heart-broken exile)—

“ Come sa di sale
Il pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale.” *

In all these trials, what high-minded patience, what unconquerable spirit, were theirs! How heroically did they encounter an ignominious death, how still more heroically did they bear a life of poverty and pain! Even the women, when the brutal fury of the Jacobins showed no mercy to their sex, seemed to soar above its weakness. Only one lady is recorded to have shrunk or shown any terror on the scaffold, and that lady was Madame du Barri! Surely those who died so well cannot have lived so ill. But even before this dire extremity, how many amongst the higher orders, so far from deserving the reproach of obstinate resistance, seem rather to incur the opposite blame of too rash concessions, of too devoted personal sacrifices! A Montmorency proposing the abolition of hereditary rank! A Noailles proposing the abolition of seigniorial rights! Are these, and such as these, the witnesses to the selfish and uncompromising spirit which Lord John Russell ascribes to the old nobility of France? Nor were many of the Bishops less remarkable for self-devotion. An affecting account of one of them is given by M. Dumont.

“The Bishop of Chartres was attached to the popular party, and had voted for the new Constitution. He was by no means a practised statesman nor deep thinker, but had so much good faith and honesty that he mistrusted nobody, and did not imagine that any one in the *Tiers État* could have any other views than to reform abuses, and to effect the good which seemed so easily within reach. A stranger to

* Dante, Paradiso, Canto 17.

every intrigue, and upright in all his intentions, he followed no guide but his conscience, and never acted but from a feeling of duty. His religious creed was like his political one; he was a firm believer, but a friend to toleration, and he rejoiced to see the Protestants freed from all legal restrictions. He was prepared to find the clergy called upon to make great sacrifices, but did not expect that they would be the victims of the Revolution. I have seen him at a later period, when the domains of the Church were declared national property. I found him one day, at that time, dismissing, with tears in his eyes, some old and faithful servants, making reductions in his hospitable house, and selling a few valuables for the payment of his debts. He imparted his sorrows to me in full confidence. His grief was not on his own account, but he accused himself of having allowed himself to be duped, and of having supported the cause of the *Tiers État*, which, now in its period of strength, violated all the engagements it had contracted in its period of weakness. How painful for an honourable man to have contributed to the success of so iniquitous a faction! Yet never was man less deserving of self-reproach."

We believe this character to apply to very many from all ranks of the French clergy at that time. We believe in the virtue and disinterestedness of that much-calumniated body. Instances have come within our own knowledge, when amongst our countrymen some of the fiercest antagonists of the Roman Catholics have been won over to a better opinion of their faith from witnessing the patient meekness and truly Christian virtues of the exiled priests and Bishops. The same praise of fortitude and patience may be as justly extended to the emigrant nobility; and their emigration, though a most grievous political blunder in those who directed it, was, in most cases of its execution, a most noble act of loyalty and sacrifice of private interests. It is well known how these emigrants cheerfully employed themselves in the lowest and most laborious means of livelihood. We have heard of cases amongst the more successful of these high-born artisans in London, when they, by denying themselves all but the merest necessities of life, regularly laid by a portion of their scanty earnings, and transmitted them, in token of duty and allegiance, to their exiled Royal family. Is it possible to believe of such men all the painful tales of profligacy, heartlessness, and cowardice, which we find Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay so ready to heap upon their memories? We admit that in some, but only a moderate

degree, adversity may have acted on their minds as a chastener and corrector. We admit also that some of the emigrants did not bear the return of power so well as the pressure of adversity. But should a reproach of that kind be limited only to emigrants or only to Frenchmen?

Of the magistracy we have hitherto said nothing, but its defence stands on still higher ground. The magistracy of France during the two centuries preceding the Revolution was, perhaps, the most illustrious ever known for talent, integrity, and public spirit. Always supporting the rights of the people, even when the people itself was insensible to freedom,—always supporting the just prerogatives of the Crown, even when suffering under kingly persecution; they were patriots without the aim of popularity, and Royalists without the aim of Royal favour. History can record scarcely any other instances of struggles against arbitrary power, pursued with such perseverance, at so great personal sacrifice, and upon such slender foundations of authority. Even in the most corrupt of times, the latter days of Louis XV., the Parliament of Paris stood firm and unshaken amidst exiles and imprisonments, domiciliary visits, *Lettres de Cachet*, and every other device of tyrannical malice. “Your Edict, Sire,” they said, at the close of one of their addresses, “is subversive of all law. Your Parliament is sworn to maintain the law; and if the law perishes, they will perish with it: these, Sire, are the last words of your Parliament.” Such was their spirit in the practice of politics. In its theory they could train such minds as Montesquieu’s. In oratory we find two of the most eloquent of the French writers, De Retz and Rousseau, bear most striking testimony to the eloquence of such speakers as they possessed in Talon and Loyseau de Mauléon. Nor had they degenerated from their former worth. Never did this illustrious body appear more illustrious than at its close, when its long and bright array of the L’Hôpitals and D’Agnesseaus was excelled and worthily concluded by the crowning glory of Malesherbes. It appears to us very remarkable, that as the English army has produced, perhaps, the best officers, so the French bar has produced, perhaps, the best magistrates; the appointments in both cases being a matter of purchase and sale.

We therefore consider it most unjust to represent, like Lord

John Russell, the persons or orders we have mentioned as the causes of the French Revolution. Yet something even beyond this has been asserted, and an excuse invented for the Jacobins which had certainly never occurred to the Jacobins themselves. A most able and eloquent writer as well as speaker of our own day, we mean Mr. Macaulay, attempts to make the upper classes in France responsible, not only for the origin of the Revolution in that country, but also for all the crimes and atrocities to which it afterwards proceeded. He tells us, that "the truth is, a stronger argument against the old monarchy of France may be drawn from the *noyades* and the *fusillades* than from the Bastille and the *Parc aux Cerfs*. We believe it to be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. . . . The reaction is exactly proportioned to the pressure—the vengeance to the provocation."

Such is the novel doctrine under which it is attempted to make the nobles and clergy of France bear the odium of the very excesses which cost them their titles, their fortunes, and their lives. It is, in fact, an ill-considered attempt to apply mechanical laws to politics. But this "rule without an exception" will be found, on the contrary, to have scarcely an instance in its favour. The annals of every country belie it. Some of the most oppressive dynasties have had the most tranquil subjects—some of the best have been requited with rebellions. But even comparing together different revolutions, it will be seen that the degree of popular outrage is anything but a test and measure of the degree of Royal misrule. Look to the whole tenor of the Eastern revolutions, and compare them with the French. It will surely not for one moment be contended that even the worst days of the old French monarchy ever approached the cruelty or oppression of Turkey or Marocco. On the principle of equal reaction, any revolution at Constantinople, or at Fez, ought to be a thousand times more fierce and dreadful—more destructive of life and property—than any revolution at Paris. How do the facts accord with this theory? The French Revolution of 1789 made hundred thousands of families orphans and outcasts—it is crowded with murders whose ferocity might disgrace a commonwealth of wolves. In the Turkish annals, on the contrary, we find revolution after

revolution effected with comparatively nothing of bloodshed and horror. A strangled Sultan or Vizier—a few plundered shops—a few bowstrings and *capidgees* sent off to the provincial Pashas—make up the usual sum of its atrocities. The oppressive men or the oppressive measures that caused the insurrection are removed, and the many-headed monster having thus, by a violent throe, flung off the burthen that galled it, immediately resumes its usual yoke of submission. Every part of the government returns to its regular and peaceful routine—the same *haratch* is paid into the same treasury—the same *spahees* guard the same posts—the same superstitious veneration greets the new Sultan—the same ready obedience attends the new Divan.

We know of no reason whatever why, in examining this pretended rule, we should confine ourselves to Christian or to civilised countries, or to cases of fundamental changes in the laws and institutions. But if even we thus limit our sphere of observation, the result will be the same. Compare, for example, our two revolutions of 1642 and 1688. The government of James II. was certainly very far more severe and sanguinary and opposed to precedent than that of Charles I. Yet the re-action against Charles I. was very far more violent and fatal than that against his son. Again, compare the Spanish revolution of 1821 with the French of 1789. No man who has either seen or studied the two nations will deny that the evils of the old Spanish system—the abuses both in church and state, for some of which, such as the *mesta*, there is no parallel and even no name in other countries—were infinitely greater and more grievous than any that can be charged on the old monarchy of France. Were the excesses of the Spanish revolution greater too? We are no apologists for the Spanish patriots of that day. Their ignorance, their presumption, their blind obstinacy, their precipitation in planning, their slowness and negligence in execution, can neither be denied nor be excused. They have done their best to render a good cause not only an object of blame, but an object of contempt. The pure emblem of liberty has been defaced by their dirty and bungling hands. Even those who, like Agustin Arguelles, were most upright and irreproachable in character, and had hitherto seemed sober and steady in judgment, were no sooner raised above the multitude than they

became dizzy, lost their balance, and were whirled along with the rest. All this we admit against the Spanish patriots. But still, did they ever imbrue their hands in deep torrents of innocent blood? Did they ever contrive to combine the crimes of atheism with the mummeries of superstition? Was a courtesan ever hailed as the Goddess of Reason and worshipped on the high altar of Toledo? Did the Tagus, like the Loire, ever see struggling wretches tied together in pairs and plunged into its stream, while the ruffians on its banks shouted in exultation at the dying convulsions of their victims, and called them by the jocular name of "marriages"?

Then again, as the Spaniards of 1821 were more misgoverned than the French of 1789, so were the Neapolitans of the former period more misgoverned than the Spaniards. The character of the Neapolitans too in their lowest orders—from whatever cause—was, beyond that of any other Christian nation, ignorant, ferocious, and depraved. Yet the Neapolitan revolution was even milder than the Spanish—property was less endangered, and life less often sacrificed. So ill do the facts accord with this plausible theory! So much easier is it to assert than to examine!

It would be endless to accumulate further instances. Yet before we dismiss this part of the subject, we will give two more, which we think striking, from the history of France. Of all the French Kings, Henry III. was perhaps the worst, Henry IV. probably the best. Under the last of the Valois, the people were rent with factions and ground down with oppression; under the first of the Bourbons they were contented and happy. Now, according to the "rule without an exception," the mob of Paris would have been distinguished after the death of Henry III. by peculiar ferocity, and after the death of Henry IV. by peculiar moderation. It so happens, however, that the very reverse was the case. One of the facts most honourable to the Parisian populace occurred soon after the death of Henry III.: one of the foulest blots on their historical character occurred soon after the death of Henry IV. We shall shortly advert to both.

In 1590, a few months after the death of Henry III., Paris was besieged by his successor. Failing in open attack, Henry IV. had recourse to blockade. A dreadful famine ensued among the citizens. Dogs and cats, and other such animals, were first

eagerly devoured. Human bones, ground into powder and then kneaded into paste, supplied the place of bread. The poorer classes, says De Thou, were at length reduced entirely to leaves, roots, and grasses, which they went out to pluck among the stones. In these circumstances, if in any, violence and outrage might have been excused. Yet the people bore their sufferings with the utmost patience and mildness, and revenged them neither on their own resolute chiefs nor on the enemy's supposed partisans. Neither Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, nor the Duke de Nemours, the *Ligueur* chief, nor the friends of Henry IV. at Paris, sustained the slightest injury. Once only a few hundred poor wretches, half maddened with famine, beset the palace with loud cries of *La paix ou du pain*, but they soon dispersed almost of themselves; only one life (their ringleader's) was sacrificed, and their fellow-townsmen remained tranquil, until at length the approach of the Duke of Parma compelled Henry to raise the siege.

After the death of the great Henry, his sceptre fell into the hands of his widow, a weak and passionate woman, usually wrong, and always stubborn in her resolutions. An Italian adventurer, Concini, was brought by her favour first to high rank and dignity, under the title of the Maréchal d'Ancre, and then to a violent and disgraceful death. His character seems to have been vain rather than vicious, and comparatively few evil actions can be charged either upon his conduct or his counsels. Yet the mob of Paris, which had crouched before the powerful favourite, sprung with most tiger-like fury on his helpless remains. The scene that ensued was not unworthy the philosophers and philanthropists of later days. We remember that Voltaire, in his 'Voyages de Scarmentado,' makes that imaginary traveller arrive at Paris at this period, and be politely accosted by several persons, desirous of showing attention to a stranger, and asking him whether he chose to have a morsel of Marshal d'Ancre for breakfast! And this is scarcely an exaggeration. The authentic details recorded by Le Vassor fully bear it out. Shall we relate how the corpse, having first been disinterred, was mutilated, dragged through the streets, torn limb from limb, deliberately roasted and greedily devoured? Let us rather shrink from this horrible scene!

Upon the whole we must confess, notwithstanding our personal respect for Mr. Macaulay, that the more closely we examine his theory the more deep is our conviction of its ill tendency. We can scarcely conceive any doctrine leading to a more dangerous deduction. It represents revolutions, not the sudden, terrible, and uncontrollable convulsions which they have been hitherto considered,—dealing out their blows on the wisest and the best, and, even when striking the guilty, always striking them in vengeance and not in punishment,—but rather as systematic and salutary movements, always accomplishing the ends of justice with great fairness, though, perhaps, in a somewhat irregular manner, and meting out against oppressive rulers exactly that degree of retribution which their previous oppression deserved. It may teach the people no longer to dread their own excesses. It may teach them that revolutions may always be undertaken with alacrity, because, with the principle of equal reaction within them, they will always be bounded by justice. We believe the very reverse to be the case. We believe that every nation, which understood its own interest, would only betake itself to revolutions as a last and most desperate extremity, and would be anxious to yield something rather than to hazard all. We believe that revolutions, though often entered into with the most selfish motives, are, of all human transactions, the least selfish in their usual results. When a change of principles is at stake, they never fail to sacrifice the tranquillity and happiness of one generation for the probable improvement and advantage of the next. It is neither more nor less than to cut down an old tree—somewhat time-worn, perhaps, and decayed, but still affording sustenance by its fruits, and shelter by its branches—to plant in its place a young sapling of a better stock. Thus our own revolution of 1688, undertaken as it was on the clearest grounds of justice, and conducted on the wisest scheme of policy, was the parent of three civil wars, and sixty years of national division. Thus the French revolution of 1830, which, though far less wisely conducted, was almost as justly undertaken, has extinguished the commercial prosperity of France, increased the expenditure, diminished the revenue, embittered by turns every party, and as yet satisfied none.

The causes of the first French revolution seem to us very obvious and undoubted. And first the feeble character of Louis XVI. In the opinion of M. Dumont this single cause would be sufficient to account for the whole of the revolution:—

“Suppose,” he says, “a King of a firm and decisive character in the place of Louis XVI., and the Revolution would not have taken place. His whole reign did nothing but produce it. Nay, more, there was no period, during the whole first Assembly, when the King, if he could have changed his character, might not have re-established his authority, and formed a mixed constitution more firm and solid than the old *Monarchie Parlementaire et Nobiliaire* of France. His indecision, his weakness, his half-measures, have ruined all. The inferior causes which contributed to this result are only the development of this great first cause. Where the monarch is feeble-minded, the courtiers are intriguing, the factions are loud, the populace is daring, good men become timid, the most zealous public servants become discouraged, the men of talent meet only with repulses, and the best counsels lead to no effect.”

Another very efficient cause was the example of the United States. The old French government, in assisting the North American insurgents, imagined that they should strike a heavy blow against England. They did so,—but it recoiled still more heavily against themselves. A vague idea of republican equality spread amongst the French officers on that service. They were most of them young men, giddy, ignorant, and enthusiastic. They did not consider the different situation of America as a new and growing country, with none of those hereditary rights or hereditary attachments which give stability to institutions,—but, on the other hand, possessing, in its back settlements, a constant and easy outlet for that superabundance of population and of activity which, in old countries, seeks a vent upwards by pressing against the government and richer classes. Such points of total difference were overlooked by La Fayette and his friends, and, on returning to France, these new converts to the democratical doctrine became its apostles. At first, indeed, they did not carry their views beyond abstract speculation. But by the long and persevering exertions of the Philosophers (as they falsely called themselves) the ground had been already prepared for the evil seed, and the progress of events soon turned these theorists into conspirators.

These previous exertions of the philosophers, carried on with the most persevering activity, and the most unscrupulous choice of means, we look upon as the third great cause of the French Revolution. Literature had been favoured and pensioned by Louis XIV. It had been comparatively neglected by Louis XV. In the former reign, therefore, literary men were generally courtiers, in the latter they affected to be *frondeurs*. It may be given as a general rule, that men of talent, if they cannot rise to wealth and distinction through the institutions of a country, will attempt to subvert those institutions. Diderot, D'Alembert, and all the rest of that crew, declared the Court oppressive to the country, because they found it unfriendly to themselves. Irreligion, too, had become the fashion amongst them; and they had discovered that important secret—so well known to our own revolutionary party at this time—that one of the best quarters from whence to assail and overthrow a state is through its church establishment. A sort of crusade was therefore preached against Christianity. Persecution and intolerance, which had gradually declined and died away amongst the priesthood, were revived amongst the philosophers. They were banded together by the association of the *Encyclopédie*, and still more by that strongest of all ties—a common hatred. Every man who ventured to dissent from them they hooted down as a fool, and marked out for a future victim. Thus they obtained a sort of monopoly of talent, and exerted it with the usual narrow spirit of monopolists. Thus it happened that every new work came to be considered dull and tasteless, unless seasoned with a touch either of democracy or unbelief,—if possible with both. It became unfashionable to print a book *avec privilège du Roi*. Nor was it merely a choice between a Court and an opposition. Louis XV., indeed, was hostile; but another monarch took up the cause of anti-monarchical principles,—and Berlin became to the literary men of France, in this age, what Versailles had been to them in the last. Frederick II.—that extraordinary man, who can scarcely be ranked too high as a general, or too low as an author,—that compound, as Voltaire used to say, of Julius Cæsar and of Abbé Cottin—whose life teems with proofs of genius, and whose twenty volumes of works have not one single spark of it to enliven their intolerable dulness,—found means to

combine the gratification of his vanity with the maintenance of his power, by inditing all his sarcasms against Christianity and social order, not in his own language, but in that of a foreign state. And thus, when, after his death, the principles he had assisted to rear and foster were convulsing that foreign state to its foundations, his own remained quiet and unshaken. To his example and encouragement we may certainly ascribe no small share of the success of the philosophers, and to their success no small share of the bloodshed and havoc of the ensuing revolution. It may be said that they never advised such horrors, and agitated the people with only such fair words as toleration, liberty, and universal peace. But the truth is, that human passions, when once roused, pursue their fearful course with little reference to the cause which roused them. Declamations against religious persecution prepared the way for the *fusillades* of the non-conforming priests; and declamations against Royal ambition, for the attempted conquest of Europe, as much as formerly the Christian sermons of the Catholics had prepared the way for their un-Christian massacres of the Huguenots. In the sixteenth century it was not thought absurd by the people to shoot and drown with the crucifix in their hands. In the eighteenth century it seemed to them quite reasonable to shoot and drown with liberty and toleration on their lips. So little does a heated multitude understand its own cry!

These causes—which our limits allow us but briefly to glance over—appear to us the main-springs of the French Revolution. There were, no doubt, other less and concurring causes. There was, more especially, the disorder in the finances, to which almost every popular convulsion may, in some degree, be traced. *Dans tout pays, says Rousseau, le peuple ne s'aperçoit qu'on attende à sa liberté que lorsqu'on attende à sa bourse.* But this can only be looked upon as the spark which fired the train—which hastened, but did not produce, the explosion. The more fully we peruse the historical records of those times, the more evident it becomes to us that the French Revolution was mainly owing, not to the distress suffered by the people, but to the false doctrines spread amongst them. And this opinion is greatly confirmed by observing the last revolution in 1830. At the time of the first, our infidels and democrats at home, when

taunted with the terrible results to which their doctrine was leading in France, were accustomed to charge these on the frivolous and thoughtless or cruel and bloodthirsty character which they imputed to the French people. It is not our doctrine, said they, but their own disposition which makes them what you see them—*Septembriseurs* and *Terroristes*. But if the French people in a second great convulsion—when Royalty, though from other causes, again lay prostrate at their feet, and when the paving-stone had become for the time as a sceptre in their hands—displayed no such disposition,—to what can we ascribe their former ferocity, unless to the doctrines which at the former period, but not at the latter, cried down all religion as a mummery, and all Royalty as an usurpation?

We are persuaded, with M. Dumont, that Louis XVI. might, if a firmer man, have stayed the revolution in its course. We believe, in fact, that there never was a revolution which might not have been arrested by a proper policy on the part of the government,—by a sufficiently steady resistance or sufficiently liberal concession. The misfortune is, that weak monarchs or weak ministers are bold when they should be cautious, or shrink when they ought to strike. We think, also, we can observe that in two countries like France and England, so intent upon each other's political movements, and so much affected by them, the false system which leads to a revolution is always the opposite to that which produced the last in either country. If the last has been produced by too easy concession, the next is produced by too obstinate resistance; if the last had its Turgot, the next has its Polignac. Thus, the proximate cause of our great civil war was undoubtedly the attempt of Charles I. to seize the five members. His own friends were the first to condemn that most rash and illegal measure. Hyde, Falkland, and other leading Royalists in the House of Commons, were so angry and ashamed, that for some time they suspended their resistance to the revolutionary party. The King himself was not long in discerning his fault, and, in the words of Clarendon, showed "that trouble and agony which usually attend generous and magnanimous minds upon their having committed errors." There were many previous provocations on both sides. But this ill-fated attempt of Charles was the signal and occasion for that

strife which did not end until his head rolled upon the block, and his sceptre passed into the hands of an usurper. The son of that usurper a few years afterwards inherited the power, but not the genius of his father. In this position Richard Cromwell looked to the fate of the unhappy Charles as a warning; and, resolving not to cling to his prerogatives too firmly, he held them, on the contrary, with so loose a grasp, and showed such readiness to yield, as first to excite contempt, then to invite attack, and, at last, to show how short is the interval for rulers between public contempt and dethronement.

Again, James II. was mindful of the feebleness and degradation of Richard Cromwell. He thought that power was to be maintained only by its despotic exercise. His whole reign was a warfare against the constitutional liberties and the established religion of his subjects. No prince ever showed less respect for law; no prince ever afforded more justification for resistance. And thus was produced that revolution, which we must always consider not only one of the most happy, but one of the most glorious events recorded in our annals. On this point we are sorry to find ourselves again so completely at issue with Mr. Macaulay. "It was," he says, "a happy revolution and a useful revolution, but it was not, what it has often been called, a glorious revolution. The transaction was, in almost every part, discreditable to England."* Can it really be, that public opinion has so far altered as to sanction this strange and new doctrine? Can it really be, that the electors of Leeds approve of such sentiments, and have come to think so ill of the great work of deliverance which their own forefathers wrought?

A century after the expulsion of James, Louis XVI. was anxious to draw wisdom from the fate of the Stuarts. He was continually reading over the lives of Charles I. and James II., and even, it is said, added comments with his own hand on the margin. Determined to avoid their erring policy, he, as we have already seen, temporized and yielded on every possible occasion. What was the result? His death was produced by his concessions as much as the death of Charles or the dethronement of James had been produced by the opposite cause.

* Edinburgh Review, No. 95, p. 159.

Charles X., on coming to the throne, was perpetually reminded of the weakness of his brother. He was told, and truly told, that this weakness had brought the kingdom to anarchy, and the King himself to the scaffold. He therefore resolved to avoid this error. But he avoided it, as all weak men avoid an error—by running into the opposite extreme. His desperate rashness in issuing the *Ordonnances* of July was precisely the converse to the indecision and timidity of Louis XVI. His order to stop the insurrection of Paris by force of arms stands in most direct contrast with the unwillingness of Louis to defend his own apartments when attacked in the Tuileries, or pursue his progress when arrested at Varennes. Their policy was opposite, but their failure was the same.

This last revolution was evidently produced by what we have called the spirit of resistance—violent measures on the part of the Crown. From its example, and according to the theory we have just laid down, we think it probable, that the next, either in France or England, will be produced by the opposite—an excessive spirit of concession.* Thus, if the events in this country during the last two years are to be looked upon as the commencement of a complete revolution, like the French of 1789—a point on which at present we abstain from giving an opinion—if our scaffolds are soon to stream with innocent blood—if we are to be hurried through the dismal road of anarchy to its inevitable termination, a military despotism—if these and other such calamities assail us, will it be denied that they arose from too eager a thirst for popularity—from weakly expecting to outrun unreasonable claims—from wickedly preferring the temporary inclinations to the permanent interests of the people?

It is evident to us, from the work of M. Dumont as well as from several others, that one great reason why the members of the National Assembly were both rapacious and unthrifty with respect to public property, was because they had so little of their own. Woe to the nation which confides its destinies to a pack of hungry lawyers and adventurers—to men who are not only tempted but compelled to make politics a trade, because they

* The Revolution in France of February, 1848, has proved of a very different kind; but the author would not think it candid on that account to alter this passage, which is therefore left precisely as it was printed in 1833.

have no private fortune to supply the place of one ! Such men composed the majority of the deputies from the *Tiers État*. They fancied that they had nothing to lose by revolution—a mistake to which the guillotine afterwards gave a bloody refutation—and thus they became patriots from poverty. We remember Madame Roland, in her ‘Memoirs,’ says of Lazowski, and her observation might apply to many more :—“ *Il se fit sans-culotte, puisqu’aussi bien il était menacé d’en manquer.*” And here lies the great error of the French people at that period, in selecting such representatives, and forgetting that none are safe legislators for a country but those who have some stake in its welfare. The truth is, we believe, that in any highly-civilized and artificial state of society, like ours, no attempt to dissever property from power can be long successful. Either the property will recover the power, or the power will usurp the property. In either case they will soon become reunited.

The advantage of selecting persons of property and persons of character is well understood by the people of England. No people, indeed, has ever, when in its natural state, shown higher political sagacity or a more just discrimination of public men. But in moments of great excitement the counsels of wisdom and experience are found to lag behind the impatient wishes of the multitude. Such, we fear, may have lately become the case in England. Public judgments on public characters have been completely reversed. Whenever a man is found unfit for any other profession or employment, he is thought admirably qualified for that of a statesman. The same course of conduct which would make us distrust him in private life is urged as a claim upon our confidence in public. Thus also with respect to talents. We have frequently heard it said that in moments of excitement the difference of ranks is levelled, and each mind assumes the station for which nature designed it. This may often be true. But it also appears to us that, at such times, the grossest delusions are afloat with respect to talents, and that the heaviest loads are often imposed on the frailest shoulders. A very insignificant figure appears magnified through the mists of party.

It is, also, very striking in the French Revolution to observe into what extremities men, very moderate at first, were finally hurried. Good intentions were found to be but very slight secu-

urity for good conduct. On the contrary, several men who began with most honest views ended with most mischievous measures. Thus, for instance, Brissot is described by M. Dumont as imbued with strong religious feelings and upright political intentions. Yet M. Dumont, on returning to Paris after an absence of some months, found, to his great surprise, this very Brissot plunged, as he says, with his whole heart into the Machiavelism of party-spirit, and while knowing and admitting the innocence of a minister (M. de Lessert), anxious to bring him to trial as a traitor!

“I had known him,” continues Dumont, “candid and generous,—I now saw him crafty and persecuting. If his conscience—for Brissot was a moral and religious man—made him any reproaches, he silenced it by the pretended necessity of serving the state by such means. It is in times of faction that one perceives how truly Helvetius has defined public virtue. Brissot was true to his party, but not true to honour. He was impelled by a sort of enthusiasm, to which he was ready to sacrifice everything; and because he was conscious of no love of money, nor ambition of office, he thought himself a pure and virtuous citizen. ‘See,’ he used to say, ‘my more than frugal establishment—see my Spartan diet—watch me in my domestic habits—try if you can reproach me with any unworthy pursuits or frivolous amusements. Why, for more than two years I have never entered a theatre!’ On such grounds rested his confidence in himself. He did not perceive that zeal for his party, love of power, hatred, and vanity, are tempters quite as dangerous as love of gold, ambition of official dignity, or a taste for pleasure.”

Another thing very remarkable in the French Revolution, and no doubt to be ranked amongst the subordinate causes of its progress, is the extreme absurdity and childishness of its legislative debates. The French are a nation of refined and polished taste. They have a keen eye for the ridiculous; they most carefully avoid and most unmercifully lash it in the intercourse of private life. How comes it, then, that, in public discussions, they should invariably display all the petulance of schoolboys, all the pedantry of schoolmasters? “The debates of the National Assembly,” says Mr. Macaulay, with great truth, “were endless successions of trashy pamphlets—all beginning with men in the hunting state, and other such foolery.” Even in the present year a debate in the Chamber of Deputies might sometimes have been deemed to afford a study worthy of Hogarth. But its follies are wisdom as com-

pared to those of the National Assembly or Convention. In that valuable and interesting work, the ‘*Mémoires de Roederer*,’ which was privately printed last year, we remember being amused with one instance, which is not, however, mentioned as anything singular. M. Isnard, a *Girondist* deputy of some influence, and who, as such, was employed to harangue and quiet the mob on the memorable 20th of June, 1792, was, on the following 3rd of August, accused in the Chamber of having sold himself to the English cabinet. Now, let any one consider for a moment what would be the defence of an Englishman in a similar case. He would bring testimony—he would allege his own previous character—he would retort on his assailants—in short, he would regularly plead his cause. What is the defence of the Frenchman? He unbuttons his waistcoat! He lays bare his breast! “*Malheureux, ouvre mon cœur, et tu verras s’il est Français!*” And this defence is admitted!

Such scenes might appear only ridiculous. But it is a source of danger in every country, that men seldom believe that what is ridiculous may also be formidable. People laughed at the follies of the National Assembly. They laughed at the clenched fists, furious interruptions, frothy declamations, and turbulent galleries of that noisy mob. They laughed at its shallow ideas of politics, which knew of no better security against despotic power than a feeble government. But those days of laughter were only the first acts of the piece, and France had not yet reached the consummation of the revolutionary drama, which, unlike other theatrical representations, begins in farce and ends in tragedy.

LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.

[Qu. Rev., No. 155. June, 1846.]

18:61

Inscriptionum Latinarum Selectarum amplissima Collectio ad illustrandam Romanæ Antiquitatis disciplinam accommodata, ac magnarum Collectionum supplementa complura emendationesque exhibens. Cum ineditis J. C. Hagenbachii suisque adnotationibus edidit J. C. Orellius. Turici, 1828, 2 vols.

It is but seldom that we have to acknowledge any contributions to literature or the fine arts from Switzerland. The great Revolution of 1830, in France, drew in its train a whole host of minor revolutions among the Alps. Tiny as these for the most part were, and often reminding us of Voltaire's *mot* on an *émeute* at Geneva—"a tempest in a teacup"—they have still, we fear, in too many cases arrested the progress of well-ordered improvement, and substituted the fierce resentment and rancour of party for the peaceful rivalries of science.

Of the literary works in Switzerland before these stirring events, one of the latest now lies before us. Professor Orellius, of Zürich, has both laboriously collected and skilfully classified the principal Roman inscriptions found in various parts of Europe. In these respects, as well as in judicious notes, his two volumes appear to us far superior to any former compilation of the kind. We have only to regret the absence of a third volume, which should contain the epitaphs and other inscriptions of the early Christians, the work before us being limited almost entirely to the Pagan remains.

One of the principal duties of Professor Orellius—a duty in which that great compiler, Gruterus, showed himself strangely negligent—has been to winnow the grain from the chaff, to separate the genuine Roman inscriptions from such as are manifestly and beyond all question spurious. Foremost among the latter we are sorry to find the celebrated epitaph from Avenches:—

IVLIA ALPINVLA HIC IACEO
 INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES
 DEAE AVENTIAE SACERDOS ;
 EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTVI
 MALE MORI IN FATIS ILLI ERAT.
 VIXI ANNOS XXIII.

To this imaginary Julia Alpinula, Lord Byron has devoted a beautiful stanza in 'Childe Harold :—

" And there—oh sweet and sacred be the name !—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to Heaven ; her heart beneath a claim
 Nearest to Heaven's broke o'er a father's grave.
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
 The life she lived in ; but the judge was just :
 And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust."

It must be a matter of concern to all true admirers of ' Childe Harold ' that, as far as we know or can ascertain, no such person as Julia Alpinula ever existed at all ! Childe Harold himself was far less imaginary !

At the time he wrote, however, no such misgivings crossed the minds of the noble poet or of his readers. In his note, after quoting the Latin inscription, he adds, " I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness."

From the days of the poet, the epitaph at Avenches has accordingly become the object of frequent inquiry and never-failing disappointment to tourists. We ourselves have been among the eager and baffled searchers around the walls of the little town. At that time nothing whatever seemed to be known about it at Avenches ; but more recently, the number of tourists having increased, a ready answer is provided that the stone has been purchased by an Englishman, and carried off to London.

In fact, however, it appears that this inscription was given by one Paul Wilhelm, a noted forger (*falsarius*), to Lipsius, and by Lipsius handed over to Gruterus. Nobody, either before or since Wilhelm, has even pretended to have seen the stone ; and

the style of the epitaph, as we can ourselves bear witness, is wholly different from that of any other undoubted Helvetic inscription. It appears to have been fabricated from a passage in Tacitus, where the historian relates that Caecina on coming to Avenches put to death Julius Alpinus, one of the principal citizens and the stirrer up of a recent war.* But as to any son or daughter of Julius Alpinus history is wholly silent. The character of Wilhelm himself as an antiquary was undoubtedly at the lowest ebb; he is known to have produced another wholly false inscription, and to have interpolated many true ones—*quas αυτοπτας aliter dedisse certe constat*—adds Orellius. (Compare vol. i. pp. 40 and 123.) It appears the more desirable clearly to detect this forgery, since not long since it imposed upon one whose error is likely to mislead many more—our wary and accurate friend Mr. Murray in his ‘Handbook of Switzerland.’

The following inscription was likewise given to Lipsius by Paul Wilhelm, and as such would be wholly undeserving of credit, were it not in some degree vouched for by the respectable historian of Geneva, M. Spon, who says of it (vol. iii. p. 329) that it was formerly to be seen built into the walls of Geneva, near *la Corraterie*.

VIXI VT VIVIS;
MORIERIS VT SVM MORTVVS;
SIC VITA TRVDITVR.
VALE VIATOR
ET ABI IN REM TVAM.

Even with such a voucher the antiquity of the inscription is considered far from certain.

One series of the inscriptions now before us bears the title *MATRIMONIUM*. But our fair readers especially will be disposed to exclaim against this classification as most incorrect, when they hear that it includes those ladies who (however tender the relation in which they stood to the deceased) were by no means his wives. The classic scholar may be scarcely less surprised at the strange Latinity of the term of honour which these ladies sometimes receive; the word is *FOCARIA*. Orellius, in a note,

* *Cumque, dirutis omnibus, Aventicum, gentis caput, justo agmine peteretur, missi qui dederent civitatem, et deditio accepta. In Julium Alpinum e principibus, ut concitorem belli, Cæcina advertit, ceteros veniæ vel sævitia Vitellii reliquit.* (Hist., lib. i. c. 68.)

explains it as follows—*concubina, non legitima conjux, a foco ita dicta, mulier quae focum curat*. For example, the epitaph of Aurelius Vitalis (No. 2699), found at Ravenna, thus concludes :—

VALERIA FAVSTINA FOCARIA
ET HERES EJVS
BENEMERENTI POSVIT.

Another euphuism for the same class appears to be *HOSPITA* : *ut volunt quidam, honestius pro concubinâ militis*—says our annotator.

Sometimes the same stone commemorates both the legitimate and illegitimate connexion. Thus No. 2673, found at Rome, is dedicated by one of the Lictors, Marcus Senilius, as follows :—

SE VIVO FECIT SIBI ET
PETIAE C. L. PRIMAE VXORI ET
MARCIAE L. FELICI CONCVBINAE.

True matrimonial inscriptions are very numerous, though comparatively few are comprised in this collection. The favourite epithets to a deceased wife seem to be *CARISSIMAE*, *DVLCISSIMAE*, and *BENE-MERENTI*. There is another, which our fair readers (if, indeed, we may venture again to anticipate any such on so dry a subject) will not be well pleased to hear, especially if for their benefit we translate it as “Most Obsequious.” Most commonly we find it conjoined to some other epithet, but sometimes, though seldom, it stands alone, as in the following :—

R A E C I A E
I R E N E
C. C A E C I L I V S
A V G V S T A L I S
V X O R I
O B S E Q V E N T -
I S S I M A E.

The marble monument bearing this inscription stood at Tarra-gona ; but, during the Wars of the Succession, it was presented, with several others, to General Stanhope, who placed it in his garden at Chevening, where it still remains.

We will here add two remarkable ancient epitaphs, as copied by ourselves in Italy several years ago :

From the Capitoline Museum, Rome.

QVISQVIS EI LAESIT
 AVT NOCVIT SEVERAE
 INMERENTI, DOMINE
 SOL TIBI COMMENDO
 VINDICES EIVS MORTEM.

From the Museo Borbonico, Naples.

D . M .
 C . LEPIDIO IVCVND
 Q . V . A . III . M . II . FECIT
 C . LEPIDIVS FELIX FILIO
 PIISSIMO
 EI SIBI ET SVIS LIBERTIS
 LIBERTABVSQVE POSTERIS-
 QVE EORVM PRAETER PHLE-
 GVSAM LIBERTAM NE EI
 IN HOC MONVMENTO ADITVS
 DETVR.

In the work now before us, the chapter *VITA COMMVNIS* is fraught with curious traits of manners. The two following inscriptions were found, the one at Rieti and the other at Rome; and the writer of the first seems to have suffered from his own shyness as much as the writer of the second from the ill treatment of his friends:

HOMINES EGO MONEO NE QVEIS DIFFIDAT SIBI.

ANIMAL INGRATIVS HOMINE NVLLVM EST.

It appears that amongst the Romans it was not unusual to wish a Happy New Year to oneself! Thus:

ANNVM NOVVM FAVSTVM FELICEM MIHI ET FILIO.

Inscriptions on two rings, used apparently for love-tokens, and now preserved at Florence:

AMO TE;
 AMA ME.

PIGNVS AMORIS HABES.

On another, with a sunflower engraved:

VNI AMBROSIA VENENVM CAETERIS.

On a silver dog's collar, shown in the Museum at Verona, and described by Maffei :

FVGI. TENE ME. CVM REVOCaveris ME DM
ZONINO ACCIPIS SOLIDVM.

On a leaden ball for a sling (No. 4932) :

ROMA FERI.

which Orellius interprets "*O Dea Roma, feri hostem!*"

But perhaps no chapter of Orellius is more extensive or more interesting than his SEPVLCHRALIA. It will appear, on close investigation, that the ancient epitaphs are marked by several not easily explained peculiarities of language. Thus the epithet DVLCISSIMAE, which, as we have elsewhere intimated, is so often applied to a deceased wife, is never, in any recorded inscription, used for a living one. "*DVLCISSIMAE uxores tantummodo in sepulchralibus dicuntur,*" says our author, (No. 1695.)

The following (No. 4390), which forms the close of the inscription of Acilia and Aurelius at Rome, would in our time be considered as but a sorry jest at the lawyers :

HVIC MONVMENTO
DOLVS MALVS
ABESTO ET
IVRIS CONSVLTVS.

In this epitaph we perceive the strong anxiety, however quaintly expressed, to guard the sepulchre from spoliation. The same anxiety prompts many other more earnest and affecting appeals. Thus in the monument of Terentia at Rome :

QVISQVIS ES HOMO ET VOS SODALES MEOS CVNCTOS
ROGO PER DEOS SVPEROS INFEROSQVE
NE VELITIS OSSA MEA VIOLARE.

Sometimes this anxiety appears in iteration :

STABERIAE P. L. FLORAE OSSA HEIC SITA SVNT
ROGO TE MI VIATOR NOLI ME NOCERE ;
ROGO TE MI VIATOR NOLI ME NOCERE.

Sometimes by the invocation of every possible person that might hereafter have a right over or ingress to the spot :

DOMNAEDIVS, POSSESSOR,
 . COLONVS SEQVENS,
 ET TV VIATOR, PRECOR
 PARCE TVMVLVM NARCISSI.*

But the following is by far the most impressive of this class, or perhaps of the whole collection. It was found at Rome :

QVISQVIS
 HOC SVSTVLERIT AVT LAESERIT
 VLTIMVS SVORUM MORIATVR.

Let it be observed that in this terrible malediction, meant to be the heaviest of all, the loss of fortune, the loss of life, nay, even the loss of fame, are held forth as far lesser evils than to survive all those whom we have loved! We may picture to ourselves how it was written by some desolate old man standing on the brink of the grave, and wishing it had closed on him before! This striking sentence has formed the subject of one among the best of Kotzebue's smaller dramas, which is entitled *Der Fluch eines Römers*, and which we think might have been advantageously adapted to the English stage.

The two epitaphs which we shall next insert—the one to a beloved child, the other to a bride snatched away within the first moon of her marriage—are striking also. Even after so many ages have rolled by, and forgotten as are now the names which they record, and when

“their very sepulchres lie tenantless,”

even thus it is difficult to read them without emotion :

LAGGE FILI BENE QVIESCAS.
 MATER TVA ROGAT TE
 VT ME AD TE RECIPIAS.
 VALE.

D. M.

L. ARVLENVS SOSIMVS FECIT
 CLODIAE CHARIDI CONIVGI DVLCISSIMAE
 QVAE SI AD VITAE METAM PERVENIS(set)
 NON HOMINIB(us) NEQVE DIS INVIDISSET.
 VIX SECVM VIXIT DIES XV.

* “*Quatuor homines alloquitur Narcissus, domnaedium, id est dominum aedium, possessorem, colonum successorem suum, ac viatorem.*” Nota Orell., ad Inscript. No. 4787.

The epitaphs of the Delias and Lesbias, such as Propertius and Catullus have sung, appear in a lighter strain :

DELIAE SERTA DATE.

ANTIPATRA

DVLCIS TVA

HIC SO ET NON SO.

This "so," we need hardly observe, is an early form for SVM. Of the same kind is another which Mr. Thicknesse observed in the south of France (Tour, vol. ii. p. 92) :

DIIS INIQVIS QVI ANIMVLAM

TVAM RAPVERVNT.

Throughout these SEPVLCHRALIA nothing is more remarkable, amidst all the survivors' grief for the departed—amidst even the yearning to be gathered with them in the repose of dust—than the absence of any hope to rejoin them in an united immortality. The wishes expressed for them rarely soar above the graceful and frequent SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS. Rude as the early Christian inscriptions may be in style, uncouth in the form of their letters, and inaccurate in their arrangement, as the work, for the most part, of the unlearned and poor, how immeasurably are they raised by this blessed hope above the most refined and eloquent which Paganism could produce !

The chapter MONVMENTA HISTORICA contains a long and highly interesting series of inscriptions. The earliest of any length is that on the Rostral Column of Duilius, of which a great part is wanting, but which has been skilfully restored by Gottfried and Lanzi. As this series should commence with Duilius, so it may be considered as closing with Narses, when, after his last victory over the Goths, he repaired the Salarian Bridge. The inscription placed on that spot and on that occasion thus concludes :

QVI POTVIT RIGIDAS GOTHORVM SVBDERE GENTES

HIC DOCVIT DVRVM FLVMINA FERRE IVGV.

Of the Goths themselves, during their reign in Italy, and especially of Theodoric the Great, there are several remaining inscriptions, as, for instance, in some gardens near Ravenna :

REX THEODERICVS FAVENTE DEO
 ET BELLO GLoriosvs ET OTIO
 FABRICIS SVIS AMOENA CONIVNGENS
 STERILI PALVDE SICCATĀ
 HOS HORTOS SVAVI POMORVM FOECVNDITATE
 DITAVIT.

The language of this and of the other inscriptions of the Goths in Italy will cease to surprise the reader when he recollects that the Epistles of Cassiodorus, containing all the main transactions of Theodoric's government, are in Latin also. It was from them, as his materials, that Montesquieu had once projected a history of that reign.

Thus likewise in Sicily, it was well known from Procopius that the island had been divided between the Goths of Italy and the Vandals of Africa, Theodoric having granted the promontory and district of Lilybæum as a dowry to his sister, on her marriage to the Vandal King Thrasimund. Now the very stone which served them for a demarcation has been found on the spot, and is still preserved at Marsala. It is thus inscribed :

FINES
 INTER VANDA-
 LOS ET GOTHOS.
 MIL. IIII.

To our apprehension, however, no historical inscriptions on record can vie in interest with those of the Scipios. It was well known, from a passage in Cicero and another in Livy, that their sepulchre stood beyond the Porta Capena of Rome;* and Livy describes it as being in his time surmounted by three statues—two of the Scipios, and the third, as was believed, of the poet Ennius. But it was not till A.D. 1780 that some labourers at work in a vineyard discovered a clue which led to further excavations; and thus the tombs, after having lain undisturbed for upwards of two thousand years, were most unexpectedly brought to light. Since that time the original inscriptions have been removed to the Vatican, while their place in the recesses is supplied by copies. We shall now proceed to give them from

* Cicero, Tusc., lib. i. c. 7. Liv., lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

the work of Venuti,* where they appear to us more completely and carefully illustrated than by Orellius.

HONC . OINO . PLOIRVME . COSENTIONT . R .
 DVONORO . OPTVMO . FVISE . VIRO .
 LVCIOM . SCIPIONE . FILIOS . BARBATI .
 CONSOL . CENSOR . AIDILIS . HIC . FVET . A
 HEC . CEPIT . CORSICA . ALERIAQVE . VRBE .
 DEDET . TEMPESTATEBVS . AIDE . MERETO .

Thus interpreted by Sirmond.

“ Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romae
 Bonorum optimum fuisse virum
 Lucium Scipionem, filius Barbati.
 Consul Censor Aedilis Hic fuit ; atque †
 Hic cepit Corsicam, Aleriamque urbem.
 Dedit Tempestatibus aedem merito.”

It is very remarkable that this first Inscription, which appears to have lain nearest to the surface, was dug up so early as 1616, but was discarded by all the antiquaries as a fabrication till the discovery of the sepulchre itself in 1780.

Epitaph of P. Cornelius Scipio, a Flamen.

QVEI . APICE . INSIGNE . DIALIS . FLAMINIS . GESISTEI .
 MORS . PERFECIT . TVA . VT . ESSENT . OMNIA .
 BREVIA . HONOS . FAMA . VIRTVSQVE .
 GLORIA . ATQVE . INGENIVM . QVIBVS . SEI .
 IN . LONGA . LICVISSET . TIBE . VTIER . VITA .
 FACILE . FACTEIS . SVPERASES . GLORIAM .
 MAIORVM . QVA . RE . LVBENS . TE . IN . GREMIV .
 SCIPIO . RECIPIT . TERRA . PVBLI .
 PROG NATVM . PVBLIO . CORNELI .

That is—

Qui apicem insignem Dialis Flaminis gessisti,
 Mors perfecit tua ut essent omnia
 Brevia, Honos, Fama, Virtusque,
 Gloria, atque Ingenium ; quibus si
 In longâ licuisset tibi uti vitâ,

* Roma Antica, part ii. p. 6, &c.

† Better, *apud vos* ; others, *ad vos*.

Facile factis superasses gloriam
 Majorum ; quâ re lubens te in gremium
 Scipio recipit terra, Publi
 Prognatum Publio Corneli.

Epitaph of L. Cornelius Scipio, a Quaestor.

L . CORNELI . L . F . P . N .
 SCIPIO . QVAIST .
 TR . MIL . ANNOS
 GNATVS XXXIII
 MORTVOS . PATER .
 REGEM . ANTIOCO .
 SVBEGIT .

*Epitaph of Lucius Scipio Barbatus.**

..... CORNELIO CN . F . SCIPIO
 CORNELIVS . LVCIVS . SCIPIO . BARBATVS . GNAIVOD .
 PATRE . PROGNATVS . FORTIS . VIR . SAPIENSQVE .
 QVOIVS . FORMA . VIRTUTEI . PARISVMA . FVIT . CONSOL .
 CENSOR . AIDILIS . QVEI . FVIT . APVD . VOS . TAVRASIA .
 CISAVNA . SAMNIO . CEPIT . SVBIGIT . OMNE .
 LOVCANA . OPSIDESQVE . ABDVCIT

Epitaph of Aula, wife of Scipio Hispanus.

AVLLA . CORNELIA . CN . F . HISPALLI.

Epitaph of Lucius Scipio the younger.

I . CORNELIO . L . F . SCIPIO
 AIDILIS . COSOL . CESOR .

Epitaph of Cneus Cornelius Scipio Hispanus.

CN . CORNELIVS . CN . F . SCIPIO . HISPANVS .
 PR . AID . CVR . Q . TR . MIL . II . X . VIR . LL . IVDIK . X . VIR .
 SACR . FAC .

* On his Sarcophagus in peperino, so well known by the innumerable models of it made at Rome.

And below in lesser characters—

VIRTVTES . GENERIS . MIEIS . MORIBVS . ACCVMVLAVI .
 PROGENIEM . GENVI . FACTA . PATRIS . PETIEI .
 MAJORVM . OPTENVI . LAVDEM . VT . SIBEI . ME . ESSE . CREATVM .
 LAETENTVR . STIRPEM . NOBILITAVIT . HONOR .

That is—

Cneus Cornelius Cnei filius Scipio Hispanus.
 Praetor, Aedilis Curulis, Quaestor, Tribunus Militum bis,
 Decemvir litibus judicandis, Decemvir sacris faciundis.
 Virtutes generis meis moribus accumulavi,
 Progeniem genui ; facta patris petii ;
 Majorum obtinui laudem, ut sibi me esse creatum
 Laetentur ; stirpem nobilitavit honor.

Epitaph of young Lucius Scipio, son of Hispanus.

L . CORNELIVS . CN . F . CN . N . SCIPIO . MAGNA . SAPIENTIA
 MVLTASQVE . VIRTVTES . AETATE . QVOM . PARVA .
 POSIDET . HOC . SAXSVM . QVOIEI . VITA . DEFECIT . NON .
 HONOS . HONOREIS . HIC . SITVS . QVEI . NVNQVAM .
 VICTVS . EST . VIRTVTEI . ANNOS . GNATVS . XX . IS .
 LAVSIS . MANDATVS . NE . QVAIRATIS . HONORE
 QVEI . MINVS . SIT . MANDATVS .

That is—

Lucius Cornelius Cnei filius, Cnei nepos. Magnam Sapientiam
 Multasque virtutes aetate cum parvâ
 Possidet hoc saxum, cui vita defecit non
 Honos ; Honore [i. e. cum Honore] is hic situs qui nunquam
 Victus est virtute ; annos natus viginti ; is
 Lausis [pro lausibus, i. e. exsequiis] mandatus, ne quaeratis honorem
 Qui minus sit mandatus.

We have sometimes thought that four words of this noble epitaph—CVI VITA DEFECIT NON HONOS—would form a most appropriate inscription for the statue which it is intended to raise, by public subscription, to Sir William Follett.

It will be borne in mind that the greatest of the Scipios, Africanus, was not buried in the sepulchre of his fathers, but on the lonely shore at Liternum. Livy does not speak with entire cer-

tainty on this point, and notices many conflicting rumours; but he adds, "*Et Literni monumentum monumentoque statua superimposita fuit quam tempestate disjectam nuper vidimus ipsi*" (lib. xxxviii. cap. 56). The inscription of this monument was said to be *INGRATA PATRIA, NE OSSA QUIDEM HABES*. To this day the single word *PATRIA*, now alone remaining, gives a popular name to the modern tower in which it stands imbedded—*Torre di Patria*.

There is another most interesting relic of antiquity connected with the sepulchre of the Scipios, though not, we must admit, with the subject now before us. In one of the sarcophagi was found a gold ring with a cornelian stone, no doubt the signet-ring of one of these illustrious dead. It was presented by Pope Pius VI. to M. Dutens, who had written a genealogy of the Scipios, but who is now chiefly remembered from his agreeable *Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*. M. Dutens either gave or sold this ring to the late Lord Beverley, and we have ourselves seen it in the collection of the present Earl at his house in Portman Square. On the stone is engraved a figure of Victory, of exquisite workmanship, while the ring in which it is set is of the very rudest and coarsest construction, such as might be made by a common blacksmith at the present day. To those who consider the state of the fine arts at that time, it will be apparent that the stone was engraved in Greece, but set in a ring at Rome.

Among modern languages there is certainly none which in aptness for inscriptions can vie with the Latin. So far as our knowledge of them extends, we should be inclined to place as nearest to Latin for this purpose—

Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo—

first Spanish, and secondly English. Several excellent inscriptions from the latter language will at once occur to the reader. As a single instance of the Spanish we will venture to transcribe the following, the rather since it is not to be found, so far as we remember, in any book of travels.* It stands on the noble staircase of the Town-House of Toledo :—

* Only two lines of it are given by Mr. Ford in his most agreeable and excellent Handbook (vol. ii. p. 850, ed. 1845). Among his few inaccuracies (for very few they are and far between) may be mentioned his account

NOBLES DISCRETOS VARONES
 QUE GOBERNAIS A TOLEDO
 EN AQUESTAS ESCALONES
 DESECHAD LAS AFICIONES
 CODICIAS AMOR Y MIEDO ;
 POR LAS COMUNES PROVECHAS
 DEXAD LAS PARTICULARES ;
 PUES VOS HIZO DIOS PILARES
 DE TAN ALTISIMOS TECHOS
 ESTAD FIRMES Y DERECHOS !

But inferior as modern languages undoubtedly are to the ancient in the true lapidary style, it may be said on the other hand that the moderns have not merely equalled, but even excelled the ancients on their own ground—inscriptions in the Latin language. This was one of the first objects aimed at upon the revival of letters—as the number of spurious Roman inscriptions of that period proves—and the attention paid to it has very far from ceased or declined at the present time.

Perhaps, however, of all the modern Latin inscriptions the very best and the very worst might be shown at Berlin—both proceeding from the reign of Frederick II. The former is affixed in front of the hospital for disabled soldiers—the Prussian Chelsea—and was written, we believe, by Maupertuis :

LAESO SED INVICTO MILITI.

Would it be possible to compress more sense and meaning in any four words,—to state with greater eloquence and feeling in one sentence both the noble object of the Royal founder and the just pride of the maimed veteran?

The second inscription at Berlin to which we have referred as to the worst, and on whose authorship we shall forbear inquiry, stands over the entrance of the Public Library :

NVTRIMENTVM SPIRITVS.

of another inscription at Toledo—the epitaph, namely, of Cardinal Porto-Carrero, on a plain slab in the pavement of the Cathedral ; this is quoted by Mr. Ford, at page 843, as “ *Pulvis, et umbra nihil,*” but is, in fact, as follows :

HIC JACET
 PULVIS
 CINIS
 ET NIHIL.

It does not appear too much to designate this inscription (as Thiebault, we think, does in his 'Souvenirs') "*anti-Latine et barbare.*"

In this, as in other branches of literature, English scholars have been, and are, honourably distinguished. We therefore observe with regret that among the many statues lately raised to eminent men in different parts of London, all attempt to illustrate them by suitable inscriptions is omitted. The Pitt in Hanover Square has only a name and date; the Canning of Palace Yard only a name; the Nelson in Trafalgar Square and the Duke of York in Carlton Gardens have neither date nor name. With respect to the statue opposite the Mansion House, we have heard that a committee of civic dignitaries met in grave deliberation upon it, and could produce nothing beyond one word to be repeated on the several sides of the pedestal—WELLINGTON! We trust that whenever the statue of his Grace, now in preparation by Mr. Wyatt, shall be set up, the opportunity will not be lost of inscribing beneath it the noble lines of Lord Wellesley composed for that purpose:

CONSERVATA TVIS ASIA ATQVE EVROPA TRIUMPHIS
INVICTVM BELLO TE COLVERE DVCEM;
NVNC VMBRATA GERIS CIVILI TEMPORA QVERCV
VT DESIT FAME GLORIA NVLLA TVÆ.

How seldom do we find the high literary skill of one brother thus adorn and celebrate the surpassing achievements of another!

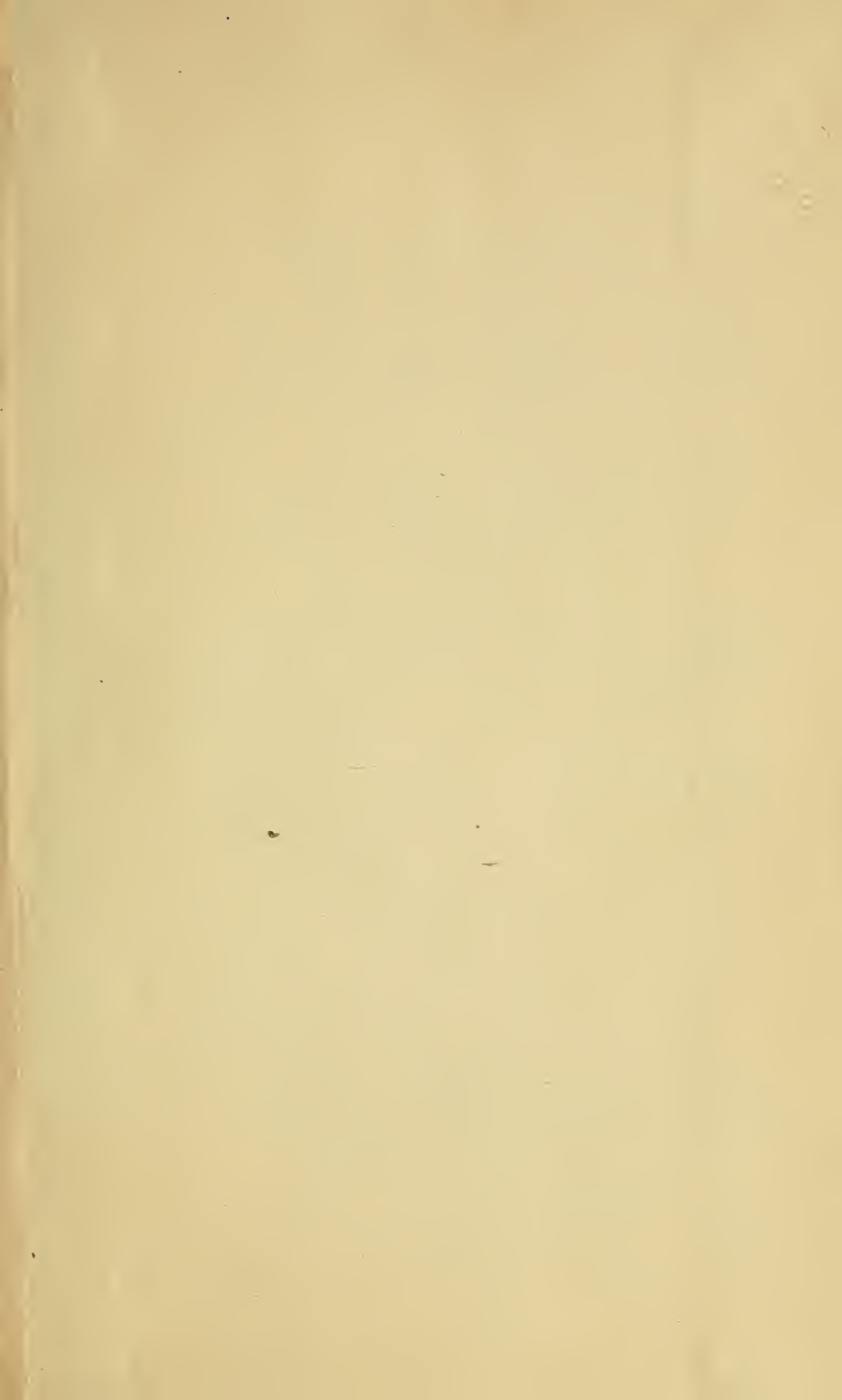
The translation of these lines, though by Lord Wellesley's own hand, is, according to the usual fate of translations, far inferior:

"Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name.
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine!"

But although we hope that in this instance the Latin will be preferred to the English, yet, as a general rule for statues in the open air, we think that the practice should be the other way. The superiority for inscriptions which we have acknowledged the ancient to possess over the modern languages is to be set against, and we think is outweighed by, the advantage of ren-

dering the sense plain and clear to the great body of the people. We are persuaded that in proportion as national taste shall become more and more extended and refined, there will be a growing desire in every capital that new works of art may adorn it, and that suitable inscriptions may explain them, so that the accomplishments of the scholar may have their part in the honourable celebration, recording the virtues of the statesman or the warrior, and illustrating the genius of the sculptor or the architect.

THE END.







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